

Don't Say A Word Chapter One

The carriage pulled to a stop outside the black iron gates. The swirling M loomed out at the frightened passenger's inside. The gate creaked open and carriage lurched forward, moving into the large driveway. The stones under the wooden wheels crackled as the thestrals did their work at pulling the prisoners inside. One looked up at the white brick house in disgust. They didn't want to be there, but knew escaping would be pointless – death would be punishment and that could not happen.

The trees were lifeless, only the skeletons of the branches and trunk remaining. The air was thick with mist of the Dementor's they had bred so much they were now hovering over France, Germany and moving towards all of Asia.

The carriage stopped once again. The door swung open and a masked man yanked the closet prisoner out. They cried out and fell to the ground as the other's tumbled out to avoid rough handling in. In total there were six. The masked man cracked his whip in the air and shoved them towards the open doors of the large manor.

Inside was dark and heads of dead animals peered at them with black, lifeless eyes. The front door snapped shut and soon the carriage was heard moving away leaving them behind to their fate, a fate none of them wished to have but were forced too. Apparating away was even pointless. Detectors would have them found out instantly.

As they stood in a terrified silence, footsteps entered the room with candles lighting up around the room. There, standing before them were three blonde haired people, each wearing a smirk of pleasure. The oldest one stepped forward and walked along in front of the six before stopping directly in front of one. He turned and faced her chuckling.

"Well, well, well," he said, "Look who we have here amongst all you mudblood's. Hermione Granger."

The brown-eyed girl glared up at the man and earned a hard slap across her cheek. She stumbled backwards and fell to the ground in a heap. She was weak, tired and hungry having gone four days without any food since being captured.

"It about time you were put into your place, mudblood," snarled Lucius Malfoy, his cane pressed against her throat as he stood over her, "Pity Potter and Weasley aren't here to save the day. Then again, aren't they the one's hiding away from the world?"

Hermione breathed deeply ignoring the jibes from her 'master'. Lucius stood up and stepped back.

"Get up you worthless witch," he hissed before moving back in between his wife and son, "Look at you all... disgusting mudblood's who are lower then the scum on the bottom of my feet. Did you honestly think that the fall of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named would make life better for you all?"

None of them dared to answer not even a sore Hermione, who had managed to stand, even though she was swaying dangerously on the spot.

"We have only let trash like you in to be treated like slaves, which is the only treatment you all deserve," continued Lucius in a cold tone. He pulled his wand out and waved it. In front of each muggleborn appeared a black outfit. The female slaves wore a toga like one, whilst the males wore long black pants and a black top, "You wear these every day. Nothing else. Wash them once a week. You eat once a day – a meal of bread, water and perhaps a bit of meat if any is left over from dinner. Body cleansing is twice a week. You will all sleep in the kitchen and do everything we say – no matter what is asked of you."

The female muggleborn's each dared a glanced at the younger Malfoy son, who smirked suggestively.

"Follow me," snapped Narcissa Malfoy with a click of her fingers.

They each collected their new clothes and followed the well-dressed woman through the hall and down a flight of well maintained stairs. They all stopped a few steps behind her as she opened a black door. As she entered the candles lit up to show a large kitchen, where in the corner gray blankets were stacked with small, thin pillows.

“This is your home,” she said coldly, “Get changed. When one of us calls you, you will each hear a tinkling noise and the name of the room we are in. The Manor is easy to find your way around. You each will have only three minutes to get too whomever calls you.”

The six watched as she turned and left. Hermione slowly sat down, holding her head in her hands as she remembered the day she was captured, despite being in hiding for well over a year... nearly two.
HD

“Oh really, Ronald!” she snapped slapping his hand away from her meal, “Surely you have eaten enough. You have had three bowls of the soup already.”

Her friend glared at her and moved away glaring at the table. These days even the littlest comment sent anyone into a bad mood. They were all sick of hiding away. But it had been that way since Harry defeated Lord Voldemort. The whole world had hoped it would end the war and bring life back to normal once again. But it didn't. Death Eater's all over the world banded together against the world's hero and his companions and took over, achieving Lord Voldemort's plan – pureblood superiority. Muggleborn's all over the world began being captured. If they weren't tortured and murdered they became slaves to the pureblood's. Muggleborn's soon went into hiding along with any muggleborn supporters. The Order was powerless against the Death Eater's and with Dementor's breeding even more everyday the mist in the air became a common feature.

Law's were made that all muggleborn's were not to perform any magic, or apperate. Any form of this and an instant detector would have them found and captured, also if any muggleborn slave was found escaping the instant punishment was death. England was the most unsafe place in the world for muggleborn's, with Australia being the safest. The Ministry their still had control over the Death Eater's.

Harry now spent hours in his room trying to find a way to possibly bring a stop to the Death Eater's but nothing seemed to work. Hermione joined him on occasions, but even she knew it was a pointless thing to try.

"I have it!" he cried exiting out of his room in the underground hideout, "I know how to get Hermione to safety."

"Me?" said Hermione looking up at him, "Harry I am not leaving you all behind."

"Hear him out Hermione," said Lupin from where he sat reading a two month old Daily Prophet.

"The muggle world is only just beginning to be affected by the Death Eater's. If we can get into muggle London, you can get on a plane and fly to England. It's not using magic... and they wouldn't expect that" said Harry seriously.

Hermione shook her head, "No. Not without any of you."

"Hermione I have to stay here and fight," said Harry seriously, "These people need me."

"And you need all the support you can get. I will not leave you."

Harry walked over to Hermione and sat beside her, "Then go to Australia. Get support from the Ministry there."

Hermione bit her lip, "Okay... but I will come back with or without support."

"That's fine with me. Now the question is how do we get into muggle London, without magic?"

"My parents can drive here and get me. We will get them to park two kilometers from the hideout and we will risk the run to the car."

Harry nodded and Hermione hurriedly wrote a letter to her parents, getting Ron to seal it with countless spells so only her parents could open it. Using Pig, they sent the letter on its way and Hermione went to pack her things.

As she packed her bag, Ginny came in and sat on her bed watching her.

"I told him to do it," said Ginny quietly.

Hermione looked at Ginny confused, "Why?"

"You are our only source of help. Even though you are the most wanted witch, you are the only source of help we have. Get to Australia and tell them who you are and what is needed."

"I will Ginny," said Hermione seriously, "I swear I will."

An hour later they received a reply from Hermione's parents saying they would be at the pick up point at 6pm.

At 5:50pm with Harry, Ron and Lupin, the four left. They ran through the forest carefully, watching for any Death Eater spies. None could be seen, but despite the law's Hermione still held her wand as protection.

"We are close," said Lupin to them, a little breathless, "Keep up the pace."

Harry stumbled and fell to the ground. He got back up but as he took a step a Death Eater dropped from the tree, grabbing him around the throat.

"No!" cried Hermione pointing her wand at him.

"Hermione, don't! Keep going," said Harry urgently, struggling against the hold.

Ron went to fire a spell, but another Death Eater jumped down and stunned Ron and Lupin, leaving only Hermione to defend herself.

Harry was going blue in the face from lack of oxygen. Even though it could mean death or slavery for her, Hermione couldn't watch her bestfriend's get killed.

"STUPEFY!" screamed Hermione angrily, knocking the Death Eater out holding Harry.

The one who stunned Ron lunged at her but Hermione hit him with the spell.

"R-run H-Hermione," gasped Harry on the ground.

"What about you?" she cried.

"I'm f-fine, now g-go before more c-come."

Hermione grabbed her bag and started running, panic streaming through her veins. The mist became thicker as more Dementor's began swarming above her. She slowed a little at horrible thoughts entered her mind.

"There! Grab her!"

Hermione cried out as she was hit with the stunning charm just as she saw her parents car. Her parents cried out in anger and climbed out to help... the last thing Hermione saw was her parents being killed.

HD

"Hermione... Hermione."

Hermione woke up, startled and looked up at the young girl kneeling in front of her. Her blue eyes were full of concern for her friend.

"Sorry Bridget," mumbled Hermione, "I fell asleep."

"I know. You were screaming out 'Mum, Dad'. Here," said Bridget handing her a plate of bread, "It's dinner time."

“How long have I been sleeping for?” asked Hermione taking the plate and biting into the bread. It wasn’t fresh but wasn’t stale either.

“Four hours. None of us have been called yet. They have gone out for dinner. No one is home we think.”

Hermione looked at Bridget in interest, “Are you sure?”

Bridget shrugged, “All I know is Scott heard the front door open and close with voices going out them.”

Hermione stood and opened the kitchen door. The five others looked at her in shock.

“What are you doing?” hissed Scott, running over, his brown eyes narrowed, “We are to stay in the kitchen.”

“Since when did I start taking order’s from a Malfoy?” replied Hermione angrily.

“Since we were captured!”

“To me that doesn’t mean anything. I would rather be beat up a hundred times then be a slave to scum like them!”

Hermione walked out and shut the door behind her. She stepped quietly up the stairs and into the dark hall, praying the lights wouldn’t light up. Thankfully for her they didn’t. She ran into the entranceway and began looking in every door through the manor until she found an office with paper and quills with ink. She ran in, shut the door and grabbed a sheet and a quill. She dipped it into the inkbottle and began writing away, furiously.

As she folded it, she heard the sound of voices in the hall. Hastily she found the bag of floo powder on the fire place mantel. She hissed ‘The Three Broomsticks’ and threw the letter in, knowing Rosemerta would see it delivered to whom it was for. She put the fire out and walked quietly towards the door. The voices passed as they headed up stairs. Hermione slowly opened the door and crept into the hall.

She shut the door and made her way quickly down the hall, towards the kitchen.

“Sneaking around are we?”

Hermione froze on the spot, her heart pounding a mile a minute. He stepped out of the shadow's, reminding Hermione of the Phantom from her mother's all time favorite Opera. The thought of her mother made Hermione nearly break down in tears.

“What were you snooping for, Granger? Something to use against us? Like any blackmail would do you any good. Dumbledore can't save you, neither can Potter.”

He stepped closer and grabbed her under the chin to force her to look at his sneering face.

Hermione met his cold gray eyes with her angry brown ones, “I needed to use the toilet. I don't know where the mudblood bathroom is.”

“Well, Granger, let me show you,” snapped Draco grabbing her roughly by the arm.

Hermione stumbled along behind him, finding it hard to keep up due to her weakened status. She nearly fell twice, but Draco merely yanked her up. They walked past the kitchen entrance and into the colder part of the manor. They reached a staircase, leading downwards.

Here, Draco stopped walking and turned to a breathless Hermione, “Down there. It's the only door. Enjoy.”

He turned and walked off and Hermione stumbled down them, falling down the last four. She groaned and managed to stand up, her legs wobbling underneath her. She pushed the door open and walked into a stone walled and floor room. In the far corner was a dirty toilet beside a grime-covered bath. The sink in the corner near the door had a leaking tap and a cracked mirror above it. Hermione walked over to the sink and saw how dirty her hair was. She closed the door

and filled the sink with water and began to try and clean her hair a little by wetting her fingers and running them through the water.

HD

Hermione groaned in her sleep and tried to ignore the tinkling noise in her ears. She rolled onto her back, before realizing the noise. She stood up and instantly knew that Draco was calling her. It was as if each tinkling noise had it's own tone. She left the kitchen and followed the annoying noise. It grew louder the closer she got, so loud in fact that she would have to restrain herself from murdering the heir of the Malfoy millions when she reached him.

Outside his door, she took a deep breath and entered, looking at him expectantly. He looked at her waiting for her to speak. Hermione realized she was to ask him what he wanted.

"What would you like?" she asked calmly.

"A massage. My back is tense," he replied pulling his shirt off and laying on his stomach on his bed.

"What from?" muttered Hermione coldly, but nonetheless, she walked forward and stood beside him, kneading his back with her hands.

Draco closed his eyes, an arrogant smirk on his face. After a few minutes he opened them and looked at Hermione, noticing she had tidied her hair up.

"Granger, that isn't achieving a relaxed back. Perhaps you should kneel over me and do it."

Hermione looked at him scandalized but she didn't disagree, wanting to remain as healthy as possible physically and mentally. She climbed up onto the bed, holding her toga style dress down. And knelt over him and pushed harder on his back, emitting a groan from her 'master'. Hermione cringed from the noise but continued her duty. She kneaded his back a little faster, wanting to escape him as soon as possible.

“Now, now Granger. No need to be in such a rush,” he said in a mocking tone.

“I’m tired Malfoy. All I want is to go to sleep,” snapped Hermione pushing a little too hard on Draco’s back, causing him to stiffen.

“Argh!” he grunted, rolling onto his back and grabbing Hermione by the wrist with a tight grip, “You filthy little mudblood! Don’t you know that is going to bruise?”

“Oh dear, won’t be able to get laid for a month,” snapped Hermione, glaring at him, “Such a tragedy. Honestly, Malfoy are you that vein?”

Draco gripped her wrist more tightly and pulled her a little closer. His free hand was clenched into a fist and he watched as her eyes flickered to the free hand before looking back at him with pure hatred.

“Go,” he ordered, “Get out and return to the kitchens... you filthy little mudblood.”

Hermione didn’t argue. She slid off the bed, gracefully and hurried out of the room, shutting the door behind her ever so softly, as to not disturb the other sleeping Malfoy’s or the rude paintings. She walked briskly to the kitchen’s and shut the door behind before laying back down on her blanket beside a lightly snoring Bridget.

He didn’t hit her, she was grateful for that but knew next time she may not be so lucky. Without another thought to the matter a tired and hungry Hermione rolled to her side and was soon in a deep slumber.

HD

“They have been after this one for ages,” grunted a woman, shoving Hermione with her shoe, “Found her trying to escape with some muggles. People will pay plenty for her... Harry Potter’s bestfriend... a slave. Stick a sign at the door.”

Hermione slowly sat up as the woman walked away, slamming the iron door behind her. She leant on the wall behind her and frowned,

looking around the room. Where on earth was she? Closing her eyes again and placing a hand on her forehead she thought back to the last thing she could remember. Running through the forest... Death Eater's attacking... stunning them to save her friend's... running for her parents car... seeing them murdered.

"Oh Merlin," choked Hermione with a sob her eyes filling with tears, "Oh Merlin no... not Mum and Dad."

"A-are you alright?" asked a girl crawling from the corner, her robes ripped and torn with blood dried along the hemline.

Hermione looked at her before whispering, "Are you a muggleborn?"

"We all are," she said, her voice thick with an Irish accent, "This is where they sell us to some pureblood. Bridget Dew."

Hermione shook her hand, "Hermione Granger."

Bridget looked at Hermione in surprise, "People have been after you for ages! I never thought you would get caught."

"I didn't plan on it. None of my friends and family did," Hermione held back her tears and bit her lip looking down at the ground, "What day is it?"

"Sunday. They brought you in last night. I've been here for a week now. Same with Scott and Sophie."

Hermione nodded, "I don't suppose there is any water?"

"Only a little. It gets filled tomorrow from what Sophie said."

Bridget crawled through the low ceiling cell and brought back a small cup of water. Hermione drank it in one gulp, glad that her throat was no longer dry. She looked up at the window in the door, actually wondering who would buy her.

"If Albus Dumbledore were alive, we would not be in the situation," said Scott darkly from where he sat beside Sophie, "The Order is powerless without him."

"The Order are trying to work out a way every day to stop what is happening," snapped Hermione angrily, "I was on my way to escaping to Australia to get help when Death Eater's attacked! For all I know, my two bestfriend's could be dead!"

Scott remained silent and Hermione moved to an empty corner, crying silently for her loss and situation.

HD

"Wake up," hissed Hermione walking round and shaking everyone, "They want breakfast now!"

"Since when did you start taking order's from the Malfoy's?" asked Scott sitting up.

"Since I sent a letter to my friends. There is still hope."

Scott gave her a surprised look but said nothing as he helped her wake the others. Within minutes the kitchen was full of noise. People were cooking, arranging food onto plates or hurrying back and forth from the dining room and kitchen to set the table or do other requests.

Hermione and Scott had taken it upon themselves to supervise and help out when needed. They were the two oldest, Hermione being nineteen and Scott, twenty-two.

"They are in the dining room," hissed a red haired girl as she stumbled in.

"First tray's out!" ordered Scott helping Bridget arrange a plate of cut up fruit. Hermione grabbed one of the bigger tray's full of bacon, kipper's, hash brown's and eggs. Two other's followed her out of the kitchen and down the hall to the dining room. Sitting in three of the twenty-five seat's sat the Malfoy's. Narcissa was sorting through the mail, Lucius reading the Pure Prophet and Draco writing a letter.

The three muggleborns walked over to them and set the tray's down without making eye contact with any. They stepped back, bowed or curtsied and left as the remaining tray's arrived.

Once in the kitchen the clean up duty began. Dishes were washed by hand and wiped, other's swept the floor clean for them to sit on.

As Hermione sat down the tinkling noise entered her mind. She instantly stood and hurried out, into the dining room.

"Yes Mr Malfoy, sir?" said Hermione curtsying for the eldest male Malfoy.

"Mudblood Granger," said Lucius coldly eyeing her, "You will be accompanying my wife and son on a shopping trip to Diagon Alley. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir," nodded Hermione as politely as she could, "Anything else, sir?"

"Yes. Clear away these plates with your slave friends. I expect my bacon to be less burnt tomorrow, or else you shall receive ten whips."

"Yes, sir," curtsied Hermione before she cleared away the plates of food.

HD

Rosemerta walked into her office and spotted a bit of folded paper laying on the ground. She bent down and picked it up to read whom it was from.

TO THEM FROM H.G

Rosemerta instantly understood hurried over to a small cage in the corner. She opened it and pulled out one of her rats. She folded the letter smaller and tied it so the letter hid underneath it's stomach. She carried the creature over to her window and opened it a crack.

“Take this to Harry, Millie,” whispered Rosemerta before letting the clever creature go, “Pray the girl is alright.”

A/N: Well this is my new fic and what do you all think of it? Please review!

Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Two

"They are pathetic little creatures and have become more disobedient since the death of that muggleborn loving fool," growled Lucius as he stabbed at his hard bacon, "I hate burnt bacon."

"Then what do you suggest we do?" replied Narcissa, "Hire a maid? We already have one who washes the clothes and bedding Lucius."

"Mother, Father. I just got a letter from Blaise," said Draco striding into the dining room and taking his seat. He too stabbed at his bacon in disgust and pushed the plate away, "Foolish house elves... anyway as I was saying, I got a letter from Blaise. Apparently his mother brought muggleborn slaves. He says they are way more tame than those house elves and it doesn't matter if you hand them clothes because that doesn't set them free. Plus... they can do things house elves can't."

Lucius looked at Draco for a moment before turning to his wife with a look of interest on his face, "That is what we need. Muggleborn slaves to work for us. We are behind with the times Narcissa."

"We have elves Lucius," replied Narcissa, her tone putting finality to the idea.

But Lucius wouldn't back off. He glared at his wife and flipped to the advertising sections before he found the section where muggleborns were advertised for sale. He read his way through the pages before coming to a stop at an advertisement selling muggleborn slaves.

"Listen to this," he said with a tone of pleasure in it, "Slave for sale: Harry Potter's bestfriend. Feisty personality, strong willed so in need of breaking down. Nineteen years old, average height, slim build, hair in need of comb. \$10,900 galleons- no negotiations."

"They caught Hermione Granger? Mudblood Granger?" scoffed Draco in amusement, "Potter and Weasley failed to save the day for once."

Lucius chuckled at Draco's comment, while Narcissa gave a tight smile. She stood up and threw her napkin on the table.

"I'll go free the house elves then," she said, "It is obvious I am out voted. All I ask is we have six... slaves. Three male and three female."

"Whatever you wish," muttered Lucius, "Come Draco, we have slaves to pick out."

Draco grinned at his father and followed him out of the manor.

HD

Lucius smirked as him and Draco stood outside the black painted building at the end of a rather dead looking Diagon Alley. A year and a half ago the Alley was full of life, people yelling out their business, children laughing and running ahead of their parents. But a majority of those people were on the light side. Now the street had more than five muggleborn slave selling stores, pureblood's or muggleborn hating half bloods roamed the alley looking sulky and in need of lightening up.

"Are we going in father?" asked Draco, getting impatient with standing around.

"In a moment," murmured Lucius looking at a list of slaves for sale on the door. He was picking out his six in advance and looking at the pictures stuck beside each name and description.

Draco sighed and turned to look around. He spotted the old Weasley joke store, which was now a slave-selling store. Flourish and Blott's still remained, but the owner's had sold up and the Parkinson family was now running it.

Draco glanced at his father and walked over to it. The doorbell jingled as he opened it and walked in. Hogwart students were milling around it, getting books for the year beginning in one week. He weaved through them, giving some girls who looked to be 16 or 17 a cheeky wink.

Pansy was serving a customer when Draco reached her. She gave him a smile and yelled out to her cousin she was going for a break.

“Hey Draco,” she said stepping out from behind the counter and giving him a kiss on the lips.

He took her hand and she led him to the back, deserted room. They sat down on a black lounge with Pansy leaning against him.

“Dad is getting some slaves,” informed Draco, “The elves have gotten worse. Tobbles set my desk on fire yesterday and they burnt breakfast this morning.”

“I always believed those creatures were pathetic,” replied Pansy, “How many slaves?”

“Six. Three female, three male. But I have even better news.”

Pansy sat up right and looked at Draco with an expectant look on her face, “What?”

“Mudblood Granger was caught and Father is going to buy her. Fancy that? Potter’s bestfriend a slave at my manor.”

Draco grinned smugly and Pansy managed a smile.

“What’s wrong?” he asked frowning.

“Nothing Draco,” sighed Pansy standing up and heading for the door, but she stopped and turned around, “Do you want to know something?”

“Depends on what it is.”

Pansy sighed before speaking. She looked directly at his eyes and spoke, calmly, “You are immature.”

“What?”

“Don’t you see it? You carry on about things like a sixteen year old! You still live at home, you don’t work. Look at me, I live on my own, I work here at the bookstore, I act my age and I don’t brag about stupid things.”

“What am I bragging about? I was telling you some good news?”

“How is getting muggleborn slaves something to brag about?” cried Pansy in disgust, “You don’t see it Draco, do you? Look at the world around you? This isn’t something I want my children, when I have them growing up in.”

Draco looked at Pansy in confusion before hissing, “You are you?” He shoved past her angrily and left the store, slamming the door shut behind him on his way out. As he marched over to the store his father was at Pansy ran out after him.

“Draco!” she cried grabbing him by the arm.

Draco pulled his arm away from her and kept on walking, leaving behind a distraught Pansy.

HD

“Afternoon Mother,” greeted Draco walking in as his father went to his office to write letters to his friends bragging about having brought Hermione Granger to be a slave at his manor.

“Hello Draco,” replied Narcissa looking up from her embroidery, “How was Diagon Alley?”

“Empty. I saw Pansy. She’s changed.”

Narcissa raised an eyebrow at Draco who sat down across from her looking disgruntled. Narcissa placed her sewing work to the side and summoned some tea and muffins, “Muffin?”

Draco nodded and took one ripping it in half with narrowed eyes.

“I take it the muffin is Pansy?” asked Narcissa.

“She said I am immature,” he cried outraged, “That I act like a sixteen year old and need to grow up.”

“And what do you think of her comments?”

“That she is wrong!”

Narcissa nodded, “Draco, if the world was different... let’s say the Death Eater’s hadn’t taken over... what do you think you would be doing?”

“Working at the Ministry in the Department of Mysteries or... on a Quidditch team... one of those two.”

“Why aren’t you doing it now?”

“Because I can’t... the Ministry is in ruins and Quidditch no longer exists except at Hogwarts.”

Narcissa nodded, “Why don’t you find something else to do? Like another job?”

“There is nothing I can do really,” said Draco before speaking slowly at his mother, “What are you getting at?”

“Oh nothing... well all I can say is really think about what Pansy told you. She is your bestfriend Draco, you know she only tells you things that are truthful or hold some truth to them.”

Draco just nodded and left his mother to herself. When he shut her reading room door, she stood and looked out the window. Her once prized garden of roses, daffodils, snapping dragons, geraniums were all in ruins, laying limp. The sun rarely shone through the thick mist of the Dementor’s making it seem like there was a constant fog in the air.

Narcissa Malfoy hated her life and held many secrets that only she knew out of the existing Blacks and Malfoy’s. One being, Sirius Black was not dead.

With the thought of her cousin, Narcissa collected the plate of muffins. She pulled her wand out and muttered a few spells at her door to ensure it stayed locked. If anyone was to knock her 'voice' would ring out with her saying: "Leave me be, I have a headache," or "I'm busy, come back later," among other sayings. She then muttered another spell to shut the curtains. You could never trust the skies these days, anyone could be hiding amongst the mist and watching the manor.

She walked over to a wall length painting of a apple tree. Along the right side of the golden frame she ran her index finger down it before pressing it with the palm of her hand. The painting itself gave a shudder and an apple dropped down from the tree, freezing mid fall and turning into a door handle. Narcissa turned it and the painting split in half allowing her entry. She walked in and it snapped shut behind her with candles lighting up along a dark stone corridor. She walked along it hearing the sounds of her son walking around in her bedroom above her, Lucius laughing at something in his office.

Finally Narcissa reached another door. She knocked three times, paused then another two before entering. There, sitting on a double bed reading the Pure Prophet sat Sirius. Unlike years before, his hair was tidy and his beard shaved. His clothes were better looking as well.

"Hello Narcissa," he said, "I wasn't expecting you until tonight."

"Oh, well Lucius is busy gloating about his new purchase, Draco is in a bad mood and I was being bored with my embroidery. How are you?" said Narcissa setting the tray of muffins on the round coffee table.

"Still amazed at the crap this paper continues to publish. Although the jokes about my godson can be amusing at times but I dare say Harry would find them insulting. Have you heard anything?"

"Not yet. The plans they have tried to pull so far have failed and the only hope is the Ministry in Australia, but they are having a hard time keeping the Death Eaters over there under the control."

"I see it like this," said Sirius, sitting up with his legs hanging over the edge of the bed, "Kill the leader and the rest will back down as well. They are bound to have a leader... maybe Lucius has mentioned something."

"He hardly tells me anything these days. I am beginning to think he suspects me of my allegiance."

"What about your son?"

"Pansy tried today. She failed... but not completely. I think there is still hope in him."

Sirius nodded, "If I could get word to the Order of my existence maybe that will give them better motivation."

"I daresay they have motivation now. Your godsons bestfriend was captured recently."

Sirius' eyes widened and he looked at Narcissa with concern, "Which one? Ron or Hermione?"

"Hermione Granger... she was one of my husband's purchases."

"Merlin... she is a smart girl that one. You need to make her trust you somehow."

"That will be difficult. I don't praise myself on having a wonderful reputation Sirius."

"But that is what the world thinks of you Narcissa. You saw the right way when He-Who-Shall-Never-Be-Named used your son. You have changed for the better. Prove that to her and then tell her of me. She knows who I am."

"I'll try, but I cannot promise you anything Sirius. If I spend too much time with her Lucius will become suspicious."

"Then do it in moderation. Request her to do certain things, I don't know," shrugged Sirius, "But she is our only hope."

"I know. I better go. No doubt Lucius or Draco will want me for something," sighed Narcissa, "I've left you some muffins. They are all different kind, poppy seed ones, orange, chocolate with caramel bits."

Sirius smiled, "Delicious."

As he turned away to collect something Narcissa spotted a letter addressed to Harry. Glancing at him, she quickly grabbed it and stuck it in her robes pocket before Sirius turned back with an empty plate and mug.

"Ah, thankyou," laughed Narcissa, "A nice trade I dare say."

"Well, it may be useful some time," joked Sirius.

"I'll be back tonight with dinner."

Sirius nodded and Narcissa left with the plate and mug. As she entered her reading room and placed the plate and mug on her desk and used her wand to clean them and send them to the kitchens. She then pulled the letter out to Harry and opened it.

Dear Harry,

Now I am guessing you think this is all a joke after having been 'dead' for three years. But it isn't, I am alive and doing extremely well, considering being in hiding. I would explain this all too you know but I know there is a great chance of the letter being intercepted. All I can say to prove in my defence that I am real and telling the truth is, how is Buckbeak going? Have you removed that screaming picture of my mother yet? Is Kretcher still a slimy, bald, traitor? In fact is he even alive?

I hope this is enough proof that I am whom I know I am... in fact what about your two way mirror? Still in use? I will be contact with you again as soon as possible.

Your Godfather,

S.B

Narcissa folded the letter and set it in her desk draw under important papers – her inheritance, her will and Draco's birth papers. In time she would see too it sent to Harry, but for now that was best left until a later date, when she was sure Harry would receive the letter and believe it.

HD

The next three days passed with nothing interesting occurring. Draco remained moody over Pansy's comments and even his mothers, except both did make him think. Life had changed dramatically since his sixth year. He didn't do his seventh year and now he couldn't even get a job, let alone a place of his own. Nowhere was available and jobs were scarce. Perhaps if the Death Eater's hadn't gained power his life would be different. Maybe he would have a job and be living on his own, dating a nice witch with plans of spending their life together.

Draco shook his head at the thought. That was way too fluffy for his liking. In fact, how could he even consider thinking of a life full of butterflies and daisies? He felt like vomiting! He sat up at the yell of his father and headed down stairs to the foyer. The slaves were coming up the driveway. They stood in the dining room, the whole house dark. Obviously Lucius was opting for a dramatic entrance. Draco rolled his eyes, thinking it was too over the top for just slaves. He glanced at his mother who was hiding all expression of emotion on her face, even in her voice when Lucius asked if she was looking forward to the new slaves.

"They are only slaves, Lucius. What is there to look forward too?" she replied.

Lucius just nodded and didn't question her again. He turned to Draco who just shrugged in a not bothered manner as the dor opened.

Narcissa watched as her eyes landed on Hermione. The poor young woman looked exhausted, swaying on her feet. She hid her concern in her eyes as they entered the room, with the lights lighting up.

Narcissa held back a disgusted sigh as Lucius walked in front of the six slaves before stopping in front of Hermione.

“Well, well, well,” he said, “Look who we have here amongst all you mudblood’s. Hermione Granger.”

Narcissa dared a glance at Draco but he seemed too interested in watching his father try to intimidate Hermione. Again Narcissa had to hold back a gasp when Lucius slapped Hermione across the face.

From then on she blocked out all noise. When Lucius had finished speaking she wanted nothing more than to get them from his sight, stepping forward and putting on her best voice of hatred.

She clicked her fingers, “Follow me!”

HD

“Pointless aren’t they?” said Lucius later that night as the three Malfoy’s sat in the main reading room.

Narcissa was once again sewing, Draco reading a novel whilst Lucius sat in his chair with a glass of Fire whiskey.

“Why were they given a gift that doesn’t belong to their kind?” he continued.

Narcissa sighed quietly and leaned away from her husband. She no longer felt strong love for him, she did love him only it was dying away to cold ashes. Draco noticed his mother’s movement, but Lucius was too busy ranting and raving to care.

“Let’s go out for dinner!” said Narcissa suddenly, “It has been a while.”

“Sounds like a plan,” shrugged Draco standing up, “Coming Father?”

Lucius stood up and with a nod followed his son and wife out. They enjoyed a wonderful dinner at a fancy restaurant in Hogsmeade before heading home. Lucius and Narcissa headed straight to bed,

but Draco wandered around the house, not feeling one bit tired. That was when he saw her, stepping lightly and gracefully towards the kitchens. He smirked, now was his chance to have a little bit of fun.

“Sneaking around are we?” he said and almost laughed when she froze and fell to the ground. He walked over to her noticing she looked close to tears, “What were you snooping for, Granger? Something to use against us? Like any blackmail would do you any good. Dumbledore can’t save you, neither can Potter.”

Stepping a little closer, he grabbed her by the chin, forcing her deep brown eyes to meet his gray ones. She took a breath before speaking in a calm tone.

“I needed to use the toilet. I don’t know where the mudblood bathroom is.”

With a smirk he grabbed her by the arm, “Well, Granger, let me show you.”

He pulled her along behind him, not caring that she stumbled through her weakness. What did he care of her? She was only a mudblood, his arch nemesis bestfriend and the girlfriend no doubt of that riff-raff Weasley. Each time she fell, Draco would sigh and pull her up roughly. They reached the staircase and he stopped and turned to look at her. Her cheeks were a light tinge of red and she was breathless.

“Down there. It’s the only door. Enjoy.”

Without another word he turned walked away, leaving her alone. He did hear her fall down the last few steps, but couldn’t care less. Finding the Manor rather boring he headed up to his room where he found himself to be even more bored, if that was possible.

HD

“How is she?” asked Sirius as soon as Narcissa entered with his plate of food.

"She is weak. But no doubt she will become strong with sleep," said Narcissa, "Here. Its what I brought back with me from the restaurant. Lemon chicken, roast potatoes and vegetables."

Sirius smiled and took the plate from Narcissa. He walked over to one of the two white lounges and sat down with his plate on his lap.

"At least she is alive," said Sirius as he cut into his chicken, "I'm surprised your husband didn't just buy her to kill her himself."

"Oh no," said Narcissa sitting across from her cousin, "He will want to show her off to his fellow Death Eaters."

"I suppose you are right," nodded Sirius as he ate some of his chicken, "This chicken is delicious Narcissa."

"Only the best. Although the pasta sauce is a bit cheesy for my taste. So obviously you have no plans tomorrow."

"No. Just sitting here... reading again."

Narcissa sighed, "Sirius, you know why you can't just run out of here screaming your alive. The Death Eater's could capture you and use you as a way to lure Harry and the Order out to hiding. You said it yourself, you were the closest thing Harry ever had to a parent."

"Yes but they some hope that the world still has good in it, don't they?"

"There is still hope, only they don't see it yet. Beside's Sirius, you are lucky to even be alive. After spending all that time in there... it would be insane if you just revealed yourself like that. The time will come."

Sirius just grunted as he ate his chicken. Narcissa sighed, stood and kissed her cousin goodnight on the cheek before leaving to head to bed. By tomorrow morning he would be in a better mood, wanting to know more news and how Hermione was going.

HD

Draco was still bored and not tired at all. He sat up and walked around his room humming a little, as though trying to work out a way to entertain himself. All of his friends were busy with their own lives, the Manor no longer held any secrets that he knew of at least.

"What to do?" he groaned falling back onto his bed. Then it hit him. They had slaves, human slaves. He could do anything he wanted with them. Anything at all and he was feeling rather... aroused due too his lack of entertainment in more then one-way.

"Granger!" he yelled, knowing it would send a summoning charm too her. He watched the door until it opened two minutes later. He had many things in mind for the young muggleborn, ranging from something simple to down right dirty.

She just stared at him, trying to hide a look of annoyance on her tired face before realizing she was to speak first.

"What would you like?" she finally asked.

Draco smirked. It was obvious Granger was a virgin with the way she carried herself.

"A massage. My back is tense," he said pulling his shirt off and tossing it to the side. He laid on his stomach, enjoying the feel of his back being massaged. His even had to suppress a moan. After a few minutes he decided to take one more step closer to his goal.

"Granger, that isn't achieving a relaxed back. Perhaps you should kneel over me and do it."

He waited for her to scream at him in disgust but was quite shocked when he climbed up onto the bed and knelt beside him, her body leaning over his as she continued her given duty. She was pushing harder and against his will Draco groaned in pleasure. At sound of his groan the mudblood kneaded faster.

"Now, now Granger. No need to be in such a rush," said Draco mocking her.

"I'm tired Malfoy. All I want is to go to sleep," snapped Hermione pushing a little too hard on Draco's back, causing him to stiffen.

She had pushed hard on a faded bruise from a rough night with mates. He'd been drunk and had slipped down a hill, landing on a rock. Out of shock, Draco rolled onto his back and grabbed Hermione roughly by the wrist.

"You filthy little mudblood! Don't you know that is going to bruise?" he cried in anger, only Hermione glared at him, not caring she had caused his bruise to return.

"Oh dear, won't be able to get laid for a month," she snapped angrily at him, "Such a tragedy. Honestly, Malfoy are you that vein?"

Her comment angered him. He did not like being called immature and vein in the one week. Showing his anger he tightened his grip on her wrist. Glaring at her he saw her eyes flicker. She was scared. Scared of what he could do to her. Only she was hiding it on her face behind her fiery hatred towards him. The thought that someone was honestly scared of him, made his anger ebb away a bit. Looking away he let her wrist go.

"Go," he ordered, "Get out and return to the kitchens... you filthy little mudblood."

He kept his eyes focused away from her until she left. Then he stood up and once again began his pacing. What had he become? This past year had changed him in more ways than one. He was now beginning to scare himself. He needed help, but being who he was, he would never ask for it, leaving him on his own. Only he could change himself.

A/N: I know I left the next morning out but felt this was the right spot to end this chapter. Anyway the next one will focus on Harry, Ron and all of them. Don't worry chapter four we will return to Hermione!

Please review!

Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Three

"Harry!" cried Ginny as he stumbled back into the Order hideout, dragging a stunned Ron with help from a dazed Lupin. She rushed over to him, with Molly and Arthur. Molly and Arthur led Lupin to a seat as Tonks got him a glass of water. Ginny rushed to the other side of Ron and her and Harry led him to his bedroom, where Harry fell to the ground. Ginny pulled her wand out and reversed the spell cast on Ron. He moaned groggily but fell into a deep sleep.

Harry on the other hand looked devastated. Ginny covered Ron up with a blanket and knelt down in front of Harry a worried expression clearly evident on her facial features.

"Harry? What happened? Is Hermione alright?" asked Ginny calmly.

"They caught her. I told her to run and as I got up to follow I saw them catch her... the next thing I know she was gone."

"The Death Eater's got her?" said Ginny, "They attacked you and took Hermione away?"

Harry nodded in frustration, "Merlin I am so damn stupid! How could I let this happen to her? I was meant to keep her safe! Except I let her get caught!"

"It's not your fault Harry," said Ginny calmly with a hand on his shoulder, "We will get her back. Don't worry. You need some rest."

Harry opened his mouth to protest but Ginny clamped her hand over his mouth and looked at him sternly. She looked eerily like her mother that Harry looked down at the ground.

"Rest Harry. You won't find Hermione with zero energy."

Harry nodded and Ginny removed her hand as he stood and walked over to his bed. Ginny left the room and walked into the main living area with a grim expression.

“What’s going on?” asked Tonks, “Remus knows nothing. Is Ron okay? What about Harry?”

“Tonks, you’re as bad as my mother!” cried Ginny more in annoyance as she sat at the kitchen table.

Molly handed her a hot coffee and Ginny sipped it before telling them what Harry had said.

“Firstly Ron is fine. Him and Harry are resting. While Lupin and Ron were stunned, Harry and Hermione were also attacked... I don’t know exactly what happened but Harry said he told Hermione to run but as he went to follow he saw Hermione being taken away... by Death Eaters.”

Everyone gasped, except for Molly who let out a sudden sob. No one spoke for a while. Molly turned away from everyone as she cried silently. Tonks gripped onto Lupin’s hand while Arthur gripped onto the table edge so tight that his knuckles went white.

“We have to do something,” said Ginny after a while to break the lingering silence, “Harry feels guilty... he’ll want to do something as well.”

“What can we do Ginny?” asked her father, “We are powerless. Hermione could be dead for all we know.”

“DON’T SAY THAT!” shrieked Molly hysterically, “DO NOT SAY THAT!”

Everyone looked at Molly stunned. She had tears streaming down her face and her cheeks had blotchy red patches all over them. Arthur stepped towards his wife to comfort her but Molly backed away as the twins ran in from having visited Hogwarts to speak with McGonagall.

“What’s going on?” asked Fred confused.

“Yeah, why is everyone looking so grim and why is Mum crying?” said George looking as confused as his brother.

"Hermione got caught... by the Death Eaters," answered Tonks, "Your mother is just upset about it."

"Caught? Wha- how?" asked Fred pleadingly.

"To get the full story we need Harry awake," said Lupin.

"But," cried Ginny stopping her twin brothers from going to get Harry, "He needs to rest, Ron is resting too. Him and Remus got stunned."

"Wait," said George, "This was that plan thing right? Hermione was heading to Australia to get help... so the Death Eater's attacked you, Harry, Ron and Hermione... but they took Hermione?"

"Something like that," nodded Arthur.

"What are we going to do?"

"Your father thinks we can't do anything. He says we are powerless and that Hermione could be dead," snapped Molly with a slight glare at her husband.

"This is Hermione we are talking about," said Fred, "Dead or alive we have to get her back."

"We will," said Ginny with a stern nod, "We will get her back Fred. We need to devise a plan first."

HD

"Hey man," said Ron the next morning as Harry woke, "Mum has breakfast cooked. Dad told me about Hermione."

Harry's stomach felt like it had been hit hard with a cement slab. He looked down at the ground and let out a deep, depressing breath. Ron walked over and sat beside his best mate and patted him on the back.

"We'll get her back. You and I both know Hermione is one tough cookie."

“Cookies get crumpled with one stamp of the foot Ron,” replied Harry glancing at him.

“Not this cookie. No matter how times they try to turn her into crumbs, Hermione will get right back up. She is still alive Harry.”

“How do you know?” snapped Harry.

“Get dressed and after breakfast I will show you how I know.”

Ron stood and walked out of the dimly lit small room. With an annoyed sigh Harry stood and dressed into his normal everyday clothes of jeans and a shirt. He slipped his glasses on and walked out to the kitchen where most of the remaining Order members were. Hagrid remained at Hogwarts, as did McGonagall. Tonks, Lupin, Molly, Arthur, Ginny, Fred, George, Ron and Harry stayed in the hideout. The other Weasley's were in France or Germany with some order member's keeping an eye on things there. Other Order members were scattered throughout England, but many left upon the death of Dumbledore.

“Sit down, Harry,” said Molly directing to the seat beside Ginny, “How are you feeling dear?”

“Oh you know... as best as I could,” he said taking the plate of pancakes, “Can you pass me the maple syrup, Ginny?”

Ginny slid him the jug of maple syrup before returning to eating her own pancakes. Harry glanced her then poured the syrup all over his hot pancakes. Things between them were awkward at times, but mostly they had maintained a good friendship. He still found he could confide in Ginny about many things no other human being knew about. Like the fact he still missed his godfather everyday, especially at times like this.

After eating his pancakes and drinking a hot coco, Ron led Harry into Hermione's room that she had shared with Ginny. Hermione's bed was neatly made as always with her thick well-worn copy of Hogwarts, A History on her bedside table. Ron walked over to Hermione's

closed trunk and lifted it onto her bed. He'd flicked open one of the locks when Ginny walked in humming. When she saw what Ron was doing she marched over to him and shoved him away.

"Ron! What do you think you are doing?" she cried.

"Seeing if Hermione is alive or not," replied Ron, "Could you move?"

"And how is looking in Hermione's trunk going to tell you that?"

"Well, Ginny, if you would move I could show you. It's something she only ever told me about."

Reluctantly Ginny backed away and stood beside a waiting Harry. Ron undid the final lock and lifted the lid back. He shifted her journal to the side and pulled out a rolled up bit of parchment with a pink ribbon done up around it.

"This is a list of all the old Dumbledore's Army member's," said Ron turning to look at Ginny and Harry.

"So?" asked Ginny, "Hermione hoard's things. I knew that."

"Let me explain, Ginny," snapped Ron in annoyance as he reached into his pocket and pulled out the gold imitation of a galleon, "Remember these?"

"Yeah, I still have mine," nodded Harry, "What about them?"

"They didn't just inform people when a next meeting was on," continued Ron, "Hermione put sensors on them... these sensors were connected to the person and the list. They can tell if the owner of the coin is dead or alive. When the owner dies the word 'deceased' appears beside their name."

Ron unrolled the list of names and pointed to Cho Chang's name. Sure enough beside it was the word 'deceased'.

"Where is Hermione's name?" cried Harry understanding finally.

Ron read down the list and let out a relieved laugh, "She's alive! Look!"

Harry snatched the list and finally smiled before handing it to Ginny, "She is alive. Let's keep this pinned up in here. If she... dies that's when we will tell the other's.

"We should tell them now," replied Ginny.

"No. This is just between us three. The less who know the better. I reckon someone in the Order is a snitch. Those Death Eater's found out about the plan somehow."

"I think you are right. Someone in this Order is a snitch or possibly under the imperious curse," said Ron, "We should keep an eye out for anyone acting odd."

Ginny nodded and rolled up the scroll, "We should hide this."

Ginny knelt to the ground and slid under her bed. Harry and Ron heard rustling and the sound of something sliding then snapping shut. Ginny crawled back out from under the bed and stood up right, "Loose floorboard. Stuck it in their under some books. Heavy books so if someone snoops and they are in a rush, they'll see heavy books and think 'No time to look'."

Harry and Ron nodded. Ron fixed up Hermione's trunk as Ginny smoothed the bed out. Harry left the room and headed to the kitchen with Ginny and Ron following him out a few seconds later.

"So what's the plan?" asked Harry looking around at everyone curiously, "Have you done any planning at all?"

"We have come to a decision," said Lupin calmly, "We don't know where Hermione is. But it would be best till we know for sure if she is alive."

"She is!" cried Ron suddenly, "We know she is alive."

"How?" asked Tonks.

Ginny trod on Ron's toes to keep him silent as she answered the question, "We can feel it."

Lupin sighed and ran a hand over his tired face. Tonks patted him on the shoulder and looked at the three people who were closest to Hermione.

"Guys... you have to prepare for the worst. When we know for sure if Hermione is alive that is when we will take some action. Doing that now is a risk to all of our lives," explained Tonks, her bubblegum pink hair changing to a dull red, "We are going to keep on getting a copy of the Pure Prophet sent to us by Madam Rosemerta... we can keep an eye on everything then."

Harry just gave a grunt as a response and left for his room. Ron shook his head, as if telling them they were all making a mistake and Ginny just gave a tight-lipped smile before following the other two.

HD

"HARRY!" bellowed Ron two days later, "HARRY!"

Harry sat up awake in shock and fumbled around on his bedside table for his glasses, by the time he got them on, Ron had thrust a copy of the Pure Prophet in his face. Harry leaned back from the paper and took it from Ron. It was a page of advertisements. Harry looked up at Ron who sighed and pointed his finger to one. Harry leaned closer and read the name.

"It's her!" he cried looking up at Ron, "She is bound to be taken quickly."

"Exactly. Ginny thinks we should wait a day then send in a letter asking about her... they are bound to write back that she has been sold and will probably tell us the name of the 'owner' and give contact details incase we wish to make a bargain for her with them."

"Sounds like a good idea. Have you told the others?"

Ron shook his head, "Ginny says they'll interfere for our safety... they have all changed. We need to get out of here... soon."

"I know. We'll work on that. Maybe we can contact Hagrid, he might be able to persuade McGonagall to let us three... or all of us stay at Hogwarts. Then we will have better resources there."

"True. I'll even work for McGonagall if it means leaving this place."

Harry snorted at his comment, earning a glare from Ron.

"Sorry mate," apologized Harry, "I'm just trying to imagine you working in the library with Madam Pince."

"I'll work anywhere but there... and with Filch."

"Where is Ginny?" asked Harry realizing the youngest Weasley was absent.

"Having a shower. Fred flicked porridge at her and it went through her hair... He got bat bogey hexed for it though."

Harry laughed, "What breakfast is left over?"

"Some bacon... three or four eggs and a few hash browns."

Harry nodded, "Alright. I'll get change and be out then."

HD

"It's Millie!" cried Ginny later that night as the rat came scampering inside through her little entrance beside the actual entrance door, "Millie, come here girl."

The little rat ran over to Ginny who held her gently in her hands and removed the carefully folded note under her stomach. Everyone came running into the kitchen as Ginny unfolded it a little to reach the name of whom it was for and from.

"To Them From HG," read Ginny her heart racing. She looked up at everyone who all looked shocked that Hermione had managed to get in contact with them.

"Read it!" cried Molly.

Ginny unfolded the letter and straightened it out.

"Dear All of you,

"Do not panic. I am alive and rather well. I am a slave at the M.M with five others. I have only been hit once upon arrival by the elder one. This may be the only chance I get in contacting you all for a while. Please do not panic about me and do not do anything erratic. You will know if I die.

"H.G"

Ginny folded the letter back up and sat at the kitchen table with a sigh. Harry walked over and took the letter from her reading it for him self. He folded it up and turned around to face everyone.

"So she is at the Malfoy Manor. They brought her... and Lucius has already hit her," he summarized more so for him self.

Ron nodded, "She doesn't want us doing anything irrational... which shows she is still herself."

"That is a good sign. Normally that much trauma can really do a number on someone," said Tonks.

"But where do we go from here?" asked Ginny.

"But," said Fred, "What does she mean by 'You will know if I die'?"

Harry cast Ron a sidelong glance warning him to keep his mouth shut. Ron managed to keep quiet, as did Ginny, making it seem the three were in thought.

"Maybe she is saying we will just know," shrugged Ginny after a while, "Like inside our hearts that we will know."

“Harry,” said Ron suddenly, “We have that thing to do.”

“What thing?” asked Harry frowning at Ron in confusion.

Ron shot him a look and Harry nodded in realization.

“Oh yeah, that thing!”

Ron and Harry stood and headed for the hideout door. Molly looked at them frowning and stood up from her seat.

“Where are you two going? It is dangerous outside that door,” she said sternly.

“We have to do something,” said Ron firmly to his mother, “We have our wands. Just trust us.”

Harry pushed the door open and stepped out into the overwhelming mist. Ron followed him out and shut the door behind him before covering it with thick vines.

“Where are we going?” asked Harry finally.

“To Hogwarts. We can speak to Hagrid first and then McGonagall. We can even be extra protection for the school should Death Eater’s attack it.”

“Yeah, but it all depends on McGonagall agreeing to the plan. We can’t assume anything yet. Let’s get moving, it’s not smart to just stand around here.”

Ron nodded and him and Harry began walking quickly through the forest. They knew the path well from using it whenever they needed to see McGonagall or Hagrid about the Order. Despite everything happening in the world Hogwarts remained the safest place in the world with the protection spells recreating themselves when Dumbledore died.

It took them twenty minutes to reach the Hogwarts gates. Ron muttered a spell at the padlock. Only few Order members knew it, along with only the school staff. When it creaked open, him and Harry ran in, with Harry locking it shut. They ran down to Hagrid's hut. Harry knocked three times and the door was opened.

"Harry, Ron! Good ter see yer both," he said letting them in, "I heard about' Ermione. Horrible news tha' is."

Harry nodded, "She is alive. The Malfoy's brought her along with five other slaves."

Hagrid looked a sudden mix of emotions: relief, happiness, anger and disgust. He took a deep breath before speaking rather calmly, "Good ter know she is alive... but the Malfoy's brought her? Tha's just horrible on it's own!"

"We know," sighed Ron, "She's already been hit once. That was just on arrival!"

"Blimey... we can only hope she's doing well then."

Harry and Ron nodded and all fell silent for a few moments. Hagrid gave a great sigh and stood to go make some tea.

"Hagrid," said Harry as his half-giant friend collected three giant mugs from a shelf, "Do you reckon McGonagall would let the Order live at Hogwarts if we offered to be extra protection on the school? That hideout is driving everyone insane and we can't escape each other."

"I think she would. Molly could even offer some weekend or after school lessons in knitting and things like that. Yer could give flying lessons and Quidditch ones, Harry. Offer some tutoring... I think Professor McGonagall would agree too it."

Harry and Ron swapped pleasing looks. After having their rather strong cup of tea the two left and headed up to the school for a meeting with McGonagall. When they explained their idea and things they could offer, she gave them a stern look.

“What else do you plan on doing here?” she asked.

“Researching possible ways to bring down the Death Eaters,” said Harry, “Hogwarts has resources in its library... the Room of Requirement... everything that small... hideout doesn’t”

McGonagall nodded and looked up at the painting of Albus Dumbledore. He seemed to have gone deaf with in it, fiddling with his long white beard. In other words he was telling the Head Mistress, it was her choice.

“Well... you are offering a lot for what you will be receiving. And you are yet to convince the other Order members you both are living with,” said McGonagall, “I shall agree too it. On agreement that all you offer is lived up too. We will decide on times for them when you return with all you live with.”

“Oh don’t worry, they’ll come. One way or another,” said Ron determinedly, “Even if I have to drag them all here on my own.”

HD

“Just think about it,” said Harry in annoyance after everyone made comments on the idea, “Mrs Weasley, you don’t have to cook for us and you get too teach students how to knit, sew... everything, Ginny you can tutor students in which ever subject that pleases you and Remus can give his own style of after school defense lessons. Tonks can do the same... Mr Weasley can teach tutor lessons in Muggle Studies... Fred, George weekend fun lessons in creating things to take the student’s minds off the outside world and Ron and I can do quidditch.”

“Most of all,” added Ron, “We can get time away from each other and research how to beat the Death Eaters and get Hermione back.”

“Well I am all for it,” said Ginny standing up, “Anywhere is better then this place.”

“We agree,” said Fred and George together and even saying in unison, “Come on Mum!”

Molly sighed, "Well this place is small for all of us. Hogwarts is safer..."

"Then do you agree?" asked Ron.

"I... I agree," nodded Molly looking at Arthur who gave the nod.

Everyone looked at Tonks and Lupin. After a few moments Tonks nodded along with Lupin. Harry broke out into a grin, as did Ron.

"Let's get packing!" said Ron with a clap of his hands, "McGonagall said we can arrive as soon as we all are ready. Tonight would be best. Less chance of being seen in the mist."

They all agreed and went off to begin packing. Ginny made sure to get the D.A list and packed it in the bottom of her trunk. She gathered other things like clothes, shoes, books, hair necessities along with her toiletries. She even packed a few of Hermione's belongings in case she needed them should they manage to get her back alive.

An hour later the group met in the kitchen. They casted lightweight spells on their trunks and bags and left the hideout one last time, they hoped. The journey to Hogwarts was dark. No moon shone through the trees, in fact it hadn't shone for months, neither had the stars. The air was colder than normal meaning only one thing. The Dementors were breeding even more, meaning they were bound to spread further in covering the earth.

Ginny stumbled over an uprooted tree root. As she was about to hit the ground, Harry caught her. Ginny gave a little cough and stood upright. Her eyes locked with Harry's green ones, but he let her go and continued walking. Gathering her gear up, Ginny continued walking keep a better watch on the ground for any more tree roots.

A/N: There you go! Hope you all enjoyed it! Please review! Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Four

The next twenty minutes after clearing away the plates of food, Hermione readied herself for the trip to Diagon Alley. Narcissa and her horrible son would no doubt put her on show. Pureblooded and halfblooded witches and wizards would make cruel jibes at her and possibly physically harm her. The other slaves kept reminding Hermione to be strong. Scott even gave her a hug before she left the kitchen trying to tame her frizzy hair.

She stopped in the corridor and took deep breath's willing herself to calm down. She declared to herself if anyone dared lay a hand on her today she would try to remain calm and not attempt to do anything that would possibly see her facing death or worse, a kiss from a Dementor. She entered the foyer where Narcissa was waiting with a bored Draco. When Draco looked at her, he didn't smirk or make any comments. He just looked at her, his face looking to find an emotion to show on it. Hermione looked down at the ground, finding his odd facial expression's unnerving.

"Let's go," said Narcissa gesturing to the front door.

Hermione sighed and ran over to it, pulling it open for her 'masters'. Narcissa nodded to her as she walked past, but Draco looked ahead. Hermione walked out beside them into the blistering cold. She had nothing on to keep her warm, only her toga dress. But it was colder then normal. Hermione didn't like that fact at all. As she walked towards the carriage thing that would automatically apperate them to Diagon Alley she looked up at he sky. They were breeding again. They would spread even further during muggle's attention closer to discovering the truth. This was not good at all.

"Come along!" snapped Narcissa.

Hermione ran forward and pulled open the carriage door. Narcissa climbed in followed by Draco. Hermione climbed in after them and sat across from the two Malfoy's. The carriage gave a great lurch forward.

“Here,” said Narcissa handing Hermione a black cloak with a silver M embroidered on the front. It also had a hood, “Put this on and wear the hood over your head.”

“Why?” asked Draco, “We should show everyone that we caught the long time wanted mudblood.”

“I believe in many things Draco but I refuse to allow any harm to come to my possessions.”

“She is only a slave. We can just replace her.”

“Shall I replace you whilst I am at it?” snapped Narcissa glaring at her son.

Throughout this Hermione remained silent. Mother and son glared angrily at each other in anger. Hermione looked away, out the window. She pulled the cloak on and raised the hood to hide her face. She was surprised that Narcissa wanted her to hide who she was, but she also now looked at the woman in a slightly different light. She glanced at Narcissa, who was watching her. Hermione looked away quickly, not catching the small smile from the older woman.

Finally the carriage gave a huge spin, causing Hermione to cling onto her seat in terror. Across from her Narcissa and Draco sat calmly, their heads tilted to the side to move with the spin. Obviously they were used to it. By the time the spinning stopped Hermione was on the verge of being sick.

“Suck it up,” muttered Draco as he stepped past her to get out of the carriage.

Thankfully the cloaks hood hid the dirty look Hermione shot him. She climbed out and held back a gasp. This was not Diagon Alley. It couldn't be! She looked around her in a circle and felt like crying. It looked lifeless, hardly anyone spoke. Everyone walked around as though they were the living dead. Narcissa stepped over to Hermione and pulled her along to begin their days shopping.

“Sorry Mistress,” apologized Hermione still looking around her.

"Father wouldn't put up with this behavior," snapped Draco too his mother in a sulky manner, "I don't know why you do."

"I am not your father, Draco," replied Narcissa looking in a store window selling dress robes, "Unlike him I do not like to create scenes. If you have nothing better to do then criticize me, perhaps it would be best if you went off on your own."

Narcissa shot her son a cold smile and Draco crossed his arms in annoyance.

"And you wonder why Pansy calls you immature," snapped Narcissa, "Look at how you are acting in a public place!"

Hermione glanced at Draco and saw his face go red. He looked as though he was holding the urge back to yell at his mother. Hermione didn't know what to do. She didn't understand their relationship and it would not be her place to say something.

"Hermione," said Narcissa turning to the quiet young woman, "Please accompany Draco to buy some vegetables. We are running low I assume?"

"Yes we are Mistress."

Narcissa handed Draco a pouch of galleons, "Off you go."

Draco scowled under his breath and jerked his hand at Hermione, "Come on Granger."

Hermione followed him making sure to keep a safe distance between him and her. She didn't trust him and obviously had every reason not to do so. He kept looking back at her as though trying to decide upon something. As they drew closer to the food store, his walking slowed. Automatically Hermione slowed down, but she suddenly squealed in surprise when Draco grabbed her by the arm. He yanked her close to him, so that there were mere centimeters between their two bodies. She looked up at him in surprise and could only gasp as he pushed her cloak hood back revealing her face for all too see.

"Let's see what scene I can create today," he said pulling her along behind him roughly.

"Please don't," prayed Hermione to him, "I beg you, don't do this!"

Draco didn't seem to listen to her as he pulled her through a crowd of witches and wizards.

"It's that Granger girl!" yelled one suddenly noticing whom Draco was yanking along behind him, "Master Malfoy! Did your father purchase this trash?"

Draco turned and smiled at the man, pulling Hermione around to stand beside him, "He did indeed. Horrible little thing isn't she?"

"Quite ugly indeed," sneered a woman with a flat nose and brown round eyes.

Hermione shot a glare at the woman and Draco tightened his grip on her arm to keep her mouth shut. Hermione only let out a little 'hmpf'.

"Is she as feisty as the ad claimed?" asked another man eyeing Hermione up and down.

"If you do not remove your eyes off me I will show you feisty!" snapped Hermione and instantly regretting it.

"That little foul mouthed Mudblood!" cried the flat nosed woman, "Aren't you going to punish her?"

Now Draco was trapped. Would he punish her? If he did his mother would know of what he did and that would put him further in her bad books. He spun Hermione around and raised a hand to slap her across the face.

"DRACO!"

"Oh Merlin," he whispered as his mother stormed through the crowd, literally shoving people aside. He released a terrified Hermione, who

fell backwards into the ground, much to the enjoyment of the crowd of onlookers.

“What is the meaning of this?” she screeched at her son in disgust pulling her wand out and pointing it to the crowd, “All of you! Get!”

The crowd left reluctantly, two purposely treading on Hermione’s fingers causing her to gasp in pain. Narcissa looked at her son in disgust, “Get up, girl.”

Hermione managed to stand and pulled her hood on to hide her tears of pain and humiliation.

“I am disgusted in you,” she hissed at Draco, “Utterly disgusted. You are not the young man I raised. You are just as horrible as your dead Aunt Bellatrix!”

“It is what Father would have done,” replied Draco coolly.

“You are not your father, Draco. Come along, girl.”

Hermione walked past Draco keeping her head down, but as she passed him she let out a soft sob. She didn’t mean too but she couldn’t help it. How could someone be so cruel? She had never done anything to him to cause this. She kept close behind Narcissa knowing that although she was a cold woman, she would protect Hermione from more humiliation. For the rest of the shopping, Hermione did as she was told and avoided all contact with the male Malfoy. Never again would she think he could be someone with a heart. To her he was a carbon copy of his father.

HD

Two hours later Hermione stumbled into the kitchens with the bags of food. The other slaves rushed over to her and took them to pack away.

Scott led Hermione to her corner and sat her down with a glass of water. He beckoned Bridget over who sat down in front of Hermione as silent tears trickled down her cheeks.

"What happened?" asked Scott worriedly glancing over at the other three muggleborn's, "Look at your fingers! They are bruised badly! Sophie! Get a cold compress for Hermione, now!"

"He humiliated me," whispered Hermione looking into her cup, "Narcissa gave me a cloak to hide my identity from everyone and she sent with Malfoy... he... he pushed the hood off and showed me off to everyone... they all looked at him like I was... like I was dirt... he degraded me."

Hermione had to stop. Never before had she felt so low about whom she was. Draco had made her feel disgusted with her self. Bridget took the cold compress from Sophie and pressed it gently against one of Hermione's hands.

"How did this happen?" asked Scott indicating her fingers.

"I... I said something that I shouldn't of. And Malfoy was going to hit me when Narcissa arrived. He let me go and I fell backwards... Narcissa told the crowd to go and as they left some of them trod on my hands."

"What a monster," snarled Bridget, "We should spit in his food from now on."

"What will that achieve?" asked Scott in an amused tone.

"Nothing, but only we will know."

Even Hermione had to chuckle, but as she did, Bridget wiped some blood from Hermione's middle finger causing her to gasp.

"Everyone" shouted Bridget turning slightly to face the other three, "From now on... we spit in Draco Malfoy's food... just don't let those three loser's know."

"N-Narcissa isn't as bad as the other two," said Hermione reasonably, "She didn't want this to happen. I mean you should have seen her fa-"

Hermione stopped speaking as she heard the tinkling in her head, "Narcissa wants me."

With help from Scott, Hermione stood. She gave him a smile, which he returned. He brushed a light brown lock from his face and turned away as she left. Hermione walked through the Manor following the tinkling noise. On her way she passed Draco but kept her eyes on the ground and her injured hands to the side of her body. They ached horribly and thankfully Hermione had a strong pain resistance otherwise she would be in tears from it. She followed the tinkling past the dining room and main reading room. She reached two closed doors and reluctantly knocked, biting her lower lip from the pain.

"Enter!"

Hermione opened the door and walked in closing it behind her. She turned to Narcissa and lowered her gaze.

"What would you like, Mistress?" asked Hermione.

"Come here. Let me see your hands."

Hermione walked forward to the wall length painting Narcissa stood at. She held her two hands out and focused on them to avoid the light blue gaze. Narcissa made an "tsking" noise and walked past Hermione over to her desk.

"Come here, girl."

Hermione walked out and saw Narcissa holding her wand, "What are you going to do?"

"Heal your hands of course. It was not your fault they rudely trod on your hands."

"Oh... but I spoke out."

"You were only defending yourself. It's human instinct."

Hermione gave a small nod and allowed the woman to heal her injured hands. Narcissa muttered a spell and Hermione felt a warm sensation ripple through her hands. She watched as the bruises began to fade with the cuts. After a minute or so her hands once again looked normal and the pain was gone.

“Thankyou Mistress,” said Hermione genuinely before saying something she had only ever told her three closet friends, “I always wanted to be a Healer at St Mungo’s.”

Narcissa looked at Hermione and gave a small smile, “I wanted to work at the Ministry when I was your age. But my family had different plans for me.”

“Oh... where in the Ministry did you want to work at?”

“The Law Department. But life has many paths in it. We all make choices and this was mine.”

Hermione didn’t know how to reply. Here she was, being told things from a woman she always saw as evil as her husband and son. But obviously there was more to Narcissa Malfoy then met the eye.

“If you do not mind me asking,” said Hermione quietly, “Do you regret your choice?”

At this question, Narcissa sighed, “I can never honestly answer that question. The answer changes everyday. Today my answer is I do. Look at my son... I still am disgusted in what he did to you. Despite our blood difference you are as human as I am and have feelings. He knew that what he was doing was wrong and yet he still did it. My husband... he is not much better, that I am always certain about. He influences Draco’s opinion on everything. Draco is old enough to decide what he thinks about many things.”

“My parents,” Hermione paused as her voice quavered, “My parents... they always let me decide on what I think about everything. Although instilled their opinions in me about certain things, like love, sex... the normal moral things.”

“Your parents are wise people.”

“Were... they were wise,” corrected Hermione, “They were killed the day I was captured.”

“I am sorry to hear that.”

Hermione shrugged and stood upright, “Would you like me to do anything for you?”

“No. Not at this moment. I just wanted to see if you were coping well after the ordeal. And your hands needed healing.”

“Thankyou again for healing them,” said Hermione with a small smile herself, “I should return to the kitchens. Dinner needs to be cooked. Do you have any requests?”

“None at all. Just ensure it is not burnt.”

Hermione nodded and left the reading room feeling much better physically and emotionally. There really was more to Narcissa Malfoy than what met the eye.

HD

“You didn’t?”

“I did.”

“We both did actually.”

“Did he notice?”

“No. He enjoyed it... from what he said.”

Hermione pulled a face of disgust and Scott and Bridget laughed. They had just taken dinner out and both had actually spat into Draco’s food. Hermione didn’t seriously believe earlier that they would do it, but obviously both were true to their word.

“Just don’t spit in mine,” said Hermione as she helped Sophie wash the dishes, “I want mine stale... not spat on.”

“Stale food is just the best,” joked Sophie earning a grin from Hermione, “Are you serious when you say Narcissa healed them?”

“I am. There is so much more to her then what everyone else sees,” replied Hermione handing Scott a stack of dishes to pack away, “She is nothing like her husband and son.”

“I always thought she was worse then them,” admitted Scott, “My uncle owned the Potion Store... he is a muggleborn as well... anyway whenever I was there during the holidays and she would come in she would always have this constant sneer on her face.”

“Maybe she was acting,” shrugged Bridget, “Everyone puts on a front to look a certain way to others. I used to act like this real goody two shoes when I was at school, when really I was a trouble maker.”

“I think she does act,” mused Hermione, “To make everyone think she enjoys her life.”

“Yeah,” nodded Bridget, “Anyway I so dead on my feet. I’m going to get some sleep.”

“Me too,” nodded Sophie emptying the sink and following Bridget to get a blanket.

Hermione and Scott packed the last of the dishes away and both got a blanket and pillow. Hermione settled down in her corner and was surprised when Scott laid down beside her. She then realized it was the only remaining spot.

“So... what are your friends like?” asked Scott quietly.

“They are all great. Harry constantly worries about everyone else... Ron... we used to date but living so close made things hard, so we broke up and have remained really good friends. Ginny is my only close female friend. She knows what my moods are and bad habits.”

"They sound great. Mine are all over the world now. Most are in hiding and some got to Australia."

"Lucky them."

"Yeah. I envy them."

Just as Hermione was about to reply a dreaded sound filled her ears. He was calling her. She sat up with a groan.

"Hermione? What's wrong?" asked Scott sitting up with her.

"He's calling me."

"Who is?"

"You spit in his food."

"Let me go."

"No," said Hermione firmly placing a hand on Scott's chest, "He's calling me. I have to go."

"I'll wait up for you."

"No, get some sleep. I'll be fine. Harry taught me a few things about how to fight without magic."

"Okay."

Hermione hurried out of the kitchen, stepping carefully over bodies of her sleeping friends. She pushed open the door and walked up the staircase and down the hall. He was in his room as he was last time. She made her way there and knocked on his door.

"Come in Granger."

She pushed the door open and walked into the room. He was sitting at his desk, staring out the window, not that he could see anything with the mist blocking out the night sky.

"You called me," said Hermione with reluctance.

"Obviously I did or you wouldn't be standing here," he said looking at her, "Unless of course you just couldn't stay away."

Hermione clamped her mouth shut not daring to say anything back. Draco seemed to take it that he had struck gold.

"Loss of words, mudblood?"

"Oh no. I just know it would be best if I kept quiet," replied Hermione, "What would you like?"

"Just a visit... after all today was interesting, wouldn't you say?"

Hermione's eyes instantly narrowed, "If you call be humiliated interesting then by all means I hope you have pleasant dreams about today."

"Oh, I know I will. I assume you didn't find it interesting?"

"No I didn't," said Hermione tears in the corners of her eyes, "I see nothing at all interesting about being glared at, ridiculed, dropped to the ground and then having my hands trampled on by arrogant people like yourself!"

"You are calling me arrogant? Granger, look in the mirror," he stepped forward and pulled her over to his mirror, "What do you see?"

Hermione glared at her reflection, taking in her slim frame, bushy hair, brown tear filled eyes and pink lips, "I see a human being who has feelings like you. I see someone who is proud for the blood they were born into, a see someone who had dreams that were soon ripped apart by the Death Eaters who torment muggleborn's because they are bored with their own life's. Only they don't realize that the world is falling apart before their very eyes... soon they will have nothing and who will they come running too, to fix it? The very people they tore down and sent into hiding!"

“That is complete crap. You know what I see?” sneered Draco standing behind her and leaning in close to whisper into her ear, “Muggleborn trash... a worthless human being. A-”

Hermione spun around glaring at him, “Your names don’t hurt me Malfoy. Because they are only words! You have said them so often they have no affect on me! What more can you possibly do to me that you haven’t done?”

Draco laughed coldly, “More than your naïve mind can possibly imagine.”

Hermione backed away from him as he stepped closer to her coldness in his eyes, “You wouldn’t dare.”

“What can you possibly do to stop me?”

Hermione’s heart was racing as he stepped closer. Within seconds he was inches from her. Then he stopped and laughed.

“Come off it Granger, I was kidding! Like I would possibly screw you.”

Hermione watched him as he laughed. With such force and anger she stepped forward and slapped him hard across the face. His laughter stopped instantly. He didn’t move, he didn’t speak. He just stared at her.

“YOU FOUL LOATHSOME... DEATH EATER!” she screamed with enough force to shock the Malfoy further into shock, “How can you possibly get any joy from that? Don’t you have clue as to how scared I was?”

Draco didn’t say anything. He was literally too stunned for words.

“Obviously you have had your fun,” said Hermione, “Sleep well Master.”

With that Hermione turned and stormed out of the room before breaking down into tears.

A/N: Well... I hope you all enjoyed that one and the next chapter will see it from the Malfoy's view! Please review!

Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Five

"Draco, I wish to speak with you alone before you leave with your mother," said Lucius firmly as Draco prepared to go redo his hair before he left for the day at Diagon Alley.

"Of course father," nodded Draco following his father through the Manor and into his office. Lucius walked around to the other side of his desk and sat in his seat; little did he know that just a day before a young muggleborn at sat in it. He looked at his son and sighed, leaning back in his seat. Draco stepped forward and sat in the seat in front of the desk.

"Who do you think your mother has pledged her allegiance too?" asked Lucius after a while.

"The Death Eaters I guess," shrugged Draco, "Why do you ask, father?"

"I suspect your mother may be working for a different cause all together. I want you to test her today, Draco. I want you to find a chance to show that Granger girl off to the world. I want you to watch what your mother will do, before, during and after the time at Diagon Alley. I need to know what cause your mother works for. Ours or the former Order of the Phoenix."

"Of course father," nodded Draco, "Is that all?"

"That's all," nodded Lucius dismissing his son, "I have other matters to attend too."

Draco stood and left his father's office. Here he was. Stuck. His father, ever since his escape from Azkaban, had been pinning Draco up against his mother at every given chance. This had caused a huge rift between mother and son and everyday the rift grew larger.

Draco made his way back to the foyer meeting his mother along the way. In her arms she clutched a black cloak with what looked to be a silver M on the front.

“What is that you are holding?” asked Draco curiously.

“Something for the slave,” replied Narcissa shortly.

Draco sighed and was soon bored with waiting for the slave to arrive. Finally after what had seemed years the bushy haired young woman arrived. When Draco saw her, the previous nights actions flooded into his mind, especially how he had nearly hit her. An odd sensation spilled into his stomach making it difficult to smirk at her as he watched her.

“Let’s go,” said Narcissa noticing her son’s odd behaviour herself. She marched over to the door and Hermione rushed forward to open it for her. Stepping out into the abnormal cold caused Narcissa to shiver. Even she knew the Dementor’s were breeding again. Narcissa walked over to the waiting carriage with her son and looked back at Hermione, a little impatient to get going. When she saw the shivering girl looking up at the sky even she dared a glance but instantly regretted it.

‘You would think the Death Eater’s would have them under control,’ thought Narcissa before snapping, “Come along!”

Beside her Draco gave a sigh as Hermione opened the door. Narcissa shot him a look as she climbed into the carriage followed by him and then Hermione. Once inside Draco noticed his mother was sitting rather stiffly beside him, as though he were the last person in she world she wished to sit next too. The carriage gave a great lurch forward and Draco noticed his mother fiddling with the cloak before looking at Hermione.

“Here,” said his mother handing the cloak to Hermione, “Put this on and wear the hood over your head.”

Draco frowned. What was his mother doing? She was merely a mudblood slave, not a superstar in need of a disguise.

“Why?” he asked rudely, “We should show everyone that we caught the long time wanted mudblood.”

The look his mother gave him was one of pure coldness. Had looks been able to kill Draco knew he would be less than a pile of ashes.

"I believe in many things Draco but I refuse to allow any harm to come to my possessions."

"She is only a slave. We can just replace her."

"Shall I replace you whilst I am at it?" snapped his mother coldly, her blue eyes looking at him in an ice-cold manner.

The look was so cold Draco felt a shiver run down his spine. Things between him and his mother had just gone from bad to worse. All he could do was glare back at his mother.

Narcissa watched as Hermione pulled the cloak on. The young woman glanced up at Narcissa but looked away. All Narcissa could do was smile at the girl in slight amusement. If only she knew the secret hidden in her house. Narcissa glanced out the window; they would soon start the carriage apparition. She settled firmly into her seat just before the spinning began. Expertly, her and Draco tilted their heads to the side, going with the strong movement. Across from them, Hermione looked as if she were about to be sick or scream.

Draco watched Hermione through out the spin and felt like laughing at her. It was obvious she had never done carriage apparition before. When the carriage came to a stand still, Draco stood first.

"Suck it up," he muttered in an amused, yet rude tone as he stepped out before her and his mother.

But no matter how many times Draco went to Diagon Alley he still couldn't get over the change. But unlike Hermione, Draco could hide his shock. He didn't stand around gaping like a fool.

With a sigh Narcissa grabbed Hermione by the arm and pulled her forward, startling the girl.

"Sorry Mistress."

“Father wouldn’t put up with this behavior,” said Draco before he even thought about the words that came from his mouth in a cold tone, “I don’t know why you do.”

Narcissa had to look away from her son. She couldn’t believe how much like his father he was. This was not the boy she had hoped to raise. Instead Narcissa looked in a store window, pretending to be interested in the dress robes.

“I am not your father, Draco. Unlike him I do not like to create scenes. If you have nothing better to do then criticize me, perhaps it would be best if you went off on your own.”

Narcissa turned and shot her son a cold smile as he crossed his arms in a childish annoyed manner. Narcissa resisted the urge to shake her head but instead glared at her son.

“And you wonder why Pansy calls you immature. Look at how you are acting in a public place!”

Draco sucked in a deep breath to keep himself from losing his temper. It was there, he knew it. But yelling at his mother wouldn’t do any good. He needed to find another way to vent out his emotions and the perfect time to do his father’s request. Just as he was looking around for an opportunity Narcissa handed him one.

“Hermione,” said Narcissa turning to the quiet young woman, “Please accompany Draco to buy some vegetables. We are running low I assume?”

This was too perfect, was all that Draco could think holding back a pleasing grin. Smiling in front of his mother would only capture her attention and make her suspicious.

“Yes we are Mistress,” answered Hermione to her question politely.

Before Draco could blink, Narcissa had thrust a bag of galleons into his hands and ordered him off.

Keeping up the act of a disgusted son Draco muttered for Hermione to follow him. He looked ahead at the crowd outside the store. He could feel Hermione keeping a safe distance between the two of them and purposely slow down to begin his show, all for his absent father. Without any thought to the matter or of the humiliation he was going to cause for the young, once classmate, Draco grabbed Hermione and pulled her close. The terrified witch looked up at him and let out a gasp as he yanked her hood off to reveal her to the world.

“Let’s see what scene I can create today,” he smirked with a grin yanking her along behind him ignoring her pleas.

Not only was he doing it for his father, but also Draco found himself to be enjoying the spotlight he was gaining as everyone saw whom he was dragging along with him.

HD

Narcissa walked into the once Flourish and Blott’s. She spotted Pansy working at the far end of the store alone. Narcissa walked towards her, weaving through the shelves trying to keep the attention away from her. She finally reached Pansy and patted the woman on the shoulder. Pansy jumped and spun around. When she saw Narcissa she calmed down and embraced the elder woman tightly.

“How are you?” asked Narcissa seriously, “I heard about the argument between you and my stubborn son.”

“Yeah that,” sighed Pansy tucking a lock of her hair behind her ears, “I love him, Narcissa... but I can’t be with him any longer. For one thing we don’t even act like a couple. And two... he is... he is so immature.”

“I know what you mean. Perhaps we should talk in the back?”

Pansy nodded and lead Narcissa too the back room door. Narcissa walked in first as Pansy shut and locked the door.

“I have to be quick,” said Narcissa, “I have left my son with the muggleborn, Hermione Granger. Merlin knows what he could get up

too. Anyway Sirius and I have been talking. I am going to attempt to gain Hermione's trust in me. I have started by giving her a cloak to protect her identity here today. Once I have gained it I am going to show her Sirius. Hopefully then we will devise I plan to get her back to the Order along with Sirius... and from there... I don't know what can happen."

"All we can do is hope for the best."

Narcissa nodded, "Exactly. I am going to keep trying with Draco... but perhaps... no it will never work and it is just wrong for me to even consider that!"

Pansy frowned at Narcissa with a slight turn of the head, "Consider what?"

Narcissa sighed, "It's ridiculous really. I doubt Hermione would even consider it. She is a proud person from what I have seen," Narcissa paused and looked at Pansy, "I was considering using Hermione to use my son to get him to turn to the light side... but be a spy for us. I mean he is skilled at Occlumency. He can block his father out from his mind easily. Lucius is not that skilled at it. The problem is-"

"The two cannot stand each other for many reasons. Draco is a cruel person, Granger is high strung and has morals as well as pride," finished Pansy, "Plus Draco has pride as well."

Narcissa nodded, "I will talk to Sirius about it, though I doubt he will want his godson's best friend anywhere near my tragedy of a son. I'll see you soon. I need to find my son."

"Okay. Take care Narcissa."

The two embraced in a hug before Narcissa left the back room discreetly. She purchased a book about flower charms to cover up for her long time in the store. As she entered the street she was welcomed to a loud commotion.

"That little foul mouthed Mudblood!" cried someone from a crowd up the alley, "Aren't you going to punish her?"

Narcissa looked towards and caught sight of her son raising a hand to a hoodless Hermione. Without another thought Narcissa began running towards the crowd and when she was close enough screamed her sons name out loud.

HD

Draco stared down at the terrified, shaking woman with his hand raised. He had never once made a person shake with fear and if he ever intended it, he never imagined it would be Hermione Granger, Gryffindor know it all, member of the golden trio. As he was mustering the courage to slap her, a voice screamed out his name putting an end to all thought of hitting her. Then like a tidal wave, Draco was hit with an over whelming heap of emotions ranging from horror to guilt. Guilt, now there was one he hadn't felt before.

"Oh Merlin," he muttered releasing Hermione, who fell back to the ground.

He looked up and watched his mother bark at the ground to disappear. The way she looked told Draco he had lost all of her respect and most likely, her trust.

"What is the meaning of this?" she screamed in anger at her son, blue eyes blazing with fury, "All of you! Get!"

Draco looked down at the ground and took yet another deep breathe for the day. How was he to explain this one?

Both him and Narcissa looked down at Hermione, noticing her injured hands. Despite Narcissa's opinion of public humiliation she couldn't act soft towards the muggleborn.

"Get up girl!"

Narcissa turned to her son, wanting nothing more then to give him a good, hard slap across the face. No longer was he her innocent, misunderstood eleven year old. He was a rude, horrible, cruel, immature nineteen year old.

"I am disgusted in you," was all she could manage to say with loosing control of her temper completely, "Utterly disgusted. You are not the young man I raised. You are just as horrible as your dead Aunt Bellatrix!"

Draco's head whipped up from the ground as he glared at his mother. How could she compare him to that woman? He was a Malfoy, not a Black!

"It is what Father would have done," he managed to reply back with in a cool tone.

Narcissa narrowed her eyes back at her son before answering truthfully, "You are not your father, Draco. Come along, girl."

HD

"Lucius obviously told him to do it," said Narcissa as she paced in front of her cousin, "I can't see him doing it on his own."

"If that is the case Narcissa," said Sirius calmly, "Then why did he do it? Regardless of the fact that your husband told him to do it he still had the option of not going through with it. As you have said to me on numerous occasions, Draco is skilled at Occlumency and can close his mind from Lucius."

"I don't know why he did it. Perhaps he was striking out on his own with anger at me. Draco and I aren't as close as we used to be, that is for sure."

"Because of Lucius."

Narcissa sighed and ceased her pacing, turning to look at her cousin. Sirius watched her face and new she was bursting to say something but was holding back.

"What is on your mind Narcissa?" asked Sirius curiously.

“Well I did have an idea that may possibly draw Draco from the dark side to our side... but after today I doubt it would even work.”

“What’s the idea?”

“Using Hermione to use Draco... get her to join our fight.”

Sirius instantly began shaking his head in no. He stood up and began pacing himself, shaking his head before turning to Narcissa and looking at her furiously.

“Are you insane?” he said, “One thing I do not trust your son around any of the muggleborns, most of all Hermione. Secondly, Hermione would refuse to do it... and thirdly... just no, Narcissa, that idea is not going to happen at all! We will find another way.”

“Sirius, I knew it wouldn’t happen,” replied Narcissa coolly, “I came up with the plan before I saw what Draco had done to Hermione. Now if you will excuse me I have to heal Hermione. Her hands got trampled on during the... humiliation process.”

Narcissa turned and stormed up the corridor. On her way she sent her call for Hermione. She didn’t have to worry about the girl not coming. The call would constantly persist if they didn’t come or took too long. It would grow so loud that all noise around them would be blocked out until they answered their master’s call.

Just as Narcissa had shut the painting a knock came at her office door.

“Enter!”

She turned around as the door opened revealing a tired and pain filled faced Hermione.

“What would you like, Mistress?” she asked politely.

“Come here. Let me see your hands,” beckoned Narcissa with her hands.

The young woman walked towards her, holding her two hands out. Narcissa looked at her hands and was shocked to see the damage. The bruising was a dark purple already, with cuts on some of the fingers. They were a horrible, swelling sight. Narcissa shook her head and did a disgusted tsking sound. She walked past Hermione and over to her desk.

"Come here, girl," she said gently watching Hermione walk over to her.

"What are you going to do?"

Narcissa dared not touch her hands incase of hurting her more, "Heal your hands of course. It was not your fault they rudely trod on your hands."

Narcissa glanced up at Hermione and saw the surprised look on her face before she answered.

"Oh... but I spoke out."

Narcissa held back a sigh and used the only answer that seemed logical and truthful, "You were only defending yourself. It's human instinct."

Narcissa remembered the spell she needed and muttered it to create an instant healing process. She gave a small smile as the spell worked making the horrible injuries vanish as though they never existed.

"Thank you Mistress," said Hermione.

Narcissa was about to turn away when her husband's purchase said something that surprised her.

"I always wanted to be a Healer at St Mungo's."

Narcissa hid her surprise with a small smile. She looked at the girl and noticed that she was a pretty little thing despite her rather

shocking hair, "I wanted to work at the Ministry when I was your age. But my family had different plans for me."

Narcissa could read the surprise on her face but the conversation that ensued afterwards was one Narcissa had never had with another person, not even her own husband.

HD

"I am proud of you Draco," said Lucius scaring his son as he exited his bathroom dressed in only a towel, "I just received a letter from a fellow Death Eater congratulating me on buying the Granger thing... and telling me of your mother's actions."

Draco just nodded using his wand to dress him quickly.

"Was she yelling at you for displaying that mudblood to the world?" asked Lucius seriously, "Do not even think of closing your mind to me Draco... I am not as skilled as you are but I can tell when you are closing your mind."

Draco looked at his father and reluctantly nodded, "She did... but, but Granger got injured. Her hands were trod on. She will be useless for the next few days."

Lucius smirked, genuinely pleased, "You will make a fine heir when I pass on. As for your mother... I will deal with her."

"What are you going to do?" asked Draco masking the worry in his tone.

"What I would do to any traitor if I were the head Death Eater and I discovered they had betrayed me for another useless cause."

"What's that?" asked Draco barely managing to hold a stammer of fear from his tone as he saw his father clutch his cane tighter with an evil, cold smile on his face

"Torture... pain... fear... many, many horrible yet ultimately pleasant things," whispered Lucius looking at his son, "You see Draco, you

need to make people fear you... they fear you and then you have a loyal servant, loyal lover, loyal son. I know you fear me Draco, that is why you do as I say."

Draco just nodded like he used when he was eleven years old and didn't know any better. Lucius gave a firm nod and left his sons room. When the door closed Draco let out an unknown held breath. He ran his hand through his hair and walked over to the window. His father was right. He did fear him and because of that fear he did everything his father told him to do. But no matter how far apart him and his mother had drifted... he knew Lucius was a cruel man.

"A cruel man whom I foolishly idolize," whispered Draco shaking his head.

Draco gave another sigh and left his room. He wandered through the manor finding nothing entertaining. At dinner none of the three Malfoy's spoke. Lucius seemed too lost in his own thoughts and Narcissa was lost in her own. Draco observed them both sensing the thick tension and growing hatred. That one thing shocked Draco as he ate a spoonful of his soup a slave had placed in front of him.

HD

The knock at the door signaled her arrival. Despite his thoughts revelations throughout the day Draco needed some entertainment and despite have humiliated her enough for a lifetime Draco needed more from her. He called for her to enter and kept focused out the window, not that anything could be seen.

"You called me," she said, her voice full of dread.

He turned in his seat looking at her, taking in her healed hands. If his father saw them, Draco knew he would hold a stronger anger towards his mother.

"Obviously I did or you wouldn't be standing here," said Draco an amusing idea forming in his bored mind, "Unless of course you just couldn't stay away."

He stood up and glanced at her, seeing her battling her self to not say anything back that would anger him or have him come back with more cruel, humiliating, hurtful words.

“Loss of words, mudblood?” he said smirking, but the look she flashed at him told him otherwise completely and so did her words.

“Oh no. I just know it would be best if I kept quiet,” she said coldly, “What would you like?”

“Just a visit... after all today was interesting, wouldn’t you say?” he said pacing in small circles glancing at Hermione in time to see tears beginning to form in her narrowed eyes, her hands fiddling with the sides of her toga.

“If you call be humiliated interesting then by all means I hope you have pleasant dreams about today.”

Draco smirked with a chuckle, “Oh, I know I will. I assume you didn’t find it interesting?”

The look she gave Draco nearly made him stumble in his slow pacing. Her voice as she answered him was full of the venom he had only ever seen Potter use back in fifth year after his father had been thrown unceremoniously into Azkaban.

“No I didn’t. I see nothing at all interesting about being glared at, ridiculed, dropped to the ground and then having my hands trampled on by arrogant people like yourself!”

‘Arrogant?’ thought Draco turning to face her and step closer, “You are calling me arrogant? Granger, look in the mirror,” Draco walked over to her and grabbed her by the shoulders and made her stand in front of his mirror, “What do you see?”

He watched as she took in her haggard appearance before answering him with firm words.

“I see a human being who has feelings like you. I see someone who is proud for the blood they were born into, a see someone who had

dreams that were soon ripped apart by the Death Eaters who torment muggleborn's because they are bored with their own life's. Only they don't realize that the world is falling apart before their very eyes... soon they will have nothing and who will they come running too, to fix it? The very people they tore down and sent into hiding!"

Her words were full of power and Draco knew it. He glanced at her reflection before answering her back in a scoffing tone.

"That is complete crap. You know what I see?" he said stepping closer to lean in and whisper in her ear, "Muggleborn trash... a worthless human being. A-"

Draco was only picking up his pace of words as she cut him off in anger. Her spinning around to glare at him shocked him but being a Malfoy he knew how to hide his anger. As his father always told him: "Show no weakness to your enemy. If they see it they will use it against you to their advantage."

"Your names don't hurt me Malfoy. Because they are only words! You have said them so often they have no affect on me! What more can you possibly do to me that you haven't done?" she screamed at him furiously.

Her red cheeks and blazing brown eyes made Draco laugh before he answered her, "More than your naïve mind can possibly imagine."

The look that flashed across her face made Draco smirk with cold eyes as she backed away from him towards the door. Draco stepped slowly towards making her face go pale in fear. His father was right, make people fear you and they will do everything you say. It was a feeling he was enjoying.

"You wouldn't dare," she hissed at him.

He continued stepping closer to her, watching her body shake slightly. When he was inches from her he laughed. He couldn't help, just the look on her face made him laugh.

"Come off it Granger, I was kidding! Like I would possibly screw you."

He doubled over with laughter, but when he stood up right his face connected with a sharp smack silencing him instantly. He couldn't speak or move, only look at the heavily breathing, angry Hermione.

"YOU FOUL LOATHSOME... DEATH EATER!" she shrieked in anger, him getting hit with cold brown eyes, "How can you possibly get any joy from that? Don't you have clue as to how scared I was?"

Draco didn't reply. She did look at him in fear, but now all he was strong hatred and anger.

"Obviously you have had your fun. Sleep well Master."

Draco watched as she left before looking at his reflection. Clear on his pale skin was a red handprint, the same spot as the one was back when he was thirteen. As he reached for his wand to clear it away he heard it.

"WHO HEALED YOUR HANDS?"

Without another thought, Draco ran for the bedroom door.

A/N: Well I shall leave you on a cliffhanger. I am off to write chapter six, but that won't follow on from this cliffhanger... time to catch up with Harry and the others. Please review!

Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Six

"Least it is warm in here," said Ginny rubbing her arms as they stood in the Hogwarts entrance hall. She looked around her and smiled, "You don't realize how much you miss this place until you are standing in it again."

"Yeah, that is true," nodded Lupin rubbing his hands together, "We are lucky to get here without being caught."

Ron, Ginny and Harry swapped looks. They knew the reason they got to Hogwarts safe was because no one had a chance to spill the beans to the Death Eaters. There was indeed a snitch amongst them, but who that was they didn't yet know. As they were beginning to chat amongst each other McGonagall descended down from the Entrance Hall staircase, a stern look on her face.

"Sorry for the delay," she said, "I had to deal with some trouble making students in Slytherin. They were causing havoc for some muggleborns."

"Ah... I thought no muggleborns would be attending Hogwarts during this time," said Molly confused.

"Albus would never let this stop muggleborns attending Hogwarts. All magical humans deserve a right to learn magic. No Death Eater can get inside Hogwarts. The two way cabinet has been destroyed and burnt and the ashes were washed away in the lake. There is no possible way for the cabinet to be fixed."

Ron sniggered, "Malfoy is screwed now if he ever tried to fix it."

They all smiled lightly at Ron's comment but looked back at McGonagall who looked as stern as ever.

"Well let me show you your living quarters. Albus kept this section of the castle for cases like this. He always liked to be prepared for every situation."

The group of Order members followed McGonagall up the staircase. Many students walking past to the Great Hall stared at the newcomers in awe. Most recognized Harry for who he was and fell silent. Harry paid no attention to them as he spoke quietly to Ron and looked at the familiar surroundings. They were home again; only it had a different feel to it. Not the warm fuzzy feeling a more cold feel. Regardless of the fact that the school was the safest place in England, it didn't feel that way.

McGonagall led them past the Transfiguration classrooms, the Gryffindor Common Room entrance, the Room of Requirement and past the Gargoyle entrance. Finally they came to a spiral staircase that McGonagall led them up. At the top was yet another corridor, only with doors running along either side.

"Here we are. There are six rooms. Each can fit four people. On the door is a board for you to write your names on so staff and students will know who is in which room. The doors are charmed to only allow you in, so you all don't have to worry about unwanted intruders."

"Wonderful," smiled Molly at McGonagall, "Thankyou so much for this Minerva."

"It is not a problem Molly. I shall see you all in my office tomorrow at nine am sharp so we can discuss protection and other arrangements. I have had Argus set you up a table in the Great Hall."

"Oh, Hogwarts food!" moaned Ron as his stomach growled.

Ginny snorted and Harry held back a laugh.

"I'll let you decide rooms," said McGonagall before leaving for the Great Hall.

"Well, Remus and I will have one together," said Tonks before her and Remus walked over to the first door and wrote their names on the board. The door clicked open and they went in, shutting it behind them.

"I'll share one with Harry and Ron," said Ginny to her mother, "That way you and Dad can have some space and the twins need a place to their own. They are driving every insane."

"Hey!" cried Fred and George in unison.

"Ginny," started Molly glancing at Harry then looking at her daughter.

"Mum, I am old enough to look after myself."

"Actually," said Arthur looking at his daughter, "Ginny you decided not to come to Hogwarts this year to stay safe... we are at Hogwarts now and term has only just begun."

"What? Dad-" started Ginny.

"I agree. You can finish your final year off now we are here," nodded Molly taking Ginny by the arm, "Come on, we can go tell Minerva you are coming back."

Ginny looked at her brothers and Harry for support but Molly shot them a look, keeping them silent.

"Mum," said Ginny as they walked down the stairs, "Why are you doing this? Fred and George-"

"Have talents in different areas. You have the potential to do this, Ginny. And it will keep you away from Harry. I know how things are between you two."

"What do you mean?" asked Ginny coolly walking alongside her mother, "Harry and I are friends."

"For now Ginny. I know I used to want you to be with Harry, but the two of you... it is not the time to pursue a relationship with him."

"You don't have to worry about that," said Ginny thinking back on Harry's distant behavior, "I think he loves someone else anyway."

Molly gave her daughter a concerned look but didn't push the matter. To her it was best if Ginny thought that. As much as she loved Harry as her own son, she had seen how crushed Ginny was when he broke it off with her. Both, well everyone had a huge battle ahead of them and Molly was protecting the both of them from getting hurt should one of them die in the inevitable battle.

"I only just realized it," continued Ginny after a while, tears glistening in the corners of her eyes, "I am so stupid... how could I not see it?"

Molly patted her daughter on the arm before muttering the password to McGonagall's office. Ginny wiped her eyes and followed her mother up the revolving staircase. Perhaps her mother was right. Going back to school would be best.

HD

"This is nice," nodded Harry and him and Ron walked into their new home.

The room was square. In one corner was a fireplace with two double seater lounges with a coffee table in the middle. The opposite side had four beds with matching sheets. On the far side of the room was a door with a sign saying BATHROOM on it. Beside on either side of the door were two sets of draws, making four in total. Near the entry doorway were bookshelves with books, naturally, and some display pieces. The floor was wooden with rugs placed at the lounge area and the doorway. The walls were painted white and the curtains on the windows either side of the fireplace where a navy blue to match the rugs.

"I like it," said Ron taking the bed furthest from the bathroom, "Fancy Mum and Dad deciding Ginny can go back to school... poor girl."

"Maybe its for the best," shrugged Harry, "Gets the mind off the whole Hermione thing."

"Yeah I suppose so."

Harry nodded and began unpacking his gear as Ron lounged on his bed, "So... how do you suppose we will get her back? She doesn't even know we are here."

"True. One of us will have to risk the travel back to the hideout to check for anymore of her letters. Or we can tell Rosemerta to send them to Hagrid's Hut."

"Either way is a risk. But we have the DA thing."

Harry nodded as he placed clothes in a draw. He turned to Ron and frowned at him, "Are you going to pack your stuff away?"

"Oh yeah. I might have a decent shower first," replied Ron getting off his bed and grabbing a change of clothes, "Then lets head to the kitchens and get some old fashioned Hogwarts food."

Harry nodded and Ron walked into the bathroom leaving Harry to stew in his own thoughts. As soon as the bathroom door snapped shut Harry sat on his bed and broke down in tears. He'd never cried before now but he felt horrible. He completely, 100 percent, blamed himself for Hermione's capture. He should have protected her, but he didn't. He had let his bestfriend down and for all he knew she could be getting beaten to death at that very moment.

Harry sat up straight and wiped his tears away, ashamed at himself for breaking down like he did. Now was not a time to cry. Now was a time to work out a way to bring Hermione back to where she belonged. If Sirius were alive, Harry knew he would wholeheartedly help Harry work out how to rescue Hermione. But he wasn't and nothing could change that fact.

Harry finished his unpacking and made sure his face held no sign of him crying. When Ron exited the bathroom freshly showered and dressed they headed to the kitchens to bring back a feast they had missed for a long time.

HD

Ginny walked into the Gryffindor Common Room and sighed. It looked the same and surprisingly had the same feel to it as it always had. Ginny placed her bag on the ground and looked around her smiling. The warmth of the fireplace radiated out to her filling her with pure happiness.

“Ginny?”

Ginny looked up and grinned when she saw Colin, “Colin! I am so happy to see you! Oh you are so lucky to be here.”

“I know. So is Dennis. I thought you had dropped out,” said Colin as him and Ginny walked over to some empty seats.

“I had but now my family, Harry, Lupin and Tonks are living in the castle. So my parents decided I would finish my seventh year.”

“Oh ok... I heard about Hermione. Everyone has. The Slytherin’s constantly gloat about it.”

“Let them gloat because that will be us when we bring those Death Eaters down once and for all.”

Colin smiled at Ginny; “Good to see you still take no crap from anyone.”

“No point in taking it,” replied Ginny standing up, “I’m just going to pack my gear away and I’ll be back down. We can go to the Great Hall for dinner... or have you been already?”

“I’ve been but I am always up for seconds.”

Ginny grinned and headed up to her dormitory. Her bed was empty and the sheets made nicely. She placed her gear on her bed and opened her trunk unpacking everything along with the brand new uniform McGonagall had kindly given her. She changed into it for the dinner and looked at her reflection in the room’s mirror. She looked like herself again. That did sound odd but the uniform had always managed to suit her. Ginny fixed her hair into a long red pony tail and left the dorm, running down stairs into the Common Room.

“Ready?” asked Colin with a smile.

Ginny nodded and left with Colin feeling rather content and happy.

HD

With a yawn, Harry rolled over and opened his eyes expecting to see a reddish coloured wall across from him and smell Molly’s cooking breakfast. Upon seeing a set of drawers Harry sat up looking around him in confusion. Where was he? Behind him he heard Ron snort in his snore. Finally he remembered he was now living at Hogwarts. Glancing at his watch he saw he had enough time for a shower and decent breakfast before the meeting with McGonagall that morning. He went and showered and when he re entered the main living area dressed in fresh clothes Ron was up and just finishing dressing by buttoning up his top.

“So ready for breakfast?” asked Ron, “I can smell those pancakes already.”

“Anyone would think you missed Hogwarts food,” replied Harry collecting his wand from his bedside table.

“No one needs to think that Harry,” replied Ron following Harry out of the room, “Because it is true.”

Harry chuckled as they caught up to Fred and George who were talking quietly together but upon the arrival of Harry and Ron fell silent.

“So...” said Ron eyeing his brothers curiously, “Planning something Mum would disagree with?”

“What gave you that idea?” asked Fred.

“Yeah,” nodded George, “We are as innocent as you can get.”

Ron snorted as did Harry, “Then if you two are innocent I would hate to see what misbehaving looks like.”

"There you four are," said Molly climbing up the stairs towards them, "Get a move on! We have a meeting with Minerva this morning remember? No time to dawdle."

The four quickened their pace remaining close behind Molly. On their way they passed Ginny, who was heading back to the Gryffindor common room to get her books for classes. Harry nearly tripped as he watched her laughing happily with Colin Creevy.

"Okay mate?" asked Ron helping Harry steady his footing.

"Oh... yeah. Tripped over," mumbled Harry.

"Well that I noticed. What did you trip over?" asked Ron looking behind him on the ground for a loose stone, "I can't see anything."

"It doesn't matter."

Harry walked ahead of Ron into the Hall as Ron looked behind him again but this time not at the ground. He scanned the crowd and spotted his sister in the distance walking beside a guy... then that guy placed his hand on Ginny's shoulder.

"Ron! Get a move on!" barked his mother.

Ron looked at his mother and quickly followed her into the hall running into Luna Lovegood.

"Sorry Luna," said Ron steadying the girl in front of him.

"Hello Ronald," said she airily at him, "It is good to see you again."

"Yeah, you too. Listen, I have to go have breakfast."

Ron walked past Luna and over to Harry. He sat beside him and gave him a look. Harry frowned at Ron not getting the look. Ron sighed and leaned over to Harry.

"I saw what you saw," he hissed.

"What did you see that I saw?" replied Harry confused.

"I saw my sister with a guy. I know you saw that."

Harry shrugged, "So? It's not like Ginny and I are dating."

"Yeah, but Harry I know you like my sister and I thought she liked you. You were both constantly together at the hideout."

"That's because we had nothing else to do but spend time together."

Ron sighed, "So?"

"So now we can finally get on with life. If Ginny wants to date Colin then she can date Colin."

"Colin? Is in Colin Creevy?"

Harry nodded and Ron laughed in relief.

"What's so funny?"

"N-n-nothing," sighed Ron calming down, "Everything is fine now. Ginny won't date Colin. He is like her best male friend."

"Oh."

"Okay," said Lupin, "We need to quickly organize what we are going to offer Minerva for our stay here. Harry?"

"DADA tutoring lessons and weekend lessons," replied Harry, "And flying lessons oh and Quidditch."

"Great... ah, Molly?"

"Cooking classes. I love to teach people how to cook with and without magic," smiled Molly.

"Right, Ron?"

"I don't know... I'm not that good at anything."

"You can help me," said Harry, "You are good at DADA and Quidditch."

"Alright. I'll help Harry."

Lupin nodded, "Great. Arthur?"

"Muggle classes," answered Arthur with a grin.

"Tonks?"

"DADA obviously or I can teach seventh year students some things they'll need to know about being an Aurour."

"Fred and George?"

"Joke shop fun on weekends," they answered in unison before Fred said to explain, "To lighten their mood and create bonding between muggleborn's and purebloods."

Molly smiled at her son pleased with them. Lupin wrote in what he was doing, which was helping students understand theory work in DADA.

"Okay," he said, "That is all done. Let's get going shall we?"

HD

The day passed and Ginny enjoyed being back in her classes. She didn't have much to catch up on seeing as term had only begun. She caught up with her old friends and hugged Luna when they met up in Charms. At lunch she looked over to the Order table and saw it empty. With a sigh she sat beside a group of her friends and ate a filling meal before heading back off to class. Her final lesson was a free. Wanting to escape her friend's clutches she made an excuse of needing the library.

Instead Ginny headed outside. The air was chilly from the Dementor's surrounding the outside of the school. The sky above Hogwarts was bare of them, showing a clear blue sky and sunshine. Ginny smiled at the sunshine, happy to see it after such a long time without it. She walked across the grounds towards the lake. On her way she caught sight of Dumbledore's gravestone. Ginny walked over to it slowly and stood in front of it, just staring.

"Still hard to believe he is gone isn't it?"

Ginny looked up surprised and sighed when she saw it was Harry, "Yeah it is. You broke up with me here too."

"Oh... yeah I did," mumbled Harry suddenly looking and feeling uncomfortable, "So... umm how was classes?"

"Good," nodded Ginny looking around her, "Well I'm going to go this way."

Ginny pointed in the direction away from Harry and began walking that way. Harry stood still, watching her. He did have feelings for her but was too scared to act on them.

Ginny felt her heart pounding, like it was breaking all over again. That's when she knew it. She was in love with Harry. She'd never stopped loving him. Her walking quickened before she began running, tears streaming down her eyes. Life was completely messed up; nothing would ever be the same again.

"Ginny!"

Ginny kept running, wiping the tears from her eyes before she was grabbed by the arm and made to stop by a breathless Harry. Ginny looked definitely at the ground.

"Ginny-" started Harry before Ginny pulled away.

"I don't even know why I am crying," she said quietly slowly looking up at Harry to meet his green eyes, "I didn't when you broke up with me... why am I crying now?"

"I... I don't know."

Ginny laughed coldly, "Oh yeah, now I do. I'm crying because I love you but you are in love with someone else."

Harry frowned, "What? Who?"

"Hermione! You love Hermione, Harry! Yet I am still foolish enough to love you despite the fact that I don't even stand a chance."

"What... Ginny... what makes you think I love Hermione?"

Ginny looked at Harry bewildered, "How about the fact you constantly go on about her missing and you blame yourself-"

"She is my bestfriend!" snapped Harry furiously, "I was there when she was taken, and I saw it and I couldn't stop it! Hermione has always helped me through everything and I won't rest until my have my bestfriend... my sister... back here safely! And I don't love her in that way Ginny! I love you!"

Angrily Harry turned and stormed back up to the castle leaving a stunned Ginny standing alone by the lake with tears drying on her red cheeks.

HD

"Harry!" cried Ron seeing his bestfriend storm into the castle looking angry, "Lupin has called a meeting in the hall for us Order members."

Harry stopped walking and turned towards the Hall. He walked past Ron, ignoring his bestfriends-questioning look. Ron heard a sob and looked up to see Ginny.

"Ginny?"

Ginny looked up at Ron and started crying all over again. Ron rushed over to her and led her to the side of the Entrance Hall. He hugged

her as she cried, trying to calm her down without making it worse. Ginny finally calmed after a few minutes.

“What happened?” asked Ron looking at her, “Does it have to do with Harry?”

Ginny nodded, “I accused him of something stupid... I said he loved Hermione... but... but he loves me and I ruined my chances completely.”

“Ginny,” sighed Ron, “Just let Harry cool down. Besides you aren’t the crier. You are the strong one.”

“I try to be Ron. But I can’t be the strong one all the time,” mumbled Ginny before heading into the Hall for the meeting.

Ron followed her in and sat down between his sister and Harry. Lupin was at the head of the table at the top end and McGonagall at the bottom.

“Now, we are here for two reasons,” said Lupin seriously, his gaze lingering on a teary eyed Ginny and furious Harry, “One: to work out a way to get Hermione back and two: how to defeat the Death Eaters.”

No one said anything. Lupin shuffled a few bits of parchment in front of him.

“So,” he said after a while, “Let’s start with Hermione. We know she was brought by the Malfoy family and was seen in Digion Alley.”

“She was?” asked Harry confused.

“I got an anonymous letter stating they saw her with Draco Malfoy, who showed her off to the world... that was all that was said,” said McGonagall, “We know she is alive, but for how long we don’t know.”

“We need an insider,” said Harry suddenly, “Someone who will easily be trusted.”

“Someone they don’t know,” added Ron nodding with Harry before Ginny looked at Tonks smiling.

“You,” said Ginny too Tonks, “You can do it. You can transform yourself into some posh... someone who would look like a pureblood that Lucius Malfoy would instantly trust!”

“Me?” said Tonks before nodding, “I could do it. It would be simple. I could go to Diagon Alley and question people about him... get inside the Manor... get to Hermione.”

“I don’t know,” said Lupin looking at his love with worry, “That would be dangerous.”

“So would anything else we come up with,” said Harry, “This is all we’ve got.”

“I’m all for it,” said Tonks with a firm tone.

Lupin sighed, “We’ll take it to a vote. All in favor?”

Everyone raised their hand except Lupin.

“I’m outvoted.”

Tonks nodded excitedly despite the fact the task could lead to her instant death. But it was all they had at getting to Hermione before anything horrible happened to her.

A/N: Well there you all go... Tonks is going in! Anyway the next chapter takes off from the cliffhanger I left you all on with the previous chapter from Hermione’s view. Please review!

Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Seven

“WHO HEALED YOUR HANDS?”

Hermione stared at Lucius in shock as he gripped hold of her right hand tightly, glaring from her hands to her. Her mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. Lucius’ grip on her hand tightened before he threw her too the ground, pulling his wand out and pointing it directly at her throat. Hermione gave a whimper and her eyes filled with tears.

“WELL WHO DID IT YOU FILTHY LITTLE WENCH?”

Hermione shook her head mostly out of fear for Narcissa’s life. Footsteps running towards them caught both her and Lucius’ attention. From around a corner appeared Draco looking breathless and worried.

“Look at her!” hissed Lucius too his son, who stood looking from his father too Hermione, “Someone healed her hands!”

“I-I did it,” lied Hermione in desperation, “I found a potion in the kitchen that healed wounds.”

Lucius glared at Hermione for a long time. Hermione looked at Lucius in fear and worry. He was giving her an almost penetrating stare. Then she realized what he was doing.

“No!” cried Hermione trying to close her mind, “You can’t do that!”

“GET UP!” roared Lucius, “Draco get her up. I need to have a word with your mother.”

“NO!” screamed Hermione squirming in Draco’s grasp as he grabbed her, “HE IS GOING TO KILL YOUR MOTHER, MALFOY!”

Hermione continued to kick and scream in Draco’s hold as Lucius led the way to Narcissa’s reading room. Tears flowed down her cheeks freely and soon Hermione lost the fight inside her. She fell limply in Draco’s hold.

"Walk, Granger!" he hissed, "Do you want to be killed as well?"

"She is your mother!" spat Hermione venomously, "How can you let your father kill you own mother?"

She glared at Draco and screamed angrily as he lifted her up into his arms and over his shoulder. Hermione was useless in his hold. Her strength hadn't fully returned to her yet and she was wandless. As they drew closer and closer to the reading room Hermione's body shuddered as pictures of her parents being murdered filled her mind. She shouldn't of allowed Narcissa to heal her hands. Because of her kindness, Narcissa was about to be brutally killed by her husband with her son watching on.

"You can stop this," said Hermione sadly, "You may just be his son... but you can stop it. She is your mother, Malfoy."

Hermione got no response other then his adjusting her weight on his shoulder. Then they came to the door. Lucius didn't even knock. Instead he banged the door open with his wand and walked it too a startled Narcissa standing by her wall length painting, a book in hand.

"Lucius," she said as Draco dumped Hermione on the ground at her feet, "What is go-"

"Hide Mistress!" cried Hermione clutching Narcissa by her robes in desperation, "He will kill you!"

Hermione screamed as Lucius grabbed Hermione by her hair and yanked her from the ground to her feet. Her hands scratched at his to let go of her. In frustration Hermione bit her lower lip to stop herself from screaming out in agony.

"You healed her," hissed Lucius grabbing one of Hermione's hands in anger, "You HEALED her!"

"Yes I did."

"No!" cried Hermione through a sob.

“SILENCE!” roared Lucius throwing Hermione across the room so she crashed into a table.

Hermione didn't scream, even though her whole body ached. She looked down at her leg and saw a piece of wood embedded in it, deeply. Biting her lower lip, she grabbed it firmly and pulled it out, her heart racing as she did so.

She looked up in time to see Lucius grabbing Narcissa by the throat tightly. Hermione screamed out as Narcissa scratched at Lucius' hands in desperation. Without warning Lucius threw her down to the ground roughly and hit her with the cruciatus curse. Hermione watched on in terror, unable to move due to pain and shock. Her shock died down within seconds and slowly Hermione tried to stand up. Lucius, who was too focused on slowly killing his wife, didn't notice Hermione stumble forwards, her injured leg nearly giving way underneath her. Her blood dropped to the ground in large red dollops.

“Stop it!” screamed Hermione stumbling forward in a half run as she shoved Lucius with all of her strength.

The spell broke from the small shove and Narcissa lay panting on the ground weakly. Lucius glared at Hermione and knocked her backwards with the stupefy spell. Hermione slid along the ground; the blood from her deep wound smearing across the ground. Before Hermione could stand up, Lucius had kicked Narcissa in the ribs.

“Betrayer! You choose their fight over mine?” he roared kicking her again before reaching down and yanking her up by the hair and tilting her head backwards and hissed, “Have you no idea who I am?”

“Stop him!” pleaded Hermione stumbling over to her last hope and falling down at his feet, “I beg you... she is your mother! She gave birth to you!”

Hermione looked up at him, tears falling from her brown eyes. Draco looked down at her and for the first time, Hermione saw caring emotion in them.

"I know you love her," whispered Hermione as she winced from hearing Narcissa cry out in pain, "Be a real son to her for just this once. Let her live... please...please!"

He looked away from her and Hermione burst into tears. She laid down on the ground in a ball and sobbed, wincing whenever she heard Lucius kick or hit Narcissa. Then it stopped; the noises coming from Narcissa and Lucius seemed to have stopped.

"Is she dead?" Hermione heard Draco ask Lucius.

Hermione turned her head and peered at the bloody mess that was Narcissa Malfoy. A lump formed in her throat and a sob threatened to escape but somehow Hermione managed to hold it in. She watched as Lucius gave his wife a nudge of the foot and nodded.

"She's dead," he said before turning to a shaking Hermione, "You mudblood, will clean up this mess – alone! Draco I want you to make sure she does."

With that Lucius left, shutting the door behind him. Hermione sat up and teared her eyes away from a still Narcissa and looked at Draco with immense hatred.

"You let him kill her!" she hissed, "You hor-"

"I did not!" snapped Draco pulled his wand out, "I used a spell to make the illusion seem to others then the spell caster that she is dead!"

Hermione looked at Draco at a loss for words. She watched as he walked over and reversed the spell. He knelt beside his mother as she gave a moan of pain. Hermione crawled over and knelt beside Narcissa, taking hold of her hand and feeling for her pulse. She knew Draco was watching her curiously, but his gaze didn't matter to her.

"She is weak. You have to get her to St Mungo's," said Hermione looking at Draco, "She'll die if she stays here."

"No!" moaned Narcissa grabbing Hermione by her hand, "Take me to Sirius."

"Sirius? Mistress, Sirius is dead. He has be-"

"He is alive! T-The apple," she gasped trying to sit up.

Instantly Hermione and Draco worked together to lift Narcissa up. Draco held his mother in his arms and Hermione looked around for an apple. She frowned and looked at Narcissa who was gesturing at her wall length painting. Hermione looked at it and saw the apples hanging from it. Draco and Hermione walked over to it.

"What do we do?" asked Draco softly to his mother, "Mother... Mum... what do we do?"

"Run... run your hand down the right side... of frame," started Narcissa before slipping into unconsciousness.

Hermione walked over to the painting and did as Narcissa had said. She pressed firmly and found the trigger. She pushed the moving bit of frame in and looked at the painting to see the apple fall and create a door handle. She turned it and stepped back at the painting split in two.

"Move, Granger!" barked Draco pushing past and heading into the corridor.

Hermione stumbled aside and her leg nearly gave way. Steadying herself she followed Draco through the corridor, hearing the painting snap shut behind her. Was Sirius alive? The thought swam through her mind constantly and she imagined what Harry would do if he found out his supposed dead godfather was indeed living.

Hermione had no time to even ponder the reunion as Draco was barking for the door to be opened at the end of the corridor. As Hermione stumbled forward to open the door and was about to open the handle when the door swung wide open to show Sirius Black.

At the sight of him and loss of blood Hermione collapsed into a blissful darkness.

HD

“... lucky to even be alive.”

“What about Hermione? Is she okay?”

“She is fine. I healed her leg perfectly.”

“Oh good... argh... my back.”

“Mum you need to rest, I’ll go clean the room and get some food from the kitchens.”

“W-what’s going on?” mumbled Hermione opening her eyes and blinking a few times as they adjusted to the light. She rubbed her eyes and opened them again to see the smiling face of Sirius Black in front of her, “S-Sirius?”

The man laughed and nodded embracing Hermione into a hug. Hermione hugged him back tightly as she was hit with a wave of emotions, sending her into tears.

“Look at you!” cried Sirius leaning back as Hermione smiled at him through her tears, “You have grown up so much! Wow!”

“B-but your alive!” said Hermione confused, “How? Harry saw you fall into the veil. So did Lupin... this is impossible.”

“Shall I tell her Narcissa?” asked Sirius turning to his cousin, who had her eyes, closed in a bid to ignore her pain.

“Yes... yes tell her,” nodded Narcissa.

“She is alive,” gasped Hermione finally taking notice of her pale mistress.

“She is lucky I was a healer in training at St Mungo’s. I was in my final year... well that was a long time ago.”

Hermione nodded, “Harry still misses you.”

Sirius smiled sadly, “I miss him as well.”

“The veil...”

“Yes the veil. Well this Manor was not originally known as the Malfoy Manor. It was once the Great House of Black. Our grandmother owned it,” said Sirius gesturing from himself to Narcissa, “Narcissa inherited it as she visited our dear grandmother all the time. Well, when grandmother passed on, may she rest in peace; Narcissa got the manor and everything it contained. With it Narcissa got a map no one knew of. This map showed everything. It is like the Marauders map really.”

Hermione nodded to show she was listening and understood.

“When I fell into that veil I didn’t die. That I found odd. I must have been stuck in there for weeks though. I didn’t know if I was upside down or upright... and then I hit a wall. Only the wall opened up and the next thing I knew I was in a dark circular room and had no idea where I was. There is a second veil you see. Grandmother obviously knew about it as the room it was in had remained locked for years from what Narcissa told me, for safety reasons. Then Narcissa found me. She saw my name on the map and came too me. She was distraught that day as her son had been given a task from Voldemort and if he failed he would die. Narcissa soon confessed to me everything and how she hated Voldemort and everything he stood for. I obviously had to remain hidden here at the manor. If Voldemort knew of my existence he would’ve used me as a pawn against Harry.”

“But then Voldemort was killed,” said Hermione confused.

“I was going to come out and show I was alive, believe me, but Narcissa heard of the Death Eater’s uprising and told me I couldn’t go out. Harry would come for me if he knew I was here and wouldn’t

Lucius love that? Harry Potter murdered in his own home. I want to go to Harry but it isn't safe, I'm sure you understand my reasons for staying in hiding now."

Hermione nodded, "I do... so Narcissa is good?"

Sirius nodded, "We are working on a way of getting Draco to come to our side. If he worked both sides we could find a weakness and use that to bring them down."

"Well that is simple," said Hermione, "The Dementors. All they are doing is making the situation worse with their sad making ways. We destroy them, we destroy the Death Eater's main weapon."

"I knew you were the brainy one."

"But bringing them down is the problem. You would need a really powerful patronus to accomplish that... and then killing them..."

"That is simple," said Sirius, "Remove their cloaks. Their bodies cannot stand total exposure. The slight raise in heat will burn their skin."

"I didn't know that... how did you know?"

"Overheard Ministry officials talking about during my stay in Azkaban."

Hermione nodded thinking seriously, "It would be a dangerous thing to even try."

"I know. But I doubt there is another way to do it."

"Probably. I don't think the Ministry thought into the future incase those creatures became out of control."

"That wouldn't surprise me. How do you feel? Is your leg sore at all?"

"My leg is perfectly fine... well a little stiff but movement will fix that. I should go you know? The others are probably worrying about me."

Sirius sighed, "I suppose so. Be careful around Lucius. I think we will have to get Draco to teach you how too close your mind to his father."

"You mean spend more time with that horrible thing?" spat out Hermione in disgust.

"I know he isn't the... nicest person, but he is skilled in Occlumency."

Hermione stood up and leaned carefully on her once injured leg. It shook a little but over time she would have full use of it again. Sirius stood up also and walked behind Hermione over to the door.

"Come see me tomorrow. You will need to bring us food," said Sirius with a nod from Hermione, "When you get into the reading room send a letter to the order. They need to know your situation had gotten worse."

"I know... should I tell them about you?"

"Send a separate letter to Lupin and McGonagall, forward that letter to Hogwarts. They cannot let Harry know of me."

Hermione nodded and hugged Sirius smiling, "It's so good to see you again, Sirius."

"You too Hermione. Take care."

Hermione nodded and left the room, walking up the corridor with a limp. She turned the handle on the back of the painting and entered the clean and repaired reading room. Draco was adding the final touches from what Hermione could see. He turned to face her at her arrival, but his face masked all emotion.

"I... I ah, have to write some letters," mumbled Hermione gesturing to the desk, "Does your father watch the use of your mother's fireplace?"

"Depends on who you are sending the letters too," came Draco's cocky reply.

Hermione sighed irritably and tucked a lock of her curly mane behind her ear, "Malfoy neither of us is in the right emotional state to argue at the moment-"

"At the moment?" interjected Draco, "Are you saying tomorrow we will feel like arguing?"

"Does it matter?"

"Well... no."

"Right then. Does your father watch the happenings with your mother's fireplace?"

"No."

Hermione nodded and walked over to the desk. Her hands ran over her blood stained toga as she sat down. She glanced up at Draco and saw he had sat down in one of the lounges and was staring at the wall opposite him blankly. Hermione shook her head a little and began writing a long letter to the Order. They needed to know everything possible and she didn't have a lot of time. The Order letter took her a full twenty minutes to write. She had so much to say in such a short period of time. The letter to McGonagall and Lupin was harder to write. How can she possibly tell them Sirius was alive without looking like she had lost her mind?

Leaning back to straighten her back, Hermione knocked the bottle of ink to the floor.

"Oh, Merlin!" cursed Hermione jumping up in surprise, "Malfoy... could you possibly clean this for me?"

Draco looked up at the mess and sighed wilyly, "I suppose so."

Hermione half smiled as he walked over and cleaned away the mess with a flick of his wand.

“There is more ink in the top draw. Under all those papers,” said Draco walking back over to the lounge, “Hurry it up will you?”

Hermione sighed at him and opened the draw. She rifled through the papers but stopped at a folded note with Harry’s name on it. Hermione pulled it out with a bottle of black ink. She shut the draw and set the ink on the table before opening the letter.

Here was her proof! A letter to Harry from Sirius! She wrote more into the letter to McGonagall and Lupin, and folded it up, sealing the letter closed to hold in Sirius’ letter to Harry. Standing up she walked over to the fireplace and grabbed some floo powder.

“The Three Broomsticks,” whispered Hermione so Draco couldn’t hear her as she sent away the first letter, “Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.”

She could do it, that Hermione knew – jump into the fireplace and flee to safety, but that would mean leaving behind the other five slaves and that she couldn’t do that.

“Done now?” asked the irritating one.

“Yes. Can I ask you something?” replied Hermione turning to Draco.

“Well you never gave me a choice did you?”

“Ha, ha,” snapped Hermione, “You are so funny. Look, which side are you on? Do you stand with you father or your mother?”

Hermione watched as Draco’s expression became guarded. He crossed his arms and looked at the ground before looking at Hermione.

“Why?” he asked.

“Oh I don’t know... how about the fact you have two personas? One is a nice caring young man and the other is a horrible, cruel monster... basically number two is a younger version of the Senior Malfoy.”

"I'm on a side Granger, my side."

"So you are standing alone? Taking no sides? Or are you waiting to see which side wins and then you will claim you were on that side the whole time?"

"What's it to you?"

"Forget it, Malfoy," snapped Hermione angrily, "I don't even know why I bother... just do this one thing for me... answer this, are you standing with your father because you want to or because it's what he expects of you?"

Hermione didn't wait for an answer. Instead she left the reading room and walked as quickly as possible back to the kitchens. The house was dark with no noise coming from anywhere. No sign of Lucius being home was visible. She walked down the stairs to the kitchen and pushed the door open, to have a gasp of terrified voices greet her. Hermione went to smile but her mouth fell open in shock at the sight. Blood splattered the floor and walls, and there were only four slaves.

"Hermione!" cried Scott, standing and running over to her.

Hermione embraced Scott into a hug tightly, but she pulled away, looking at the kitchen, "What happened here?"

"Lucius... he came in here at the middle of the night. He was covered in blood... like you," answered Sophie, "He took Bridget. We haven't seen her since."

"What do you mean he took Bridget? Why?"

"We think... we think he is going to rape her," said Scott, "I tried to stop him."

Hermione looked at Scott and finally noticed the black eye and cut on his lip, "But where did all this blood come from?"

“Bridget. She fought him. He was trying to take Sophie,” spoke up another slave, Bailey.

Hermione’s leg gave way underneath her and she fell to the ground. Scott knelt beside her worriedly and Sophie crawled over.

“What happened to you?” asked Scott.

“Lucius saw my healed hands and read my thoughts, finding out Narcissa healed me,” said Hermione as she recounted the entire ordeal to them, including the parts about Sirius being found alive, “But I didn’t wait for an answer. Time will tell.”

“He could help us greatly if he was on our side,” said Sophie before she let out a sob, “This is bad, Hermione... Bridget could be dead!”

“I know... listen. I really need to clean this blood off me. As soon as I am clean Scott and I will go find Bridget. I want you to stay with Bailey and Zack. Clean this mess up.”

Hermione stood and headed out of the kitchen. At the top of the stairs she was greeted by Draco himself.

“Malfoy,” said Hermione quietly, “Can I help you?”

“What if I told you I don’t know why I stand by my father?”

“Then I suggest you work that out... if you stand by your father, why did you save your mother’s life? Especially when your mother is working against the Death Eaters cause, whatever that may be,” replied Hermione, “If you will excuse me I need to shower. You should do the same.”

Hermione turned and headed down to the bathroom designated to the slaves. Very little water came from the rusted showerhead. Hermione found a cloth in the bath and used it to scrub her body clean of the blood. She wet her toga and used the same cloth to scrub her toga as clean as possible from the blood. She dressed back into the wet toga. She ran her fingers through her hair and left the bathroom feeling not entirely clean, but better than before.

HD

"Ready, Scott?" asked Hermione entering the kitchen tugging her wet toga from her body, "This thing is so annoying."

Scott walked over to Hermione and followed her up the stairs. Her and Scott stood in the corridor, wondering where to begin.

"I don't know where Lucius' room is," said Hermione glancing at Scott, "What about you?"

"Never been called from the kitchens."

Hermione sighed, "We need Malfoy's help. I know where his room is."

The two walked through the manor quickly until they reached Draco's bedroom door. Hermione could hear water running and sighed.

"He's showering," she said, "I guess we wait."

"Or we could go in. Catch him in a towel... he'll want us to leave so he can dress. Best way to get an answer," suggested Scott.

Hermione nodded and pushed the door open. They both walked in and stood in the middle of the room so Draco would notice them instantly.

"Talk about luxury," said Scott looking around him, "No wonder he is so arrogant."

"I know. This room is like my lounge room, kitchen and dining room at home," replied Hermione as the water stopped running, "Here he comes."

The sound of whistling filled their ears, causing Hermione and Scott to look at each other in amusement. As they watched the door in anticipation a knock came from the one behind them.

"Draco?"

"It's Lucius!" hissed Hermione grabbing Scott by the hand and dragging him over to Draco's walk in wardrobe, "He can't hear us or see us... or we are both good as dead."

Scott ran into the closet behind Hermione and they hid in the shadows at the back of the closet. Hermione knelt down low as Scott stood behind her.

"Stay here," whispered Hermione as she crawled towards the door in time to see Lucius walk in and Draco out of the bathroom.

A/N: Another cliff hanger. -places everyone back on cliff edge- The next chapter is from the Malfoy's view but will pick up not from this part, but the kitchen incident with Lucius. Anyway, please review... oh and the rating may possibly increase. Not sure yet.

Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Eight

"You mudblood will clean up this mess – alone! Draco I want you to make sure she does," snarled Lucius before he left the room, shutting the door behind him.

With a sigh he tried to wipe the blood from his hands, but some had already dried. With a smirk on his face he headed down the hall to go have a shower when the image of a whimpering Hermione entered his mind. The thought made him shiver in delight, he wanted more, he wanted to see more pathetic mudblood's cower away from his power. He turned back around, walking briskly past his now dead wife's reading room, through the entrance room and too the kitchen stairway. His breathing was quick and shallow as he descended the staircase. Inside he could hear them talking, laughing even. No, that was not right. They were his slaves, they were meant to dread everyday.

With one movement he slammed the door open with a loud bang, causing the two female slaves to scream. The three males looked at Lucius in shock as he walked in sneering at them all, whilst looking at Sophie and Bridget with lust.

"What would you like, Sir?" asked Sophie nervously as he stepped closer to her, circling her like a hungry wolf staking out it's prey, "Would you like a hot chocolate, Sir?"

Lucius laughed softly in a cold manner as he stood behind Sophie and whispered in her ear, "No... I want something else. Something only a young thing like you can offer me."

Sophie looked at Bridget and Scott, her eyes full of fear as she answered him, "W-what's that, Sir?"

"I think you know."

Lucius placed his hands on Sophie's shoulders and began pushing her towards the door.

“NO!” screamed Bridget pulling Sophie from Lucius, “You are not going to do anything to her!”

Lucius glared at Bridget as she pushed Sophie behind her, “You cannot stop me.”

“Watch me,” hissed Bridget, “Scott get Sophie out of here.”

As Scott prepared to run out of the room with Sophie, Lucius pulled his wand out, pointing it at Scott, yet managing to keep his eyes on Bridget.

“He moves and he dies,” snarled Lucius, side stepping over to Sophie and grabbing her with his free hand.

Sophie whimpered quietly, tears falling down her cheeks, “D-don’t h-hurt me... please.”

Lucius lowered his wand and pulled Sophie even closer so that her body was up against his, “I won’t hurt you... yet.”

Again Lucius headed for the door, dragging a crying Sophie behind him. Chuckling to himself he stepped through the door, but was suddenly pulled backwards. With a grunt he hit the ground, as Sophie cowered in fear behind Bailey and Zack. Lucius growled angrily, much like a wolf, and pushed himself up only to be kicked hard in the ribcage by Bridget. Again, Lucius hit the ground, only this time groaning. He cried out in pain as Bridget kicked him repeatedly, aiming for the same spot each time.

Finally Lucius got his wand out and pointed it wildly at Bridget, “Stupefy!”

With a scream, Bridget flew backwards crashing into the pantry cupboard. She fell to the ground with a thud, cut covering her arms and legs. But still she stood up, swaying dangerously before running at Lucius and shoving him away from a terrified Sophie. With a swift movement of the arm, Lucius backhanded Bridget.

"Don't you ever give up?" he snarled, towering over Bridget, "Perhaps I'll take you instead. I love breaking down feisty women... just like I broke down that wench of a mudblood, Granger."

Scott ran over to Bridget to protect her but Lucius yanked Scott up, punching him in the eye and mouth. Scott fell to the ground with a groan and watched in a stunned pain as Lucius dragged a weak and battered Bridget away.

HD

Swearing with shock, Draco watched as Sirius caught the falling passed out Hermione.

"What happened?" asked the dark head man, Draco recognized to be the once wanted Sirius Black.

Draco followed him in, shifting his mother's weight in his arms, "My father found out about my mother healing Granger's hands. He beat her until she couldn't take anymore."

"I'm surprised he didn't kill Narcissa for it," murmured Sirius, setting Hermione down on one of the couches.

"He thinks he did. I used a charm to make my mother appear dead so he would stop."

"Set her down on the bed," instructed Sirius opening the bedside draw and pulling out his wand.

Draco gently laid his unconscious mother down on the bed and stepped back, allowing Sirius to go about healing his mother.

"Do you want me to do anything?" asked Draco hating the fact he was standing around helplessly.

Sirius muttered a spell making Narcissa's skin glow blue for a few seconds, "Can you perform blood replenishing charms?"

"Yeah. My mother taught me those when I was fifteen."

“Right, well heal Hermione’s wound and replenish her blood. For her to have fainted she has lost a lot of blood.”

Draco nodded and walked over to the strangely quiet Hermione. He looked at her and was surprised too see how clam she looked in her sleep. Any other time he looked at her, her facial expression showed someone who was constantly thinking. He shook his head a little and looked down at her injured leg. The wound was round and deep, but from the looks of it, it had missed the main artery. He pulled his wand out and murmured a spell to heal the wound, inside and out. It was a slow process, but the wound’s entry slowly shrunk until it existed no more. He grabbed one of her small hands and turned it over to expose her wrist. He placed his wand tip above a visible vein and muttered the blood replenishing charm. He watched her face and sighed in relief as colour returned to her face, her cheeks showing a slight tinge of pink in them. He broke the spell and stood up to cover Hermione with a blanket. As he turned around he saw Sirius finishing healing his sleeping mother.

“Will she be okay?” asked Draco walked over to his mother.

“She should be but her back is in question,” sighed Sirius.

“What do you mean?”

“She may have suffered a spinal injury from the beating. I don’t know how serious it is yet. All we can do really is just wait.”

Draco sighed, “Granger should be fine. Her injury is healed and the blood is replenished.”

Sirius nodded and they both fell silent before the murmuring of Narcissa caught their attention. Both men walked quickly over to the bed. Draco knelt down beside his mother, taking hold of her hand.

“Mother?” he said softly, “Are you okay?”

“Mmm... where am I?” mumbled Narcissa, turning her head to look at her son as her eyes fluttered open. The blue in them wasn’t as bright

as it used to be, in fact Draco hadn't seen the shine in his mothers eyes since he was at least thirteen.

"In my room," said Sirius sitting down on the edge of the bed, "How are you feeling?"

"My back is sore... but everything else feels fine."

"Well you can feel your back. That is what matters most," sighed Sirius, "I'll still have to keep an eye on it though. Some injuries can take a while to set in, especially ones that concern the back."

Narcissa sighed and leant forward a little catching sight of a resting Hermione before hissing in pain, "It hurts to move."

"Just rest Mum," said Draco quietly, "You are lucky to even be alive."

"What about Hermione? Is she okay?"

"She is fine. I healed her leg perfectly."

"Oh good... argh... my back," groaned Narcissa her eyes closed in pain.

"Mum you need to rest, I'll go clean the room and get some food from the kitchens," said Draco kissing his mother on the cheek before he left to go and do his said job. As he reached the door he heard Hermione speak but kept on going. Things were going to be awkward between them as it was. Him lingering would bring that situation closer then he liked.

Once in the reading room he looked around at the destruction with a sigh. He locked the door to make sure his father would have no chance in wandering should he decide to come back and bathe in his so called glory.

As he went around the room fixing it Draco thought back to when the destruction was occurring, how Hermione was prepared to give her life to save his mothers. Draco knew he now held respect for Hermione for that reason, not that he would let that on to the know it

all once Gryffindor. He couldn't, he knew where his loyalties had to lie. He had no choice in the matter really. He was with the Death Eater's and there was no doubt about it.

Or was there?

Draco sighed and cleaned away the blood smears all over the ground. Most of it was Hermione's from where his father had blasted her along the ground. The blood cleared away with ease and Draco moved on in repairing furniture and placing it back where it was to go.

Half and hour later the room was done. Draco was adding the final touch when the painting slid open. He knew who it was as he turned around. He didn't want her to see the respect for her in his face, not yet anyway. Actually not at all.

"I... I ah, have to write some letters. Does your father watch the use of your mother's fireplace?"

Draco knew he had to take this time as an opportunity to prove that just because he helped in saving his mother's life, didn't mean he was now on the good side.

"Depends on who you are sending the letters too," he replied a obnoxiously as possible.

He watched as she gave him an irritable glare and sighed, "Malfoy neither of us is in the right emotional state to argue at the moment-"

He looked at her surprised, "At the moment? Are you saying tomorrow we will feel like arguing?"

He couldn't believe it. Did she pick and choose when she felt like arguing with him? He argued with her constantly because it felt like the right thing to do and he had been raised to hate muggleborns. That and the fact that she was Potter's bestfriend and Potter got his wrong side by turning down his friendship.

"Does it matter?" she said interrupting his thoughts.

“Well... no.”

“Right then. Does your father watch the happenings with your mother’s fireplace?”

“No.”

With a sigh Draco went and sat down. He could leave but he didn’t want too. He felt safe in here for some reason, besides unlike the rest of the manor this room had warmth to it. He stared at the wall, listening to the scrape of the quill on paper. He could tell Hermione was writing as fast as possible to whomever she needed to send the letter too. He looked around the room checking again for any fallen ornaments but found he had fixed everything the way it was before the destruction occurred. Just as his thoughts were wandering to childhood memories with his mother, Hermione’s outburst broke his thoughts.

“Oh, Merlin!” she cursed causing him to look over at her with raised eyebrows, “Malfoy... could you possibly clean this for me?”

“I suppose so.”

He stood and walked over using his wand once again to clean away her mess. He glanced at her and saw her half smiling at him before looking down at the mess cleaning away into his wand.

“There is more ink in the top draw. Under all those papers,” he said turning and walking back over to the lounge. How much more could she have to possibly write? “Hurry it up will you?”

He flopped onto the lounge and closed his eyes. He was exhausted and with Hermione writing a novel he would probably be able to get a good nap in. Just as he was drifting into sleep he heard Hermione hissing something into the fireplace. He opened his eyes and turned to face her. She was bending over slightly to whisper the location. Being a male, he allowed his eyes the chance to wander her body and he saw it held slight curves. Her legs weren’t long and leggy like many women he’d been with had, they were... nice looking.

“Done now?” he finally asked once he saw the second letter disappear.

“Yes. Can I ask you something?” she said turning to face him.

He stood up a slight smirk on his face, “Well you never gave me a choice did you?”

Her irritation at him was noticeable, causing him to smirk at her. She just couldn’t handle the fact he was joking with her.

“Ha, ha. You are so funny. Look, which side are you on? Do you stand with you father or your mother?”

‘Trust her to put the question bluntly,’ he thought in annoyance before purposely blocking emotion from his face. He crossed his arms and looked firmly at the ground hoping it would give him an appropriate answer. Obviously it didn’t, but he couldn’t come up with one. Instead he just asked one back. Why did she want to know?

“Why?”

“Oh I don’t know... how about the fact you have two personas? One is a nice caring young man and the other is a horrible, cruel monster... basically number two is a younger version of the Senior Malfoy.”

Draco held back snapping at her with all his will. Instead through gritted teeth he answered her, “I’m on a side Granger, my side.”

‘What’s your response to that, Granger?’ he thought holding back a satisfied smirk.

“So you are standing alone? Taking no sides? Or are you waiting to see which side wins and then you will claim you were on that side the whole time?”

With a deep breath Draco looked at the ground and back up at Hermione. It was like she had her argument planned out.

“What’s it to you?”

He watched as she closed her eyes briefly and looked at him with brown eyes full of disbelief.

“Forget it, Malfoy,” she snapped at him taking him aback, “I don’t even know why I bother... just do this one thing for me... answer this, are you standing with your father because you want to or because it’s what he expects of you?”

He watched as she walked out of the room without waiting for an answer. Her words played over in his mind making doubt begin to creep into his mind. Angrily he kicked the lounge making it bounce back a bit. Why did she have to do that? Everything was perfect and then she went and pointed out the obvious flaws in his loyalty. He didn’t know where he stood. It was impossible to work that out. He turned and sat down on the lounge and looked up at the ceiling. But like the ground it was offering no answers either.

It was as simple as that. He didn’t know why. That was the answer he could offer her.

Standing up he walked out of the room and through the corridor to the kitchen stairway. Down in the kitchen he could hear voices. They sounded urgent and worried. Just as Draco was preparing to walk away he heard the door open. Footsteps came up them and Draco soon saw a mane of brown curly hair.

“Malfoy,” said Hermione looking surprised to see him, “Can I help you?”

Draco took a deep breath before saying anything, “What if I told you I don’t know why I stand by my father?”

He knew she was bound to have an answer, what else could he expect from her? She was a smart girl and knew how to win an argument. Reluctantly, Draco saw he had other reasons to respect her.

"Then I suggest you work that out... if you stand by your father, why did you save your mother's life? Especially when your mother is working against the Death Eaters cause, whatever that may be. If you will excuse me I need to shower. You should do the same."

He watched her walk away before sighing. He did need a shower. He wasn't smelling exactly pleasant.

HD

Draco finished showering and climbed out, whistling to himself. He wrapped the towel around his waist and wiped the moisture from the mirror. Grabbing the brush he ran it through his hair, giving it a spiking effect before walking out. As he entered his room, so did his father from the hallway.

"Merlin, Father," said Draco with a slight glare at Lucius, "Haven't you heard of knocking?"

"I did knock, but no one answered," replied Lucius with a shrug.

Draco noticed his father was still covered in blood and his hair was rather messy, "Haven't you showered yet?"

"No... I have been... busy."

"Doing what, exactly?" frowned Draco walking over to his bed where his clothes lay.

"Teaching one of the mudblood's that you do not deny Lucius Malfoy of what he wants."

Draco looked at his father in surprise and saw the pleasure on his face. Draco instantly knew just what Lucius had done and his stomach churned with disgust.

"They really are good play toys, son," said Lucius walking around the room, "You really should pick one... the defiant ones are most fun."

"I'll ah... think about it," replied Draco grabbing his wand and using it to magic his clothes onto his body, "Granger cleaned the room. Everything is how it was."

"Good, good... you should use her. Break her defiant nature down."

Draco glanced at his father in disbelief, then something he said during the earlier incident occurred to him, "Father, you said something whilst... killing mother."

"Hmm," said Lucius to show he was listening.

"You said have you no idea who I am. What did you mean by that?"

Lucius sighed and looked at his son, "I think you are old enough to know now. After all you will one day take over from me, as will your son and your son's son. Draco, every great power needs a leader. Look at the Ancient Romans. Most of their leader's were great men and if they weren't- they were most likely murdered by an enemy. It is the same for the pathetic light side, they had a leader and he was killed by who he thought was a loyal member of his staff... pathetic man."

"What are you getting at, Father?" frowned Draco walking around to see his father better.

"Draco I am the head of the Death Eaters. I am their great leader."

Draco looked at his father stunned, "You control the Death Eater's? All over the world?"

"I organized our rise to power. I am very persuasive Draco, you know that."

"I know... but why? What is so great about what you have created?" demanded Draco angrily, "I can't get a job... or find a decent woman to marry!"

"What are you saying?"

Draco sighed, "Nothing... I'm just shocked, that's all."

"Now that you know, you must swear no one finds out about this. Only few Death Eater's know and now you."

"I swear."

Lucius nodded, "Very well. Then I expect to see you at the meeting on Friday night."

"I'll be there."

Lucius smiled. He patted his son on the shoulder and left the room shutting the door firmly. Draco stared at it for a few moments before grabbing the nearest ornament and throwing it angrily at his closet door, causing an exiting Hermione to duck.

"Granger? What the hell are you doing in there?" he snapped as she stood up right tugging at her still wet toga.

Hermione walked over to him stunned as Scott left the closet as well, "Your father... is the head of the Death Eater's?"

"Great, you heard," sighed Draco turning away.

"Malfoy what are you going to do? Are you going to go to that meeting?"

"Well have no choice but to go. I know, if I don't go I'll be killed. Which would you choose?" he said turning to face Hermione.

"We can help you," said Hermione stepping closer to him, but not touching him, "I know you'll probably disagree, but this information can greatly help the Order. They can help you and your mother."

"I don't need any help Granger!"

"Then why are you so angry at hearing your father is the head of the Death Eaters?" snapped Hermione walking around Draco until she

was looking him in the face, “If you were honestly by his side you would be happy to hear this. Where do you stand, Malfoy?”

“Will you drop the questioning?”

“No I won’t. Where do you stand?”

“Where I stand is none of your business!”

“Fine,” snapped Hermione throwing her hands up into the air, “Be arrogant for your whole life. Born a whimp, die a whimp.”

Draco watched Hermione walk for the door before grabbing her roughly by the arm. Scott ran forward angrily, forcing Draco to release Hermione. Hermione looked at him, her eyes narrowed but waiting for what he had to say.

“I’m not a whimp.”

“Really? Then why don’t you be a man and do what you think is right instead of doing everything your father says? You hate the way this world is. You made it obvious when you were questioning your father about it.”

“It’s not that simple, Granger!”

“How isn’t it?” cried Hermione, “All it is, is a matter of choice.”

“He is my father... how can you pick a parent? You can’t. My father may be the cruelest man alive but he is still my father. It’s not a decision you can easily make.”

“He thinks he killed your mother and he most likely raped Bridget...”

“I know Granger! Merlin damn it... you just don’t get it.”

Draco turned away in frustration.

“Scott, go back to the kitchens. Bridget is going to need you or me,” said Hermione to Scott who nodded and left, “You need to work out where you stand.”

“And I keep on saying it’s not simple.”

Hermione sighed, “I know you do. But there are reasons behind why you saved your mother and hate what the world has become... you just need to see those reasons.”

With that Hermione left to let Draco have some thinking time.

A/N: There you go. Now I will continue to have the chapters based around the Order but for now Hermione and Draco will share chapters. I hope you all are okay with that. Please review!

Bye for now!

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Nine

Ginny exited the Great Hall after the meeting hoping to catch Harry, but as she went to call out his name he pushed past her ignoring her completely. Ginny watched him, looking stunned that Harry could be so rude, but he did have a right too after all. She did accuse him of being in love with Hermione, when, as he had admitted, he was in love with her.

Ginny sighed and headed up the Entrance Hall stairs for the Common Room. No, she couldn't go there, her friends would instantly know something was wrong and hound her until she told them the entire truth. She stood still on the fifth step looking around her wondering where she could go.

Ron came running up the steps and stopped beside his sister giving her a small smile.

"Go talk to him," he said quietly, "The longer you don't the worse it will be when you both finally decide to talk."

Ginny sighed, "What if he doesn't talk to me?"

"Ginny, you said he loves you. If what he says is the truth he will listen to you and talk to you. Be honest, tell him why you thought he was in love with Hermione."

Ginny nodded, "Alright then. If you say so."

She continued up the staircase and took the same path McGonagall had shown them on their first night back to the guest rooms. She trudged up the spiral staircase and walked along the hall reading the names on the boards.

"Tonks, Lupin... Mum, Dad," Ginny walked over to the other side, "Fred, George... Ron, Harry."

Ginny took a deep breath and knocked on the door. She heard movement on the other side and the sound of feet hitting the

floorboards evenly. Then the door opened, revealing a sombre looking Harry.

“Harry... can we talk? Please?” pleaded Ginny, her brown eyes wide.

Harry sighed and nodded. He stepped back opening the door wider for her to walk in. Ginny stepped in and Harry shut the door behind him. They walked over to the lounges and Harry sat on the one opposite Ginny.

“Harry, I’m sorry. I’m sorry for accusing you of loving Hermione... I guess I thought that you did because you didn’t let on to me that you loved me. So I assumed you loved Hermione.”

“Ginny I didn’t know I loved you. I only realised it back out at the lake,” admitted Harry.

“Oh... well I didn’t know that.”

They both fell silent, with Ginny fiddling with the hem of her school skirt. She finally looked up at Harry, who was staring at the fireplace.

“So is this it?” asked Ginny, “We go back to being friends, or acquaintances, meaning am I just Ron’s sister?”

“I don’t know Ginny, I just don’t know. Now isn’t the time anyway. We have too much going on and a relationship would only make things harder.”

“It would give us someone to turn too when things are hard. Don’t you see that?” cried Ginny.

“I do see that and if one of us dies things would be even worse! I’m not going to risk it.”

“Fine!” said Ginny standing up angrily, “If that’s the way you want it, then you’ve got it.”

Without another word Ginny stood and stormed out of the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

HD

"That's the one," said McGonagall with a nod from Lupin as they looked at Tonks, "Even I wouldn't pick you out to be Nymphadora Tonks."

Tonks turned and looked at her reflection. She was greeted to a person with an oval shaped face, long black glossy straight hair, a thin nose that was slightly upturned. Her lips were full and pouty like and her eyes were a shining pale blue. Dress her in a silk, expensive back robe set and no one would pick her out to be anything but a pureblood witch and hopefully one that Lucius Malfoy would find attractive enough to talk too. The plan was Tonks was to play the role of Melanie Trezmonzia. McGonagall would create a whole fake family tree that Tonks could show Lucius, should he doubt her story. The character Melanie would weave her way into Lucius' life and be invited to the manor on a daily basis. Somehow she would find Hermione and get to her and get information on the Death Eaters, but other than that they had no idea what to do.

"Right... well tomorrow I start the plan, bring down Lucius Malfoy," sighed Tonks nervously, "What if my clumsiness comes into play?"

"Well Lucius doesn't know you are clumsy," said Lupin, "Make it look cute... bat your eyelashes at him."

Tonks gave Lupin a disgusted look as she transformed into her pink haired self, "Basically act like one of his little toys."

Lupin sighed and gave Tonks a hug before she left McGonagall's office to go and practise acting like Melanie Trezmonzia. Lupin sighed and turned to McGonagall looking worried. McGonagall patted Lupin on the shoulder as she walked around her desk and sat down.

"Tonks will be fine Remus," sighed McGonagall, "She is a wise woman and when she puts her mind to it she can accomplish anything she dreams of."

"Yes I know. But I love her and if anything happened...I don't know what I would do without her," sighed Lupin taking a seat of his own just as the fireplace burst alive with a letter flying out of it. Remus jumped up and caught it with one hand. He brought it back down and looked at the names, "M. McGonagall and R. Lupin, Urgent."

Lupin handed the letter to McGonagall who examined the penmanship closely.

"This is from Hermione. I know that handwriting anywhere," she said opening it so that the enclosed letter fell out. She cleared her throat as she unfolded the letter from Hermione, not noticing the addressee of the letter that had fallen out,

"Dear Professor McGonagall and Remus,

"This letter may confuse you both, especially with what I am about to say and what I am about to say may make both of you think I have gone insane from my time here at the Malfoy Manor. But I do have proof, as I have just found, that what I am going to tell you both is true.

"Sirius is alive. I swear to you both that I am being one hundred percent honest. The incident mentioned in the letter sent to the entire Order led me to discovering he was alive. The letter I have enclosed for you both to read is proof of this. Sirius asks you both to not let Harry know. If he ever found out he would come after Sirius making them both easy targets for the Death Eaters. With Sirius we may be able to bring the Death Eater's down. The information in the Order letter should be a start.

"More soon,

"Hermione."

McGonagall looked at Lupin in surprise, who leaned forward and picked up the folded paper. He unfolded it and looked at the handwriting, a smile slowly appearing on his face. He handed the letter to McGonagall, who read it and smiled a little herself.

"He is alive," said Lupin, "Surely you can recognise that hand writing anywhere."

"I could never forget it. I even remember reading his essays... once a man full of humour," sighed McGonagall, "Well this certainly is news and I understand why Harry cannot know."

"So do I. The question is who in the Order can we tell?"

"Tonks should know," said McGonagall, "I think she is the only one we should tell for the time being."

"What about Molly and Arthur?" frowned Lupin.

"It would be safer with few of us knowing. Now I need to send an letter to Rosemerta and have her forward all letters onto Hogwarts."

Lupin nodded, taking that as his cue to leave.

HD

"Dear All,

"Firstly I would like to state that I am alive. Lucky to be alive actually. Where do I begin? I have so much to tell you all, but only a little bit of time. The night just going was one of horror. I went shopping that day with Narcissa and her son and Malfoy decided to put me on show. I lost control of my temper and said a few things that nearly caused me to be hit by Malfoy himself. Thankfully Narcissa came along and stopped him, but when I was let go I fell to the ground and had my hands trod on so severely I could barely move my fingers. When we returned to the Manor, Narcissa called me to her reading room and she healed my hands but later that night after doing a job for Malfoy, Lucius saw me in the hallway and spotted my hands. I don't know if any of you know this but he can read our thoughts, just like Voldemort.

"This is where the night got worse. Lucius found out Narcissa did it and with Malfoy dragging me to the reading room, I had to watch him nearly beat his wife to death. I tried to stop him but only got myself hurt in the process. Now this is the interesting part. I begged Malfoy

to save his mother and he did. He cast a spell on Narcissa to make it seem she was dead. Lucius left and everything is fine. Narcissa is alive and getting well, and I am now fine.

"I have also learnt some interesting information from a source. Dementor's can be killed. Not with the Patronus but by pulling their cloaks off them. The raise in temperature on their bodies kills them instantly. My source is very reliable, if I didn't believe this information I wouldn't of mentioned it.

"I can also confirm that Narcissa is on our side. She cannot stand the Death Eater's cause. As for her son, I still don't know where he stands but I vow that I will find out and let you all know.

"I'd best go now. I miss you all so much and Harry, I know you too well, please don't blame yourself. This could have happened to me at any time.

"More soon,

"Hermione."

Harry lowered the letter and looked at the rest of the Order. It was now nighttime and McGonagall had called an Order meeting so all could hear Hermione's newest letter. Even Ginny was in attendance despite her student status. Harry passed the letter too Ron so he could read it again.

"Who is her source?" asked Ginny confused, "I can't think of anyone, I mean if it was Narcissa she would have stated so."

"I find it hard to believe Narcissa is on the light side," replied Molly with a raised eyebrow, "It seems like she is taking Hermione for a fool."

"I don't know," said Tonks, "Hermione is a smart girl. I don't think she could be taken for a fool easily."

"Me either. She has a good judge of character," said Ron sliding the letter to Ginny, "But that Dementor's information is useful."

“And dangerous if anyone tried it,” pointed out Arthur, “It would take two people at least to accomplish it on one Dementor.”

Lupin nodded in agreement, “Very true. We need a plan for that should anyone decide to try it. Maybe we should send that information onto other Order groups.”

“We should get to that. Alastor would love this information,” said McGonagall with a slight smile.

“Well Tonks, you need to make yourself known to Hermione when you get into the Manor,” said Harry, “She needs to know she isn’t alone.”

McGonagall and Lupin shot each other looks, only they knew and soon Tonks, that Hermione wasn’t alone.

HD

The meeting soon ended with all heading off to bed. Lupin, lingered, pretending to speak to McGonagall. Once everyone, other then Tonks had gone Lupin shut the Great Hall doors. Tonks gave them both odd looks and followed them over to the table set aside for the Order members.

“What’s going on?” asked Tonks frowning from Lupin to McGonagall, “You both look serious.”

“Actually, we need to tell you something that has to do with serious... well Sirius,” replied Lupin as McGonagall pulled out Hermione’s letter and handed it to Tonks.

Tonks took it and opened it slowly, still frowning. The two elder’s watched her read it silently, her mouth falling open upon reading the part about Sirius being alive. When she finished it she looked up at Lupin, her eyes brimming with tears.

“Is it true?” she asked quietly, “Is he alive? What’s the proof? Has Hermione gone crazy?”

“Calm down,” said Lupin placing his hand on top of Tonks, “Here.”

He pulled out the letter and slid it over to Tonks, who hastily took it and read it, laughing at the end in happiness with tears falling down her cheeks.

“How is this possible?” asked Tonks in wonder, “He fell into that veil...”

“I know, but little is known about that veil,” said Remus seriously, “Tonks you can’t tell Harry or any other Order member. The little who know, the better.”

“I know Remus,” nodded Tonks, “I over heard Harry, Ron and Ginny talking the other day. They think there is a snitch in the Order. That would, after all, explain about the Death Eater’s finding out about Hermione’s mission to Australia.”

McGonagall and Lupin remained silent considering Tonks’ words. After a while McGonagall sighed with a nod.

“I think they may be onto something. From now on anything new stays between us and we slowly tell others to find out if this snitch theory is true,” said McGonagall seriously, “We can trust Harry. I know he would never do anything to jeopardise the safety of his friends.”

“What about the imperious curse? Any of us could have been hit with it and not know it? Something could be using polyjuice potion as a disguise. There are many different ways for someone to be a snitch,” said Lupin, “But your plan is the way to go.”

MD

Looking around her, through her pale blue eyes, Tonks walked over to the bar, her hips swaying seductively with every step she took. It was two days after Tonks had found out her cousin was alive and she was more determined then ever to get into the Malfoy Manor. News

had spread of the 'death' of Narcissa Malfoy and every pureblooded woman was lining up to become the next Mrs Malfoy.

Giving a cheeky wink to the bartender, Tonks sat down on a stool and placed one leg over the other, so the split in her robes revealed her long toned legs.

She could see him across the other side of the bar surrounded by young pretty women and Tonks knew from his face he was lapping up the attention with pure enjoyment. As she ordered a shot of fire whiskey, she glanced over at him and saw she had indeed caught his attention. Pretending to be interested in her drink, she heard him excuse himself from the women and make his way over to her, taking the stool beside her.

"Excuse me," he said to her in a polite tone, "But I have never seen you here before."

"That would be because I am new here," replied Tonks hoping her Irish accent was believable, "I moved here just the other day."

"Well that would explain it then. My name is Lucius Malfoy. May I enquire as to what your name is?"

Tonks turned her body towards his and shot him a dazzling smile, "Melanie Trezmonzia. Have you heard of them? We are a long running pureblood families in Ireland."

"I can't say I have... I see you have no ring on your finger."

"Well I am only young. Do you expect me to be promised or married to anyone just yet?"

"Well no... are you over the legal age?" said Lucius sliding his chair closer to Tonks.

Tonks did a girly giggle and trailed a finger down Lucius' arm, "Sir I am well over the legal age by five years."

“Good because I wouldn’t want to be breaking any laws,” he murmured pulling her closer to him.

Tonks felt like throwing up at the feel of his hands running over her body, but had to play along. As Lupin said, get him drunk enough, get him to take her to the Manor and hope he passes out before anything happens. But she has to be beside him in the morning and hope he will not have her as a one-night stand.

“How about you buy me a drink?” murmured Tonks nibbling Lucius on the ear.

“That sounds like a can do,” replied Lucius sliding his hand over Tonks’ arse.

Tonks smiled and for the next two hours she continued getting Lucius to buy her drinks. Along with this she continued to seduce him too the point he was driven crazy by her touch.

“Lets go to your place,” she said murmuring in his ear again, “I want to see how wild Lucius Malfoy can be.”

With an animal like growl Lucius gripped Tonks against his body and apperated her to his room at the Manor. Tonks instantly pushed him onto the bed, where he laid looking at her grinning like a fool. She turned around slowly and pretended to make a show of removing her clothing. Upon turning back to him, she found him just like Lupin had said – passed out cold.

“Thanks Merlin for that,” sighed Tonks doing up her robe set again and pulling her wand out. She muttered a spell at Lucius that would keep him sleeping till the morning.

With one more look at him, she ran for the door and opened it up, lighting her wand. She slowly walked down the corridor knowing she needed to be down stairs to find the kitchens, where she hoped Hermione would be.

Walking around a corner, she stumbled over the edge of a mat and fell to the ground, knocking a vase over in the process. The shatter

from the vase breaking was loud and it echoed throughout the room. Cursing, Tonks stood up and muttered a spell to fix the wreckage she had heard. Hearing footsteps, Tonks ducked behind a heavy curtain and knelt low.

She carefully peered around the curtains and saw a man with short blonde hair running into the hall followed a few seconds later by two other people – one being Hermione and the other a dark haired man, standing close behind Hermione in protective sort of manner.

“What are you doing here, Granger? Shouldn’t you be in the kitchens?” snarled the blonde.

Tonks watched as Hermione showed no regard for her ‘social position’ and glared at the youngest Malfoy.

“I came to see what the noise was. I thought it might be you throwing a tantrum,” she replied icily, “Obviously it was nothing.”

“Just the house settling,” spoke up the dark haired man, “We should get back to the kitchens. Bridget could wake at any moment.”

Hermione nodded and threw the blonde man a curious look before following. Tonks remained in hiding until the youngest Malfoy left. Once she was certain he was gone she took off in the direction that Hermione had disappeared in.

She wandered across the entrance room and glanced at her watch. It was 3:45am. Lucius would wake at 9am giving her plenty of time to return to the room... if she could find her way back that was. Walking through a rather shabby looking corridor Tonks saw stairs heading downwards to her right. There were voices travelling up from them. She walked down them and stopped at a door right at the bottom.

She leaned her ear against it listening.

“... loves playing wizard chess. Harry is pretty good at it as well. He has beaten Ron a few times.”

It was Hermione! Without thinking or waiting, Tonks pushed the door open and stumbled in looking at Hermione excitedly.

“W-who are you?” asked Hermione looking up at Tonks in confusion.

Tonk sighed and closed her eyes in deep concentration as she transformed to her bubblegum pink haired self, “Wotcher, Hermione.”

HD

“Remus... what are you doing up this late?”

Lupin spun around in surprise to see Harry walking over to where he stood by the dark lake with the stars glittering across it, through the gaps in the clouds.

“I should ask you the same thing, Harry,” replied Lupin before turning back to the lake.

“Well I asked first,” joked Harry standing beside Lupin with his arms crossed.

“I’m just worried about Tonks. This is really her first big mission for the Order. I trust her, I know she won’t do anything if she doesn’t have to, but it’s Lucius who I fear will force her into something she doesn’t want.”

“Sorry to say it but, I wouldn’t put it past him.”

Lupin sighed looking grim before glancing at Harry, “What has kept you up all night?”

“A lot of things. Like when will this all end? I thought killing Voldemort would be the end. Then there is Hermione. I worry about her constantly. She is my sister and bestfriend. We have never spent this much time apart since our meeting. And there is Ginny. I love her, but I told her having a relationship is pointless basically and now I regret saying that.”

“Well I can’t answer the first thing. But I think everyone thought killing Voldemort would be the end of the world’s torment. As for Hermione, her letters seem to prove she is coping fine enough and she will be with you before you know it. Now Ginny... Harry I had my issues with forming a relationship with Tonks. For one I thought I was too old for her and some people probably think I am. But I took a shot and I don’t regret it at all. She has brought light to my life where there was none. If you love Ginny and she loves you, there should be no problems. Follow your heart, your gut instinct is not always right.”

Harry smiled and nodded, “You’re right.”

Lupin smiled and sighed, “I think it is time we turned in for the night. Hopefully Tonks will return tomorrow with Hermione.”

Harry nodded and smiled at the thought of Hermione returning.

A/N: So there you go. Another chapter and I know it isn’t long as the rest but I had to leave it here. Please review!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Ten

“Wotcher Hermione.”

“Tonks?” cried Hermione standing and hugging the woman, “Oh my Merlin!”

She pulled away with tears in her eyes smiling at her long time friend. Tonks was smiling back at her happy to see she was indeed alive.

“I... when... how did you get in?” asked Hermione her brown eyes wide with happiness.

“I’m... Lucius’ new girlfriend I guess you could say,” said Tonks, “By the way we are all living at Hogwarts.”

“Oh okay... so that disguise you were just in is your cover?”

Tonks nodded, “How are you feeling? Do you need anything before we leave?”

“Leave?” frowned Hermione, “Where?”

“I’m taking you back to Hogwarts, with Sirius.”

Hermione shook her head, “No. I’m not going anywhere.”

“Hermione, are you insane?” cried Tonks.

“If I go, Lucius will know and kill everyone here. Plus Narcissa is injured and Sirius and I are her only chance of staying alive. Plus I am trying to make Malfoy see which side he is on.”

Tonks sighed and ran a hand through her pink hair, “My job is to get you back to Hogwarts.”

“Then you need to make your assignment longer. Now is not the time. But I do have news that will help the Order better. But here is not the place to talk about it. Sirius and Narcissa need to know as well.”

Tonks nodded and Hermione turned to Scott.

"I'll be back later. When Bridget wakes tell her to remain calm. Get Sophie to take her to shower."

Scott nodded and Hermione left with Tonks.

"What was that all about?" asked Tonks, "With the Bridget girl."

Hermione took a deep breath, "Lucius raped her. It's been two days and she hasn't woken yet. We think it's the trauma of the situation that's gotten to her."

"Take her to Sirius."

"Not yet... Lucius could come back for her and if he sees she is gone he could take Sophie or me. If he sees her there is passed out he will be satisfied and leave us be... hopefully."

Tonks nodded in understanding and Hermione pushed open the reading room door, quietly closing it behind her, wincing at the click.

"He won't wake up till tomorrow morning," said Tonks reassuringly, "I cast a spell on him to make him sleep heavily."

Hermione nodded and ran over to the painting. She pushed the frame down and turned the handle when it appeared. Tonks watched in interest and followed Hermione into the lit up corridor. Hermione glanced at Tonks and saw the excitement in her eyes at the prospect of seeing her cousin again. Hermione grinned and they came to the door.

"Ready?" asked Hermione her eyes lit up.

Tonks nodded and Hermione knocked twice before opening the door.

"Sirius... there is someone here to see you," said Hermione walking in and stepping aside to let Tonks in.

Sirius looked up from where he was sitting reading a book. Laughter burst out of him as Tonks grinned. She ran over to her cousin and engulfed him into a hug, sobbing a little like Hermione did a few days before hand.

“Oh my gosh,” cried Tonks pulling back, “It’s so hard to believe you are here... alive!”

“What are you doing here?” replied Sirius.

“I’m here to get you and Hermione back to Hogwarts. But she says neither of you will leave.”

“Well she is right,” said Sirius pulling away from Tonks and walking over to their cousin, Narcissa who was watching on smiling.

“How are you?” asked Hermione walking over to Narcissa and kneeling down beside the bed.

“Getting well slowly. My back still won’t allow me to walk,” sighed Narcissa, “How are you?”

“I’m fine. I have news though... about Lucius and your son.”

Narcissa nodded signalling for Hermione to tell her.

“Lucius is head of the Death Eaters and your son has agreed to go to the meetings with Lucius.”

Everyone looked at Hermione in shock and she took a deep breath explaining the whole incident from Bridget being raped too sneaking into Draco’s room and finding out the truth. The three adults listened to her every word, not cutting her off. When she finished they sat in silence taking in the information.

Narcissa sighed, “I suspected it, but I just didn’t want to believe it. He is so secretive.”

“Least we know who it is,” said Tonks, “This will help the Order greatly.”

Hermione nodded, "I'm trying to make Draco see which side he really is on. I doubt he fully supports Lucius. I mean he saved you, Narcissa."

"I know. I am hoping he will work for us," said Narcissa wincing as her back gave a twinge.

Sirius sighed and turned to Tonks, "Do you think you get can to Hogwarts and back again?"

"I have six hours to do anything before I have to get in bed with that... creep," said Tonks, "Why?"

"Pomfrey can give Narcissa what she needs. I can't."

"I am not going anywhere without you," said Narcissa before groaning in pain.

"I know," said Hermione suddenly the idea formulating in her head, "Lucius can't watch you fireplace Narcissa. Sirius, go to Hogwarts with Narcissa and Tonks... I'll come too, but I am coming back here within an hour. I won't leave the other five and I have a mission here."

"Yes," said Tonks agreeing to it, "If Harry, Ron and Ginny see you alive Hermione they will calm down. Sirius? Harry has to know about you soon. Lupin can't hide it from him forever."

Sirius nodded and looked at Narcissa who nodded. Sirius stood up and carefully lifted his injured cousin into his arms. Hermione opened the door and let Sirius pass her with Narcissa. Tonks followed Hermione through the corridor, her silk robes rustling with movement. At the end, Hermione ducked around Sirius and Narcissa to open the door. She ran ahead of them, throwing in the floo powder to the fireplace.

"Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry!" shouted Hermione, "Go first Sirius."

Sirius stepped in holding Narcissa and was gone in a flash. Hermione jumped in after him, soon followed by Tonks.

HD

McGonagall sighed and sealed the letter for another student's parents telling them of their inappropriate behaviour toward a muggleborn student. The problem was the child's parents were against the Death Eater's cause or pureblood world domination.

As she placed the letter with the pile due to be sent out her fireplace sprung to life. Startled she stood up, holding her wand at the ready she gasped when Sirius stepped through holding his cousin in his arms.

"Sirius!" she cried stunned before saying the other arrivals name, "Hermione! Tonks!"

"Hello Professor," smiled Hermione, "I can't stay long. Where are Harry and Ron?"

"I'll show you," said Tonks, "I can't stay long either Minerva... Sirius can explain."

Tonks and Hermione ran from the office as Sirius began explaining.

"Whereabouts are you all staying at?" asked Hermione as Tonks hurriedly led them through a corridor.

"The visitors section. Dumbledore had it set up in case something like this happened," said Tonks as they walked up a spiral staircase, "Ron and Harry share a room and Ginny is completing her seventh year."

Hermione nodded as they reached the top of the staircase. She walked along reading the names on the doors and upon seeing Harry and Ron's she ran towards it, banging on it and calling out their names.

“Harry! Ron! It’s me! It’s Hermione!” she cried before the door was swung open by Harry who engulfed Hermione into a bone-cracking hug. She laughed as she hugged him back, “Harry I need to breathe!”

“How are you? Are you hurt?” asked Harry as Ron came over and hugged Hermione.

“I’m fine you guys, really I am. I can only stay one hour though.”

“What? Why?” frowned Ron.

“I can’t leave the other muggleborns. If Lucius found out,” Hermione sighed, “He would kill them. He has already raped one. Plus I need to make Malfoy see what side he is on.”

“Malfoy? Draco Malfoy?” frowned Harry.

“I can’t explain everything now. There is too much. I’m sure Sirius and Narcissa will fill you in,” Hermione gasped realising her slip up.

“Sirius? Hermione Sirius is dead.”

“No he’s not, Harry!” cried Hermione grabbing his hand and pulling him, “You have to come with me to see him. He’s probably in the hospital wing with Narcissa.”

“Narcissa?” said a confused Harry.

Hermione sighed, “Come on, Harry. I don’t have all day.”

HD

Draco rolled over restlessly. He couldn’t sleep and it was driving him close too insanity. Angrily he sat up. He knew why he couldn’t sleep; it was because of her and her pushing way. She always had to be right. She was right about everything in school and now she was right about him and he hated her for it. Well maybe hate was a too stronger word, after all she did make him finally see what he wanted and he did hold respect for her. Though the fact that he didn’t hate

her any longer scared him a little. He climbed out of bed and walked over to the window and leant on the frame with his arms crossed.

To him this world sucked. It had no life, nothing to strive for and that is what he missed above everything, having something to strive for. In school he strived to be the best in his year and in Quidditch. Now he had nothing. To job to strive to the top with, no woman to show his love and loyalty too. He was a living being in a pointless world.

With a sigh, he knew what had to be done. He had to tell Hermione he was on her side. He would help her and her people defeat his father and the other Death Eaters. He dressed into decent clothing and walked out of his room heading for the kitchens. The house was dark all around him with no noise coming from anywhere around him.

Draco ran down the stairs to the kitchen and knocked loudly on the door. A few seconds later it was opened by Scott. Draco didn't trust him, he didn't know why but something about him was untrustworthy.

"Where is Granger?" asked Draco looking around the kitchen, holding his wand he just lit up high.

"Gone," replied Scott smugly.

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. She went with some woman called Tonks too see your mother and a Serious fellow."

Draco nodded and left the kitchen's heading for his mother's reading room. Glancing at his watch he saw it was nearing 5:30am in the morning. He was lucky to have had one hour sleep. This whole week had been messed up.

He entered his mother's reading room and saw dust scattered around the fireplace. That wasn't there the day before when he came to check on his mother. Frowning at it he walked over to the painting and opened it, jogging down the corridor to the door. He knocked and opened it only to find it empty.

"What the hell?" cried Draco in confusion, "Where is everyone?"

Confusion swam through him as he backed out of the room and ran back up the corridor to the reading room. Walking back over to the fireplace he knelt down to examine the dust.

"Floo powder," he sighed sitting on the lounge hoping Granger would come back.

HD

"Hermione, you have lost your mind," said Harry as Hermione pushed open the hospital wing doors, "There is no way Sir-"

Harry was cut off as he stared in shock at the man he believed to have been dead for three years. Sirius turned away from speaking to Madam Pomfrey and looked at his godson in shock as well, before breaking out into a huge, happy grin.

"Harry!" cried Sirius walking towards him briskly.

"S-Sirius?" said Harry in a high-pitched tone as Hermione stepped back with Ron who was looking at Sirius stunned, "Y-your alive?"

"It appears that way doesn't it?" chuckled Sirius standing in front of Harry taking in how much he had grown, how much he looked like James but with Lily's eyes, "You sure have grown."

Harry nodded brushing that topic aside, "I saw you fall, into that veil. How can you be alive?"

Hermione smiled and looked at the clock hanging above the hospital wing doorway, "I have to go. Where is Tonks?"

"Now?" said Ron turning to Hermione, "Surely you can stay longer. You've only just gotten back."

Hermione smiled sadly at Ron and shook her head, "I have to go, Ron. Believe me, this war will be over soon. We know whom the head Death Eater is. Now it is just a matter of time."

Hermione pecked Ron on the cheek and ran over to Harry pecking him as well, breaking Harry's attention from his Godfather.

"Where is Tonks?" asked Hermione looking at Sirius.

"With McGonagall and Lupin in her office," said Sirius giving Hermione a hug, "Take care."

Hermione nodded and ran out of the Hospital Wing not wanting to say goodbye. She heard Harry call her, but Hermione continued running. Leaving them again was painful enough as it was. To show them how much it saddened her would only make them want her to stay.

She reached the gargoyle and saw it was open. She ran up the spiral staircase and ran into McGonagall's office.

"It's time," said Tonks at Hermione's arrival to Lupin who embraced her in a hug and kissed her gently on the cheek.

Hermione smiled at Lupin who patted her on the shoulder.

"Take care Hermione," he said.

"I will. Sirius knows who the head Death Eater is by the way."

Lupin nodded and Tonks threw a handful of Floo Powder in. She stepped aside for Hermione to go first.

With a smile to McGonagall, Hermione said the address and stepped into the green flames. She closed her eyes to not see Hogwarts disappear, plus it helped with the motion sickness from the spinning and whooshing noise.

Before she knew it, she stumbled into the reading room back at the Malfoy Manor, landing on the ground in front of none other than Draco. Hermione looked up at him surprised and was hit with even more surprise when he offered her a hand to stand up.

Hermione took it and he pulled her up to standing as Tonks came rushing in with a cough from the dust.

"I seriously hate Flooing to places. It's messy," she sighed using her wand to clean away the soot from her silk robes.

"Who's this?" asked Draco glaring at Hermione.

"Her name is Tonks... well to your father she is his girlfriend. Basically she can morph herself into any disguise she wants. She works for the Order and is using your father to get in here to get to me," said Hermione, "We just went to Hogwarts- hang on, I can't tell you this. Tonks you're going to have to modify his memory."

Tonks nodded and pulled her wand out.

"Wait, wait!" shouted Draco holding his hands up in alarm, "Listen to me!"

Tonks lowered her wand a fraction and Hermione looked at Draco curiously.

"Look... Granger, I'm on your side," he said in one breath before taking one to calm down, "You were right. I did all those... good things because I don't agree with anything the Death Eaters are fighting for. I mean what point is there too having dominance all over the world? I... I want to help you and the Order bring down my father."

Hermione looked at Draco stunned and Tonks slowly nodded. Draco watched Hermione's facial expression change from stunned to disbelief and then finally she looked at him smiling just a little.

"I knew you would eventually see I was right," said Hermione with a chuckle, "But how can I trust you? I mean for all I know you could be taking me for a fool."

Draco sighed in annoyance, "I'm not bullshitting you, Granger. What the hell can I get from this world? Nothing! I can't achieve my dreams... I can't do anything."

Hermione nodded, fully believing him, "Alright. I believe you. But that doesn't mean I trust you. I want you to teach me how to block your father from my mind. He reads it... he'll know everything about the Order and I have no wand to defend myself with."

"I can teach you and get your wand back."

Hermione nodded, pleased, "Excellent."

"So where did you and... Tonks just come from?"

Hermione looked at Tonks, unsure whether she should tell him. Tonks nodded telling Hermione to tell him.

"Hogwarts. We took your mother and Sirius there. Madam Pomfrey can help Sirius look after her. The school has more healing resources."

Draco just nodded, "Better that she is away from here. So obviously the Order knows about my father?"

Hermione nodded, waiting for Draco to scream at her angrily for telling them. When he didn't she looked up from the ground too see him nodding slowly, letting the knowledge that his father could possibly be killed sink in.

"I should get back to the kitchens," said Hermione feeling a little uncomfortable, "I need too sleep."

"And I should get back to Lucius," sighed Tonks closing her eyes and transforming herself into Melanie.

Draco watched them leave and when the door shut behind him, he sat down sighing.

It was one thing to pledge your allegiance against your own father, but to contemplate the fact that he was going to be killed was another. Tears filled his eyes and angrily he wiped them away. Regardless of all the horrible things Lucius Malfoy had done and intended to do, he

was Draco's father. He'd helped create him and took part in raising him. Draco loved his father and that would never change, but he knew if his father continued living the world would end in destruction caused by Lucius.

He knew that couldn't happen, that it wouldn't happen. But the pain of losing his father would still hurt him greatly.

With a deep breath, Draco calmed himself down and stood up, heading for his room to try and get some sleep.

HD

"Mione."

Hermione gasped as she shut the door behind her and rushed over to a half awake Bridget. She knelt down besides her nudging a sleeping Scott to wake up.

"Bridget," said Hermione softly, "How are you feeling? You've been passed out for two days!"

Bridget trembled and her eyes looked like they held a ghost in them. Hermione glanced at Scott worriedly and helped Bridget sit up.

"What happened?" asked Hermione, "You need to tell me. Did he rape you?"

Bridget nodded, her lower lip trembling and her hands shaking like crazy.

"Oh Bridget! I'm so sorry; it's my entire fault. I shouldn't of let Narcissa heal my hands and then Lucius wouldn't have gotten mad!"

"It's my fault," said Bridget softly, "I got him angry with me. I deserved it."

"No you didn't," said Hermione firmly gently placing her hands on Bridget's shoulder's, "You did nothing wrong. You saved Sophie from being hurt. You were only doing the right thing."

"It doesn't feel like it, Hermione," said Bridget looking at Hermione with tears falling down her cheeks, "I feel empty on the inside. It's like he killed me but I'm still walking and talking."

Hermione looked at Scott worriedly, who shrugged his shoulders. Hermione sighed.

"Come on. Let's go get you cleaned up."

Bridget nodded and carefully stood up with Hermione leading her out.

A/N: Sorry its short again, but I need to end it here or too much will happen in one chapter. Anyways please review!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Eleven

Everyone looked at Sirius as he finished explaining as to how we was alive. Sirius looked at all their stunned faces, from Harry to Molly. He gave a soft cough and they all snapped back to attention.

“Right,” said Lupin nodding at Sirius just as Fred stood up, “Fred?”

“Oh, I just need to go to the toilet,” he said before walking out of the Great Hall.

“Its good to have you back, Sirius,” said Arthur with a smile, “Right Molly?”

Molly nodded silently as she looked at Harry, who was busy talking quietly to Ron.

“Hermione looked good today,” said McGonagall, “I’m sure you are all aware of her hour long visit with Tonks to bring us back Sirius and bring Narcissa to us. Narcissa has turned against her husband, who Sirius has told Lupin and I, is the head of the Death Eaters.”

“What? Are you sure?” cried Arthur stunned that his arch nemesis could be such a thing.

Sirius nodded, “We are. Hermione overheard him telling his son. She was in the same room during Lucius’ confession.”

Harry looked around at everyone seeing how they took this news. He was trying to see if someone had an odd reaction. If someone did he knew they were the snitch in the group. Harry looked at Fred walking in and gave him a nod.

“Why is everyone so stunned?” asked Fred sitting down beside George.

“Lucius Malfoy is head of the Death Eaters,” replied Harry calmly watching Fred.

“Blimey,” said Fred looking stunned, “Wasn’t expecting that.”

"No one was," sighed Lupin, "But now we know we can begin planning our attack. First we should let the rest of the Order know and as many countries as possible. All those against the Death Eaters should stand together against them."

"I agree," said Ginny leaning forward, "The more the better chance we have."

Harry looked at Ginny and saw how determined she was. He couldn't imagine losing her in the war. He knew many more people were going to die. Ginny glanced at him and looked away instantly. She glanced at her watch and saw it was late. She had classes the next day and didn't want to be half asleep through them.

"I ah, should get to bed," said Ginny standing up, "Maybe we can start the planning tomorrow after dinner?"

"Sounds like a good idea," said Molly nodding.

"Yes," agreed Lupin, "Meeting adjourned everyone."

Everyone stood with Harry running out of the hall after Ginny, who was walking away quickly. He spotted her running up the last Great Hall steps and began taking them two at a time.

"Ginny!" he called reaching the top, "Wait up! I need to talk to you."

Ginny kept walking defiantly away from Harry, until he caught up and jumped in front of her bringing her to an abrupt stop, his hands on her shoulders. Ginny looked over his shoulder her lips set in a thin angry line.

"Ginny, I'm sorry. I... I just want to protect you from getting hurt an-"

"I don't need protecting, Harry!" cried Ginny angrily, "I can take good care of myself! I'm not some damsel in bloody distress!"

"I know," said Harry with forced calmness, "What I am trying to say is... is... oh bloody hell."

Harry pulled Ginny towards him in a gentle, yet passionate kiss. At first Ginny was stiff with shock but slowly she calmed down, her body relaxing into the kiss with her arms wrapping around Harry.

Harry pulled away, his cheeks tinged red, "I didn't know how to say it."

Ginny smiled, her anger gone completely, "So I figured. You want to give us a real chance?"

Harry nodded, "Lupin talked some sense into me. So... do you want to give us a real chance?"

Ginny nodded and hugged Harry tightly, kissing him on the lips once more.

HD

Two months passed with everyone buckling down and planning. They couldn't go running in and bring Lucius down straight away. Everyone knew they had to wait to hear back from the other countries and from Tonks and Hermione. Tonks was still trying to weave her way into gaining Lucius' trust and possible love. If achieved this there was a chance he would let her in on the Death Eater's plans and whereabouts. The Order had decided on bringing one group of Death Eaters down at a time. They knew one group lingered near Hogsmeade. They were the first on the list made by Lupin and McGonagall.

Day by day Narcissa grew stronger. She could now sit up and bend forward, but walking was not something that would happen soon. Her back was still in its healing process and would be for a while yet. Sirius visited on a daily basis but he now had other responsibilities with helping out the Order and regaining his relationship with those who believed he were dead. He spent time with Harry everyday chatting or helping out with his Quidditch lessons. However when Narcissa was alone her thoughts turned to her son and Hermione. For all she knew Draco could be dead or Hermione could be seriously injured.

"Narcissa, how are you today?" asked Sirius walking, this time with Harry beside him.

Narcissa smiled at her cousin and nodded to Harry, "Feeling better. Hopefully I'll be up and about before the war really begins."

"We are hoping the war begins before January... it's November now," sighed Harry, "Listen, Mrs Malfoy. I just want you to know that I trust you. If Sirius can, then so can I. And we are keeping an eye out everyday for any information from the Manor."

Narcissa smiled, "Thankyou Harry. And please, call me Narcissa."

Harry nodded with a smile before turning to Sirius, "Classes are out. I'm going to find Ginny."

Sirius nodded and Harry left leaving the two alone.

"I'm glad you and Harry have remained close," said Narcissa as her cousin sat down, "Sirius, I want to try walking today. It has been two months now."

Sirius sighed, "The spine could still be injured."

"I know Sirius! You keep reminding me everyday. If I remain here any longer than Lucius has truly defeated me and I don't want him to have that satisfaction. He already believes me to be dead!"

Sirius looked at his cousin saw the anger in her eyes. With a sigh, Sirius stood up and pulled the blankets back for Narcissa. Slowly she moves her legs to hang over the edge of the bed. She winced in pain, gripping onto Sirius' arms in front of her. With help, Narcissa slowly stood up, gasping as her body straightened out with a shoot of pain through her spine.

"Are you alright?" asked Sirius worriedly.

“Fine, fine,” said Narcissa taking a determined step forward. Her legs wobbled a little with each step, but slowly the pain subsided, “I’m fine. Let me go.”

Sirius released his cousin and Narcissa held her arms out in front of her as she slowly walked to the bed across the room from hers. Her balance came back with each step and by the time she reached the made bed she was walking fine. She turned to Sirius smiling happily.

“I did it! I’m walking again!” she cried as Pomfrey walked in from visiting the Great Hall.

“Oh my gosh!” she cried stunned, “What is going on?”

“I’m walking. Isn’t it great? I’m walking again!”

Narcissa walked evenly, yet slower than normal over to her bed and smiled at Pomfrey.

“Well... I can’t force you to stay in bed. But perhaps it would be alright for you to take a little walk through the corridors.”

Narcissa smiled at the idea but looked down at her clothing attire, “I can’t wear this. It is old and beginning to smell.”

“Let me get you something from the store room,” replied Pomfrey walking through the hospital wing to the back door. She opened it and pulled out old clothing of a brown fitted robe, “It isn’t the most stylish thing but I think it will do for now.”

Narcissa took it and Pomfrey pulled the curtains around her bed so she could change in private. Sirius waited by the hospital wing doors for Narcissa, as Pomfrey scurried around cleaning up non-existent mess.

After a few minutes, Narcissa pulled the curtain back and stepped out in the drabby brown robe. Sirius chuckled at her facial expression of disgust and walked slowly over to her cousin.

"I cannot walk around wearing this every single day," said Narcissa, "I need something with more colour... and up to date."

"I'm sure we will find something," said Sirius offering an arm to his cousin, "Now lets walk and talk."

HD

Ginny leaned against Harry as they stared out at the lake. Harry pecked Ginny on the cheek before leaning back himself.

"I like moments like this," said Ginny, "School has become so hectic and sometimes I wonder if it will be worth it in the end. I mean it's not like I can leave school and rock up to the Ministry asking for a job. I do that and Lucius Malfoy will most likely have me killed on the spot."

"Technically there is no Ministry. Its just the Death Eaters," replied Harry.

"Oh well you get what I mean," said Ginny hitting Harry's hand on her waist with a smile, "What would you be doing if the world was the way it should be?"

"Training to be an Aurour and your boyfriend for sure."

Ginny smiled and turned her head so she could look at Harry, "I love you Harry."

"I love you too, Ginny," smiled Harry before he kissed her gently.

The two sat in silence, enjoying their time together. Around them students could be heard running about, having fun. It seemed with the Order being at the school the division between purebloods and muggleborn's had gone away. The school had united, finally achieving Dumbledore's long time wish.

"... not the same! What is going on with you?"

"You should talk. It's not like you have been acting normal either. You watch Harry's every move. Along with Sirius'!"

Ginny and Harry stood up together and walked around the trees large trunk and spotted both Fred and Molly glaring at each other angrily. Ginny frowned in confusion. She knew her mother didn't always like Fred and George's antics but to see her arguing furiously with one of the twins was not a normal thing.

"I am just being a mother!" cried Molly, "I don't want Sirius to take Harry's mind off the battle!"

"You can't expect Harry to think about it all the time... did you know him and Ginny are a couple again? Quite an interesting fact I must say."

Molly looked at Fred angrily, "Why is it so interesting Fred?"

"No reason. But aren't you against the relationship? I mean you kept them apart. You didn't want Harry distracted. Why are you so serious on keeping him alert on the battle?"

"I am keeping my daughter safe from being hurt, should Harry die."

"So you want Harry dead?"

Molly looked at Fred in a stunned appearance, "What on earth could possibly make you think that? Harry is a son to me, Fred! I would never wish death upon him."

"But," said Fred as his body suddenly began to ripple, "Do you wish it upon yourself?"

His voice began to change becoming deeper as his height grew and body became more muscular. Harry and Ginny pulled their wands out running across the school ground.

"It's Walden MacNair," cried Harry working out who the Fred impostor was, "He is the snitch!"

“Then where is the real Fred?” gasped Ginny before looking towards her mother in time to see MacNair raise his wand at a terrified Molly, “No!”

Then without warning the two words were uttered before Harry and Ginny could reach Molly.

“Advada Kedavra!” hissed McNair as Harry fired a stunning spell at him.

But it was too late; Molly fell to the ground lifeless as the spell impacted her sending a scream of anger and grief from Ginny. Harry grabbed out for Ginny but Ginny dodged his hands sliding along the ground to her mother’s lifeless body, sobbing heart brokenly. She touched her mother’s still warm hands and looked at her lifeless brown eyes that used to match her daughters perfectly. Ginny knelt down sobbing on the ground next to her mother clutching her hand tightly. Harry bound MacNair up with quick, strong spells before kneeling down beside Ginny. He glanced over his shoulder and saw teachers rushing down from the castle, obviously having been alerted by students who had witnessed the horrifying action.

“Wake up, Mum,” said Ginny sitting up again and shaking her mother, “Wake up! Come on, Dad is coming and so is Ron... George... wake up now!”

“Ginny... she isn’t waking up,” said Harry softly trying to pull her away as Lupin arrived.

“Oh Merlin!” he cried in shock seeing Molly’s lifeless figure, instantly knowing she was dead. He walked in a circle his hands on his forehead in shock, “How did MacNair get in?”

“He posed as Fred,” said Harry, “Polyjuice potion I think.”

“Molly!” cried Arthur as he ran over and fell beside his wife on his knees, looking at Molly in a stunned state not daring to believe what he was seeing, “Mollywobbles...”

Ginny looked at her father, tears continuing to stream down her cheeks, "Daddy... Mum is dead. MacNair killed her."

Arthur stood up backing away from Molly shaking his head, "No... no she's not."

Arthur turned and walked off towards the lake as Ron arrived with Fred beside him. They just stood there, not knowing what to do as Ginny pushed Harry away from her and ran after her father. Harry stood to follow but Sirius, arriving alone grabbed Harry and pulled him back.

"Let her go. She needs to help her father," said Sirius softly as Harry glanced at Molly and looked away a lump forming in his throat.

"She was a mother to me," said Harry quietly as McGonagall, with tears in her eyes conjured up a stretcher with a blanket that covered Molly.

The students parted as she walked to the school floating the stretcher in front of her. Lupin, with help from Hagrid took MacNair away to be locked up inside the school for questioning. The other teachers began sending students back inside, leaving the Weasley's and Order members be. Ron walked away from the group a hand going up to his face every few seconds. George just stood still, staring at nothing in particular. Harry and Sirius walked back towards the school in silence. It was a long time before anyone would heal from the loss of Molly Weasley.

HD

Ginny walked back into the castle later that night alone. Her father finally believed Ginny about him losing his wife and the mother of his children. Ginny had cried in her father's arms for well over two hours. But even now it still hurt and she still could barely believe her mother had been murdered before her very eyes. She headed for the owlery needing to inform Charlie, Bill and Percy of the loss. They would no doubt come to Hogwarts straight away upon reading the news to see if it was indeed true.

Ginny walked into the owlery and over to the spare ink, quill and paper table. She wrote out three notes all saying the same thing.

Mum has been murdered. Come to the school.

-G.W

She sealed each letter and found three fast eagle owls. Once the letters were sent, Ginny headed to the Great Hall. She wanted nothing more then to find Harry. She needed him more then ever and knew he would be there for her. Students gave her sad looks as she walked past them in her dishevelled state. She past Dennis and Colin and both tried to talk to her, but Ginny pushed past them, breaking into a run as she spotted Harry walking up the corridor. Upon reaching him she threw her arms around him, not crying just holding him. Harry held her tightly not saying anything.

Ginny looked up at him, tears now in the corner of her eyes, "I want him dead Harry. He caused this. I want Lucius Malfoy dead and buried."

Harry nodded and kissed her on the forehead, "Don't worry. He will be soon. I promise."

HD

"I don't know what to say," sighed McGonagall as her, Lupin, Sirius and the newest Order member, Narcissa sat in her office, "I never expected Fred to not, well be Fred."

"No one did," said Lupin, "We were blind to it and now Molly is dead. Harry will be busy keeping Ginny calm and in control. Arthur is too distraught and lost to even consider the fact that his son is missing."

"Which is why we should act now," spoke up Narcissa, "Let's go for the group of Death Eater's near Hogsmeade. Strike back. Tell Lucius we aren't afraid."

"We need more of us," said McGonagall, "Alastor is arriving tomorrow. As is Kingsley. We have them and we can attack them tomorrow

night at the earliest. Do not let Harry or any of the Weasley's hear of this. They do... we know what could possibly happen."

Everyone nodded in understanding and stood to head to bed. They might not show it, but for them Molly's death had become the turning point in the battle. Her death had begun the war. For months both sides had been waiting for the first strike and the Death Eaters had given it, most likely without even knowing it.

McGonagall sighed in her seat and looked up at the painting of her dear friend Albus. He sat in his seat looking sad, yet hopeful.

"What is your opinion, Albus?" asked McGonagall, a question she asked him quite often.

"My dear Minerva," sighed Dumbledore, "Harry and the Weasley family are not going to be happy until they seek revenge for Molly's untimely death. They will do that and I think they will finally mourn properly or move on when Lucius Malfoy is dead."

McGonagall nodded. She had thought this but still liked to hear Dumbledore's view. She now knew it was a matter of time until the real war began.

HD

Harry covered Ginny up with a blanket hanging over the lounge. He then stood, resting her head against a pillow. Walking over to his chest of draws Ron walked in, his eyes red from crying.

"Hey," said Ron quietly spotting Ginny, "Is Ginny alright?"

"She will be. What about you?" asked Harry knowing Ron wouldn't cry in front of him. In fact the only person he showed weakness too was Hermione.

Ron shrugged, "I don't know. I'm going to bed anyway."

Harry nodded and headed into the bathroom to shower. After refreshing himself he came out of the bathroom. Ron was already

asleep and Ginny was still sleeping. He walked over to his bed and climbed in. How many more people needed to die? Hermione lost her parents, Molly was dead and Sirius was meant to be dead, plus Dumbledore was gone.

Harry sighed and rolled to his side. He would not be satisfied until he saw Lucius Malfoy stare up at him with lifeless eyes.

A/N: There you go. Another... well sad chapter. Please review!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Twelve

Hermione rolled onto her back on the cold floor and stared at the ceiling. She couldn't believe two months had passed. Two months without seeing Harry, Ron and Ginny. Two months since Bridget was raped by Lucius. Two months since she had begun her lessons with Draco.

Sure things were more pleasant between them but they still had their arguing moments, during those 'Melanie' would come in discreetly and stop them. She had to remind them Lucius could hear and walk in discovering their private lessons and the fact Hermione now had her wand back.

The lessons were progressing well. In a few weeks Hermione would be able to successfully block anyone from prying in her private thoughts and memories. She sat up looking around at everyone, seeing them all sleeping. Standing she walked out of the kitchen heading up the stairs to use the bathroom. At the top of the stairs she collided with something solid making her stumble backwards and nearly fall down the stairs. The solid being reached out and grabbed her stopping her from falling. Steadying herself, Hermione pulled her wand out and lit it to see Draco standing in front of her.

"Malfoy. What are you doing awake? It's late," said Hermione surprised to see him still fully dressed in his day's robes.

"I need to know if my Mother is okay," replied Draco, "I'm worried about her. It's been two months."

"Oh. Do you want to go to Hogwarts and see?"

Draco nodded and Hermione bit her lower lip in worry. If Lucius woke and found them both gone she knew they would both likely get killed.

"If you are worrying about Lucius he passed out drunk thanks to Tonks," said Draco with a smirk.

"You were reading my mind!"

“Like I keep on telling you – be on your guard.”

Hermione glared at him angrily crossing her arms but spun around when the kitchen door opened with Scott coming up the stairs

“Hermione... what are you – oh, Malfoy,” he said standing beside Hermione with a hand on her shoulder, “Is everything okay?”

Hermione smiled and nodded, “Everything is fine Scott. Go back to bed.”

“Are you sure?” he asked eyeing her and Draco suspiciously, “I can come with you.”

“No, we are fine,” said Draco, “Go to bed Scott.”

Scott sighed and turned heading down the staircase back into the kitchens.

“So can you take me?” asked Draco making Hermione turn her undivided attention on him.

“I guess so. It would be good to see Harry and Ron again. Plus I might be able to see Ginny this time.”

“No time to carry on about possibilities Granger. We have until the morning to get there and come back.”

Draco grabbed Hermione by the arm pulling her along behind him towards the reading room. Hermione shrugged his hold off muttering she can walk on her own perfectly. As they walked through the house she shivered from the cold. Winter was coming and the Manor was a lot colder at night then it was when she first arrived.

When they walked into the reading room instead of walking to the fireplace Draco walked over to a cupboard pulling out a thick black cloak. He walked back over to Hermione and handed it too her.

“Here, wear it,” he said, “It’ll keep you a lot warmer then that thing.”

Hermione smiled genuinely at him, "Thanks Malfoy."

Draco shrugged and got some floo powder tossing it in. He looked at Hermione as she pulled the cloak on and tied it up sighing at the warmth it gave her shivering body. Hermione looked up and caught him watching her.

"Right," he said looking away unsure as to why he felt embarrassed at being caught watching her, "You should go first. They'll probably attack me if I went through first."

Hermione nodded, "Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry!" She stepped in and was instantly pulled into a spinning motion before stumbling out in McGonagall's office. The startled Headmistress looked at Hermione in surprise before standing up.

"Hermione," she said, "Why are you here? Has something gone wrong wi- Draco Malfoy..."

Hermione felt Draco standing behind her, "Sorry Professor for startling you. Malfoy here is on our side. He's been teaching me how to block my mind from Lucius. We came because he wants to see his mother."

McGonagall looked at Draco knowing it would have taken a lot for Hermione to completely trust Draco's change to the light side. Finally she nodded and sat down at her desk.

"Well Narcissa is doing well. She is walking once more... but Hermione I have some terrible news you should know."

Hermione walked over to the desk and seeing the sadness on her once Professor's face. She sat down and looked at McGonagall studying her face some more.

"Someone died didn't they?" said Hermione softly, "Who was it?"

"Molly was murdered. Right here at Hogwarts," said McGonagall looking at Hermione grimly, "Today in fact. Fred was not Fred... the

Death Eater MacNair was using polyjuice potion disguising himself as Fred.”

“Why didn’t we pick up on it? George of all people should have done,” said Hermione though her heart beat with a strong sadness.

“Obviously MacNair had studied Fred long enough to know everything about his behavior.”

Hermione swallowed a lump in her throat and hastily wiped away her tears before licking her dry lips and standing up, “I’ll... I’ll take Malfoy to see Narcissa. Is she at the hospital wing still?”

McGonagall nodded and Hermione turned gesturing for a silent Draco to follow.

Draco walked behind Hermione in silence. She wasn’t crying and he found that to be an odd thing. He even knew Hermione was a close friend to the entire Weasley family having spent nearly all her summer holiday’s with them.

“You all right Granger?” he finally asked falling into step beside her.

“Fine,” she answered shortly, “I just hope the real Fred is alive. No doubt George will be wanting to get him back soon.”

Draco just nodded. He knew it was wrong but it was the only thing he could do to see what was going on with his only support at the Manor. That was what she was too him, his only support, ally and... Friend even. Taking a deep breath he began looking through her mind just as he was getting too the memories she had suppressed he was instantly pushed out. He looked at Hermione in surprise and saw her standing still glaring at him.

“Stay out of my thoughts, Malfoy!” she snapped, “What’s in my mind is none of your business!”

“Sorry but your not talking... or crying,” he said pointing out the obvious.

"There is nothing to talk about and crying... there is no time to cry. We have a war to fight and your father's Death Eaters have started it by killing something important to everyone in the Order," said Hermione coolly before turning and continuing for the Hospital Wing.

HD

"Draco!" cried Narcissa standing up and embracing her son tightly, "Oh my boy... how are you?"

Draco smiled warmly at his healthy mother, "I'm going fine. How are you? McGonagall said you were walking again."

Narcissa smiled, "Just started today in fact."

"Mother... I'm sorry for being such a... well no words can describe my behavior but I am sorry and know that I am not following in father's footsteps. I am on this side for the war."

Narcissa smiled with tears in her eyes and hugged her son once more, "That's my son."

"Excuse me," spoke up Hermione, "I'm just going to be with my friends. Umm... Malfoy when should we leave?"

"Five am. That gives up three hours here."

Hermione nodded and left them to be alone.

"I've been teaching her how to block people from her mind," said Draco sitting beside his mother on the bed, "She is doing well. When she is angry enough she can achieve it."

Narcissa smiled, "Wonderful."

"And I gave her, her wand back."

"Good. Just be careful that your father is kept in the dark."

“He is. I go to the meetings every Friday to make it seem that I am on his side. You should hear what they talk about. Tonks... the one pretending to be Melanie. She implants memories into his mind of them do sexual activities. They go on about that, plus the recent murders and captures.”

Narcissa sighed, “Your father wasn’t always a horrible man. He used to be full of laughter and happiness and then he joined Voldemort. You were a year old when that happened... after that he was a changed man. By the time you were thirteen I no longer loved him... but I am free of him now. He believes I am dead.”

Draco smiled a little, “I don’t remember him smiling for real you know. Every time he does it’s this evil smirk... he’s growing more powers by the day. I can feel it because his blood is in me.”

Narcissa looked at Draco seriously, “Don’t let it consume you. With his power growing the power in you will do the same. Ignore whatever urge it has on you. Keep your mind focused on something that keeps you happy and sane.”

“But there is nothing that does that. What did have has been taken from me – Quidditch.”

“Then find something or... someone else.”

Draco nodded knowing he would have too soon.

HD

Hermione walked along the quiet corridor before knocking on Harry’s door that now had Sirius’ name written on it. She knocked again. Louder this time and got a response.

“Go away!”

“Do you really want me too, Ronald?” replied Hermione loudly trying to sound happy though she had heard the dead sadness in her bestfriend’s voice.

Suddenly Ron himself pulled the door open. Hermione smiled at him and saw the tears in his eyes. She instantly hugged him as he broke down into tears. Hermione held him tight tears forming in the corners of her eyes, but she pushed them away knowing this was not her time to break down.

“S’not fair Mione,” said Ron stepping back and hastily wiping his tears away, “Why Mum? She did nothing but care and fuss.”

Hermione, she had lost her parents and still hadn’t mourned for them yet and Molly dying was making her emotions even more difficult to control. She placed a hand on Ron’s shoulder and gave it a squeeze, “We never know the answer to those questions.”

Ron nodded knowing it was true, “How long you here for?”

“Three hours. Can I come in?”

Ron nodded and led her into the room. Harry was sitting up slowly yawning. He pulled his glasses on and upon seeing Hermione he scrambled out of the bed too run and hug her tightly.

“Herms!” he said smiling, “How are you?”

“I’m fine Harry,” said Hermione truthfully seeing a sleeping Ginny, “I won’t wake her. Hey Sirius.”

“Hermione,” said Sirius walking over to hug her, “Did you come alone?”

“No. Malfoy is with Narcissa.”

“Draco Malfoy?” asked Harry frowning looking at Hermione, while Ron looked rather stunned at the thought of Draco being in the school grounds.

“Yes him. He’s on our side, Harry,” said Hermione, “He wants nothing to do with the Death Eaters. I trust him, plus he gave me my wand back and is teaching me how to block people from my mind.”

Harry didn't say anything and neither did Ron. They both were at a loss for words.

"Hermione?" came a sleepy voice.

Hermione peered around Harry and saw Ginny lifting her head up. Smiling, Hermione ran over to Ginny as she sat up and gave her friend a hug.

"What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at the Manor?" asked Ginny.

Hermione smiled and explained everything to her. Then the five sat down chatting about everything other than Molly's untimely death, though Hermione knew it was at the back of everyone's mind.

"Hermione," said Ginny an hour before she had to leave, "Do you want a shower? You look... and kind of smell like you could do with one. I know a good spell that'll clean your dress thing up just right."

Hermione smiled, "That would be nice."

Hermione stood and walked over to the bathroom door. She shut it and undressed from her toga handing it to Ginny. She shut the door and removed the rest of her clothing before stepping into the shower. She sighed with long relief as the water beat down on her tired body. She scrubbed herself clean and washed her dirty hair three times to ensure she got the dirt and grime out of it. Once she was satisfied that she was clean she stepped out as Ginny knocked on the door. Wrapping a nearby towel around her body Hermione opened the door partially.

"Here and I got you some clean underwear and a bra while you were showering," said Ginny handing the pile to her.

Hermione smiled, "Thanks Ginny."

Ginny smiled, though her eyes were still sad. After dressing and brushing her now shiny hair, she walked out pulling the cloak back on. Her friends looked at her, knowing she had to leave them once again.

"Listen," said Hermione, "The war is only months... maybe weeks away. Keep focused on what's important – not the war but each other."

Ginny hugged Hermione, then Harry and Ron. She gave Sirius a hug and with a final smile and wave left for McGonagall's office.

HD

Draco walked up the corridor to the gargoyle entrance. Him and his mother had a good talk and it was great. It had been too long since Draco had spoken to his mother like that. Both were sad to part but knew they would see each other soon.

Draco wondered if Hermione's time with her friends was just as good. He knew she missed them; he got that from their training when he was in her mind. Plus she had one memory in particular suppressed but whenever he tried to pry into it she would shut him out in anger. He looked up and saw her walking towards him, focused on the ground, her arms folded around her body to block out the cold.

"Granger," he said, "Ready to go?"

Hermione looked up at him in surprise, "Oh yeah. Scott is probably worried."

"Sure," replied Draco icily at the mention of the other man's name, "If you say so."

Hermione looked at him curiously as they headed up the open gargoyle stair case, "You don't like him, do you?"

"I don't trust him would be the best used words. There is something about him I don't like."

"What's that?"

Draco sighed. He really should learn to keep his mouth closed, "He seems a little too interested in what we do. None of the other muggleborns are. They keep out – he doesn't."

Hermione remained silent for a few moments before speaking as though she were trying to convince herself, "Scott is a worrier. He just wants to make sure we are safe."

"No, he wants to know everything going on and you are telling him."

Hermione sighed, "Believe what you want, Malfoy. I know Scott better than you do."

Hermione walked faster and entered McGonagall's office. It was empty with the Professor having gone to bed long ago. Hermione grabbed some floo powder and said the address disappearing into the flames before Draco even reached the fireplace.

He sighed and stepped into the still green flames wondering if we were about to face another argument when he reached home. The spinning subsided and he stepped out of the fireplace preparing for her to yell at him, but instead he found her sitting on the ground crying into her hands. Her whole body shook with sobs as he stared at her, surprised to find her in such a way. He walked over to her and knelt beside her, not touching her, but just sitting beside her.

She looked up at him surprised to find him beside her. Hastily she wiped her tears away and turned away with more tears falling silently down her cheeks.

"Do you want to talk about it?" asked Draco putting the offer to her.

She shook her head crying silently and fiddling with the cloaks hem and licking her lips. Draco nodded but remained sitting where he was looking at the fireplace. He pulled his wand out and brought the fireplace to life with an orange flickering flame.

"How many more people have to die?" asked Hermione looking at Draco with her tear-streaked face.

"I can't answer that," he said quietly.

"I saw my parents get killed," said Hermione finally letting it out with a sob, "I haven't talked about it or really cried either. I've just shut it away and finding out that Molly is dead has brought it all back. Death Eater's did it when I was trying to get to Australia. Right before my eyes... it was my fault. I should have told Harry I wasn't going to go. Then they wouldn't of come and would still be alive."

Hermione let out a sob and her hand flew to her mouth as another one escaped her. Draco slid closer till he was right beside her and place a hand on her shoulder. Hermione fell forward her forehead pressed against his shoulder as she cried. Draco slid her arm around her better as he held her while she cried for her loss for the first time.

He rubbed her back and felt a strong hatred begin to bubble in the pit of his stomach. It was aimed at his father and for causing this young woman such pain.

Hermione pulled away still crying. She wiped her tears away and looked down at the ground calming her self down.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I never normally do that."

"Everyone has moments Granger," replied Draco with a shrug, "Just don't go doing it all the time."

Hermione smiled a little, "Thanks for the joke attempt."

Draco shrugged with a small smiled him self, "My specialty."

"About Scott," said Hermione looking at Draco with red puffy eyes, "Maybe you are right. I'll keep my distance the best I can. Maybe we can get Tonks to look into his history too see if he is who he states he really is. She can come and go a lot easier then you and I can."

Draco nodded, "Yeah. Sounds like a good idea."

They both fell silent, neither knowing what to say. Hermione finally stood up realizing she should get back to the kitchen. Draco quickly stood too as Hermione removed the cloak and handed it too him.

"You had a shower," said Draco noticing her clean skin and hair.

"Yeah. I feel much better," smiled Hermione, "And can you call me Hermione? Granger grows old after a while."

"Then call me Draco... when we are alone."

Hermione nodded, "I'll see you later."

Draco nodded and Hermione left. He placed the cloak back in the cupboard and sighed. He looked over at the door, which had closed a few second before. He was alone again. Around her he felt happy and fine.

Shaking his head thinking he was being silly he left to get a few hours of shuteye.

HD

Hermione spent her morning cleaning around the Manor. It had become her duty from Lucius and too her it was fine. It kept her busy and allowed her to mull over her thoughts. Only this morning Scott confronted her as she mopped the hallway leading towards the bedrooms.

"Where did you get too last night?" asked Scott walking over to Hermione.

"Scott you are messing up the floor. I just mopped it you know," she said annoyed and ignoring his question.

"You can do it again, but where did you go last night? You didn't say anything when you returned this morning."

"I got too nowhere. He just wanted to talk."

“So you spent four hours talking to Malfoy?”

“That’s right. Just talking.”

“Hermione, you’re lying too me. I know when you are lying. Your nose flares a little.”

Hermione looked up at Scott angrily, “Where I go at night and what I do is none of your bloody business! You are not my boss or my parents! Back off Scott and go annoy somebody else!”

“You’re shagging him! You’re being his whore!”

Hermione’s eyes widened and her mouth fell open before she screeched, “WHAT?”

Scott shook his head smirking, “Little Malfoy slut... I really thought you were more decent than that.”

Scott began backing away as Draco himself exited his bedroom door half asleep, “What’s going on?”

“Tell him I’m not sleeping with you,” said Hermione gesturing to Scott who was looking at the two in turn.

“Sleeping with me?” frowned Draco looking at Scott, “You reckon Granger and I are shagging?”

“What else am I meant to think?” said Scott, “You both sneak off at night and she’s become secretive towards me.”

“Did you ever think I am just talking to her because I trust her with my secrets?”

Scott fell silent and turned and left. Furiously Hermione remopped the floor and glanced around before pulling her wand out and muttering a spell. Draco had told her the Malfoy Manor was protected and no spells being cast could be detected within the walls of the house.

“What if he is untrustworthy?” said Hermione looking up at Draco, “He could go to your father and tell him that you and I disappeared... then what?”

“Calm down. My father won’t believe him if I deny it all and make up some excuse. And do you honestly think my father would care if he was told I was screwing around with you.”

“But I do care!” cried Hermione, “I’ll be brandished a whore and then none of those muggleborns will trust me.”

Draco sighed, “He says anything I’ll deal with him.”

“Oh that’ll look brilliant won’t it? The one I am supposedly sleeping with coming to my rescue,” replied Hermione sarcastically placing the mop in the bucket, “I’m screwed.”

Draco chuckled at her choice of words earning a sheepish sort of smile from Hermione sliding the bucket to the side of the hall. Draco glanced around and walked over to her.

“Everything will be okay,” he said reassuringly.

“I’m just tired. When I’m tired everything is like ten times worse than what it really is.”

Draco nodded, “Come with me.”

Hermione frowned and followed him down the hall and into his room. Curiously Hermione looked at him as he shut the door behind him.

“You aren’t planning on making Scott’s words real, are you?” asked Hermione curiously.

Draco laughed, “Well if you want too-”

“Gosh no!”

“Oh, so you find me unappealing?” teased Draco.

"I never said that," cried Hermione before she realized Draco was messing around with her. Shaking her head Hermione smiled, "Why did you bring me in here?"

"So you can get some decent sleep. Out of all those muggleborns you sleep the least."

"But I might be called," said Hermione worriedly.

"I'll tell father I have you busy with a personal task," said Draco, "Get some sleep."

Hermione smiled and walked over to his bed and laid on it. It was the softest and most comfortable thing she had laid on since her capture.

Draco looked at her for a little while, until she was deeply asleep. Something fluttered in his stomach making him frown. Glancing at her peacefully sleeping he turned and headed to the dining room for breakfast bringing the stomach flutter down to being hungry.

A/N: There you go... I know not much happened. It's kind of a filler chapter plus it allowed Hermione to deal with emotions. Please review!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Thirteen

Lupin burst the door open as him and the five other Order members burst into the run down old house. Inside the startled Death Eaters turned to them. In that room alone there were five, but they knew of three others.

Suddenly spells began flying all around the room. Kingsley swiftly took down two Death Eaters, joining Lupin in searching the rest of the house. They found a trap door in the kitchen and with Kingsley watching the surroundings; Lupin lifted it up and climbed down the ladder silently, gripping his wand in his hand carefully. When he reached the bottom, three Death Eaters greeted him, hitting him with one spell. Lupin stumbled backwards, but caught his balance, firing them with jinxes as Kingsley joined the fight.

"That was expected," said Lupin a little out of breath as they bound the three Death Eaters, "I am assuming Fred will be down here somewhere."

"So am I," said Kingsley lighting his wand along with Lupin.

"Find anything?" called Sirius looking down the trapdoor.

"Not yet!" called Lupin, "Kingsley and I will go check. Everything all right up there?"

"Yeah. They are all bound and knocked out. We'll stand guard in case more come."

"All right," replied Kingsley as him and Lupin headed down the narrow corridor. It led too another staircase but no Death Eaters could be found. As they stepped down them a weak voice echoed out to them.

"Did you hear that?" whispered Lupin stepping down the staircase faster, "Fred?"

Again a weak noise answered them. The two men moved down the stairs quickly and ran down the narrow corridor before reaching an iron door. Lupin blasted the door open and ran in with his wand lit.

Lying on the ground, thinner than Lupin had ever seen Molly let one of her sons get too was Fred.

"Dear Merlin," gasped Kingsley, "Fred."

Fred sat up weakly, "I thought my mind was playing tricks on me."

"We are no illusions, Fred," smiled Lupin helping him up, "Come on. Let's get you back to Hogwarts."

"Back too? When did you all move to Hogwarts?"

"How long have you been here for?"

"Months. Since March."

"That's nine months. Lucius has nine months worth of information on us," said Kingsley angrily, "Bloody hell."

Lupin and Kingsley walked sideways, carrying Fred up the staircase. When they reached the ladder they knew they couldn't carry Fred up it.

"Fred, I know it's a lot, but do you think you could climb up the ladder. We'll catch you if you fall," said Lupin.

Fred looked up and was greeted by the smiling face of Sirius, "Blimey, my mind's gone mad. I'm seeing Sirius Black!"

Lupin, Kingsley and Sirius all laughed.

"No. Sirius is alive," said Kingsley, "I had the same reaction as you. I thought spending a year with Moody had driven me mad."

Fred laughed and Lupin and Kingsley set him on the ground. Fred grabbed onto the ladder and heaved himself up one step. Sirius encouraged him the entire time, pulling him up at the top. As Lupin climbed he could hear Sirius and McGonagall explaining about Narcissa. No one had yet told him of Molly's death and all believed it

should be a Weasley to do it, most likely George. McGonagall created a stretcher and Fred was placed on it.

“Let’s move quickly. Lucius will be informed of this shortly no doubt,” said Narcissa, “Let him think I am dead a little longer.”

The group moved carefully but quickly through Hogsmeade and back into Hogwarts. It was late when they returned from their successful mission. Moody, Sirius, Lupin and Kingsley took the bound Death Eaters down to the dungeons where MacNair was. Powerful charms had been placed over the old classrooms, now cells that ceased any form of escaping or entering. Only authorized Order members could enter.

“You know, coming down here reminds me of Snape,” said Sirius as they shut the door, the charms coming into work at the closure, “Anyone know where he went after murdering Dumbledore?”

“I heard America,” said Moody, “Always thought he was a whimp. But for all we know, Lucius could have called him back to England.”

“Anything is possible,” sighed Lupin as they headed for the Hospital Wing.

HD

Ginny ran down the Entrance Hall staircase, tears glistening her eyes. She had woken to a letter beside her bed of Fred’s return. Students all around her looked at her. Today was not Molly’s funeral. That was tomorrow. Ginny pushed past a group of Slytherin’s who all cursed out at her. She ignored them and continued running. How could it be they went to get him without her knowing? She would have gone with them to get revenge for her mother’s death.

She pushed the Hospital Wing doors open and ran in seeing all her brothers and father crowded around a bed.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” cried Ginny causing her family to look at her, “I would have gone as well!”

"We didn't know either Ginny," said Ron solemnly stepping aside to let his sister in to see their brother.

Ginny gasped at the site of him. He literally looked anorexic, "Fred."

Fred smiled and Ginny ran forward and hugged him lightly, scared she would break him. He was even thinner than her self.

"So Mum and Dad got you back into the education thing?" he said smiling before looking around, "Where is Mum? I really expected her to be the first one here."

"Fred... Fred," said George trying to work out how to word it without breaking down in tears, "Fred Mum was murdered... by the Death Eater impersonating you."

Fred looked at George before he laughed, "Your pulling my leg right?" Fred looked at his family members taking in their sad, lost faces, "Y-your not kidding?"

"No. She died yesterday," said Ginny, "I s-saw it h-happen... I couldn't stop it."

Ginny broke down in tears sobbing into her hands as Fred set the information sink in. None of the Weasley's attempted to soothe Ginny as they were all standing in silence either silently crying or staring at the ground with trembling lower lips. Ginny turned and left the Hospital Wing at the sound of Fred's choking sob. George sat on the bed beside him hugging his brother and bestfriend. Ron turned and left. He didn't want them to see him cry like he let Hermione do last night. He walked down the corridor fast paced nearly colliding with Harry.

"Hey... I heard about Fred," said Harry stopping him.

"Not now Harry. He's just been told about Mum," replied Ron walking off, leaving Harry standing in the middle of the corridor alone.

HD

Ginny opened the toilet cubicle door and walked out wiping her face. She walked over to the sink and washed her face and taking a deep breath to calm her self down. Every moment her mind was racked with guilt. She should have fired a spell at MacNair the moment she knew he was about to harm her mother. Instead she screamed in terror. How useless was she? Ginny screamed angrily and grabbed her wand out screaming a random spell at the mirror, shattering it to pieces. She stared at her mess with some satisfaction as the door entering the toilets opened up revealing Harry.

Harry looked from the shattered mirror to Ginny before he walked in over to her. Ginny looked at him in tears. Harry pulled his wand out and repaired the mirror before putting an arm around the stricken Ginny and leading her from the bathroom to the nearby Room of Requirement. Ginny continued sobbing but thankfully students were now in class and wouldn't witness Ginny's emotional breakdown. At the Room of Requirement wall Harry thought hard of what he wanted: a peaceful room where someone can be alone to grieve. The door appeared and Harry opened it, walking into a garden that looked to be outside, only it really wasn't. Trees, flowers with butterflies were all around the room. In the centre of the room sat a comfortable looking bench. Harry walked in, shutting the 'hedge' door behind him. He led Ginny over to the bench and sat her down.

"Ginny?" asked Harry kneeling down in front of her, "Ginny talk to me please."

Ginny shook her head angrily turning her whole body away from Harry and glaring at the ground. Harry sighed and leant back on his legs.

"Ginny I know it's hard."

"I COULD HAVE SAVED HER!" screamed Ginny, "But I SCREAMED! I could have sent a spell to protect her... but I SCREAMED!"

Harry frowned, "You're blaming yourself?"

"Yes I am."

Harry stood up and looked at Ginny shaking his head, "We tried Ginny and from where we were our spells would have lost their power upon reaching MacNair. It's no one's fault. Not your's not even mine."

Ginny shook her head, "If Mum were alive she would be saying that I should have done more, Harry. I failed my family. I bet they all blame me."

"Ginny they don't blame you. You saw your mother die. If anything they are worried with how you are coping but are dealing with their own emotions."

Ginny wiped away her tears along with the others that followed, "I feel so guilty Harry. Like a failure."

Harry sat down beside her taking hold of her hands and looking the young Weasley in the eyes, "You are not a failure Ginny. You will pull through and I swear we will come through this together stronger then before."

Ginny half smiled and rested her head on Harry's shoulder, "You know... I feel like some ice cream with whipped cream and strawberries."

Suddenly, on a table in front of the two appeared two bowls of Ginny's request. Ginny chuckled a little.

"I forgot we were in the Room of Requirement," admitted Ginny looking around her, "I feel like I'm outside."

Harry smiled as he handed Ginny her bowl and spoon then collected his, "Yes I asked for a peaceful place and this is what I got."

Ginny smiled and sighed, "Mum would've loved it. I'm going to make a garden like this when we can return home to the Burrow. I'll make it for her and get a sign that says 'Molly's Garden'."

Harry smiled, "That sounds like a good plan. I'll help."

HD

The day passed with no more dramas. Ginny didn't attend her classes and spent it in the Room of Requirement alone with Harry. She talked and cried more but by bedtime didn't blame herself any longer. She went to bed feeling more at peace with her self, but also dreading tomorrow.

She woke the next morning and looked out the window to see the sun shining brightly down on the school grounds. But by the lake she could see Order members preparing the set up for the funeral. Ginny walked over to her wardrobe and pulled out black stockings, her black slip ons and a robe set, with a black dress underneath.

She brushed her hair and pulled it back into a ponytail. Looking at her reflection she took a deep breath. Then after pocketing her wand she left the girls dormitory and headed down to the common room. Her friends greeted her with hugs, but Ginny walked past them. She needed to be with her family and Harry. She headed too where they were located in the castle and was surprised to see Hermione and Tonks standing in the corridor with everyone else. Hermione turned to Ginny and smiled. Her outfit was different, a nice set of robes obviously given to her at the Malfoy Manor.

"Mione... you're here," said Ginny stunned as she hugged her bestfriend.

"Ginny I wouldn't let anyone I love and care about go through this alone," replied Hermione pulling away, "Draco gave me these. They were his mothers. Plus I had to bring a bag of clothes for Narcissa."

"Draco? Since when?"

Hermione smiled, "Since I broke down in front of him. We are friends I guess you could say."

Ginny frowned, "You're blushing."

"No I'm not!" cried Hermione.

"You are... your cheeks are red. Do you like him in that way?"

“No,” said Hermione annoyed and firmly, “We are friends, Miss Ginny Weasley.”

Ginny smiled and shook her head, “So you say.”

Hermione just shook her head as McGonagall walked up the staircase. Everyone fell silent and turned to the Professor dressed in black like she was for Dumbledore’s funeral.

“The students will be cared for during the service. All the mourning friends and other family have arrived,” said McGonagall, “Arthur, Bill, Charlie, Percy, Fred, George, Ron and Ginny, please come with me. The rest of you, can you please head down to the area of service.”

Harry gave Ginny one last hug and kiss and headed away with the others and Hermione. He walked beside Hermione who was quiet like the rest.

“Still hard to believe isn’t it?” said Harry quietly.

Hermione nodded, “Many more people are going to die. We all know it, it’s just hard to accept.”

Harry nodded, “Anyone of us here today could be next. You, me, Lupin, Sirius again.”

Hermione grabbed Harry’s hand and gave it a squeeze; “Let’s not talk about it today. We need to support the Weasley’s.”

Everyone sat down. Harry and Hermione sat in the row behind where the Weasley’s would sit. Soon a sad song began playing around them. Everyone stood in respect as the eight remaining Weasley’s walked between the two rows. Behind them, being carried by people Harry or Hermione didn’t recognise was Molly’s deep mahogany red casket. It was laid on supports over the grave where Molly’s gravestone stood bearing her full name, age and a message.

Everyone stood for the remainder of the song before sitting down. A priest dressed in black robes stood before them and spoke of Molly’s

life and family a little before a cousin of Molly's stood and spoke more about her in detail. In front of Harry and Hermione the Weasley's held each other as they sobbed. Harry wrapped a comforting arm around Hermione as she cried silently.

Once the life of Molly was read more prayers were said before the final song, Molly's favourite, played. Two men dressed in black stepped forward and slowly lowered the casket into the ground. Ginny let out a loud sob and jumped up from her seat wanting to be with her mother. Ron stood and grabbed her, pulling her down onto the seat again and him and Arthur held Ginny tightly as she cried out in agony. Arthur looked down at the ground with tears rolling down his cheeks. Within seconds, which seemed to take years, the casket reached the bottom and everyone remained silent for another long minute in respect. Finally the priest stepped forward holding a letter.

"This was given to me from Molly herself. She wished for me to read it at her funeral should anything happen to her during the war," said the Priest as he opened it and pulled out the letter and cleared his throat,

"To my Wonderful Family and Friends,

"If you are all hearing this then you know what it means. I am now gone. Gone

in a physical sense, but emotionally and spirit, never. I am with each and everyone one of you in different ways. My life was my family. My family is bigger than many know. There is Arthur, my loving, caring, funny, handsome husband. Bill, Charlie and Percy. The three eldest whom I love. Fred and George. Ah, my twin sons. I think everybody knows them for their successful business. Ron, my youngest son and Ginny, my youngest child and only daughter. But there are two others. They are Harry and Hermione. Too me they are my adopted children and I love them as much as my own. They all need to know that I love them beyond what words can describe and I am forever proud of them. I never want them to give up on life. There is so much to achieve for them all. Never doubt my everlasting love for you all. I will be watching you all with a stern and kind loving eye.

“This is a dark time we all live in, but everyone, from my family to my friends, should know there is light at the end of the tunnel and we will succeed. This war is possible to win. Search and you will find the answer. It’s probably right under our noses and we are all too blind to see it.

“Remember, I may be gone in person but not emotionally or spiritually. I love each and every one of you.

“Love always and forever,

“Molly or to my children, Mum.”

Ginny was leaning on Ron crying silently through her mother’s last words. As the priest spoke she remembered the day her mother was sitting at the hideout’s table writing a letter and telling Ginny she may hear it someday or possibly not. Her and Ron remained seated as everyone around them stood to head to the castle for the wake. Arthur left with his sons unable to bare the sight of his wife’s grave any longer. Harry and Hermione walked around to them with Harry sitting beside Ginny and Hermione next to Ron.

No one said anything. They just sat still looking around them in various places. Ginny stared at the grave and stood up, walking over to it quickly. Hurriedly the other three followed but came to a stop as Ginny stood at the edge of the grave and starring down at the casket.

Harry, Ron and Hermione watched as Ginny reached into her pocket and pulled out an envelope sealed with Mum written on the front. She kissed the name and dropped the letter in before turning and walked back over to her brother, boyfriend and bestfriend.

“Can we go now?” asked Ginny quietly.

They all nodded and headed back up to castle in silence.

HD

“Thankyou for coming, Hermione,” said Arthur giving Hermione a hug as her and Tonks prepared to leave back for the Manor, “It meant a lot to everyone.”

Hermione smiled, “I couldn’t not come. Take care of yourself Mr Weasley.”

Arthur nodded and stepped back letting Hermione move on to hug the other Weasley’s, including Fleur who had been at the funeral but had sat with the friends to allow her husband to mourn with his family. Finally Hermione and Tonks left the Great Hall and headed for McGonagall’s office. Ginny and Harry walked over to the side of the hall watching people talk amongst themselves. Despite the sombre mood of the morning it had passed with people mingling and laughing.

“Looking at them, I hate them all for laughing,” said Ginny quietly, “But then I don’t think Mum would want us all bawling constantly.”

“I know. But you were her daughter. You will feel that way for a while,” replied Harry rubbing Ginny on the back, “I can picture your Mum rousing on you for crying over her, you know.”

Ginny cracked a smile, her brown eyes shining for a brief second, “Me too.”

“No one is going to push you to move on. But in time you will.”

“I’m more worried about Dad,” sighed Ginny, “I went to see him this morning and he was sitting in his and Mum’s room... just staring at the wall and clutching her favourite robe. Today is the first time I have really seen him cry. I’m hoping he was waiting for today to cr-”

Ginny was cut off from a loud crashing sound and looked up in alarm with Harry. The hall had fallen silent and was looking at where the commotion had sounded. Pushing himself up from the ground was a drunken Ron.

“Whad ya’ll loookin at?” he slurred with the punch from the bowl he had knocked over all over him, “Nevverr seen a drunk before?”

Harry and Ginny raced over to Ron and helped him stand up.

"Coming to me rescue again 'Arry? That's the spirit!"

"Come on Ron," said Harry slinging one arm over his shoulder and Ginny doing the same with the other, "Let's get you to the room."

"Yeah... the room is the boomb 'Arry. Did ya know that?"

Ginny and Harry carried a stumbling Ron out of the Great Hall and up the Entrance Hall steps. Ron started singing half way in his slurring tone.

"Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy waggie, Hogwarts," he sang, "Teaccccchhh us something please! That's a great song, ya know?"

"Sure Ron," said Ginny nearly vomiting from the stench of his breath, "Talk about a major hang over tomorrow."

Harry pushed open their room door and him and Ginny stumbled in with Ron before laying him on his bed. Ginny pulled off her brother's shoes before Harry pulled a blanket over him. Before both knew it, Ron was snoring softly in his punch-covered clothing.

Ginny sighed, "That... I never want to witness that again."

Harry chuckled, "He sings better when he is drunk you know?"

Ginny smiled and laughed, "Heh, yeah."

"Do you want to go back to the Hall?" asked Harry, "Or stay and keep an eye on Ron?"

"Stay here. I don't really feel like mingling with all of them."

Harry nodded and him and Ginny sat down on one of the two lounges together staring into the fire consumed by their thoughts.

A/N: There you all go. Please review.

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Fourteen

Draco sat silently in his mother's reading room waiting for Hermione and Tonks to return from the funeral. Tonks had slipped a sleeping draught into Lucius' coffee that morning and now he sat dozing at the breakfast table with his cup in his hand and the paper in the other. Tonks planned on creating false memories once more and weaving them into his mind.

Draco had spent the day reading and wandering around the house. Normally he would spend it chatting to Hermione or teaching her the art of blocking people from her mind. So today, he felt rather... lost without her company. It was as though he had come to depend on her company. He enjoyed having her with him everyday, learning more of her life, ambitions. To Draco she was fascinating. He knew, what was happening was wrong. He was friends with her and despite him being on the light side, it was still wrong. If Lucius found out Draco knew he would be severely punished and Hermione as well. She could possibly be killed and he couldn't handle that happening to her. He had almost lost his mother; he would not let someone else who he had become close to face death for him.

With that thought in mind the fireplace whirled alive with Tonks stepping out first.

"Hermione's on her way. She is just speaking with Minerva," said Tonks before sighing, "I suppose I should get to Lucius."

Draco just nodded as she transformed herself and walked out of the reading room. As the door snapped shut behind her Hermione came whirling into the fireplace. She stepped out dusting soot from her clothing.

"Hey," said Draco as she smiled at him a little, "How did it go?"

Hermione walked over to the lounge and sat beside him, "Like any other funeral I guess. Molly had written a letter," Hermione paused as a lump formed in her throat, "In it... she said Harry and I were like her own children. I never knew she felt that way. I mean I did about Harry, but not me."

Tears fell down her cheeks silently and Draco wrapped an arm around her shoulders, his hand rubbing up and down the side of her arm. She rested her head on his shoulder looking at the wall crying in silence.

After a few minutes Hermione sat up right, "I should get changed."

She stood and walked over to the painting of the apple tree. She opened it and stepped in changing in the corridor when the painting shut behind her. After changing back into her toga, which she had left in the corridor when she changed that morning, she stepped back out into the reading room. She walked over to Draco and handed it too him. He used his wand to clean it and disguard it back to his mother's wardrobe with a spell.

"Umm," said Hermione hesitantly before hugging Draco, "Thankyou for being a friend," as she pulled back she suddenly pecked him on the cheek. Stepping back they both stood in silence before Hermione turned and left the reading room heading for the kitchens.

Draco let out a deep breath he didn't know he had been holding. His cheek burned where she had kissed him. He sat back down and let out yet another deep breath.

She had kissed him. Well it was a peck but she did it and it made him feel... funny. A feeling he had never experienced before. His stomach had fluttered again at the sight of her. His breathing had quickened when she sat beside him and he held and then when she kissed him his heartbeat became rapid.

"Oh Merlin," whispered Draco leaning back against the lounge, "I like her... I bloody like her."

HD

Hermione held her fingers to her lips as she walked through the house and back to the kitchens. Why on earth did she do that? Peck him? A hug, well that was fine, but a peck on the cheek! Hermione shook her head feeling her cheeks go red from embarrassment. She

should not have done that. No doubt he would never speak to her, which meant she had lost her closet friend within the Manor, other than a rarely seen Tonks.

Hermione walked down the kitchen stairs as Bridget came out looking worried but when she saw Hermione her face became one of relief.

“Oh Hermione, you’re back,” she said smiling, “How did it go?”

Hermione sighed, “I guess like any other funeral would go... Bridget I did something stupid.”

“What?”

“I kissed Draco,” she whispered so Scott in the kitchens wouldn’t hear, “I mean it was a peck but I did it!”

Bridget looked at Hermione shocked, “You kissed that thing?”

“Shh! Look,” whispered Hermione, “Draco is on our side and for the past two months he’s been teaching me how to block people from prying through my mind... but through that time we have formed a friendship. And when I am with him... I am a lot happier. We laugh, joke... tell each other what’s on our minds. And when I came back from finding out about Molly dying... I broke down because it brought something else up. He was there for me... and today I came back and he comforted me again... and then I got up to leave I hugged him and then pecked him.”

Bridget sat down beside Hermione, “What do you feel when you are with him? Funny in the stomach?”

Hermione went silent, deep in thought. She sighed and finally nodded. She did feel that way around him, mainly when he was standing close to her.

“Hermione,” said Bridget slowly, “I think you might have a crush on him.”

Hermione looked at Bridget in shock, "Me like him? In that way? No way!"

"Then how else do you explain the funny feelings and sudden peck?"

Hermione couldn't and slowly she began shaking her head, "No way... I can't like him... I mean he would never go for a witch like me. I'm not his type a pureblood."

"For all you know," said Bridget, "He might like you the same way."

Hermione shook her head, "No. We should get back to the kitchen. Dinner needs to be started. And don't say anything to Scott... there is something not right about him."

Bridget nodded and her and Hermione stood, walking down the steps to the kitchen. Hermione pushed the door open and Scott stood up instantly.

"What took you so long? You said you would be back by five. It's nearing six-thirty," said Scott angrily.

"I'm sorry. My friends needed me more than I anticipated," lied Hermione icily, "Their mother just died Scott. Back off."

Scott looked at Hermione annoyed and clenched his fists tightly, one inching for his pants. Hermione instantly pulled her wand out pointing it at his chest.

"Go right ahead, Scott," said Hermione warningly, "Do what you want to me."

Scott scowled and sighed, "I worry about you Hermione."

"You are trying to control everything I do," replied Hermione, "I'm not a child and I can take care of myself."

Hermione lowered her wand, slipping it back into the pocket inside her toga she had created for her wand when she first got it back.

Scott turned and sat over in the corner of the kitchen grumbling too himself darkly.

“Okay everyone. Let’s get a move on with dinner. Roast chicken with the normal roast vegetables and then chocolate cake with chocolate fudge and vanilla creamy ice cream,” said Hermione getting out the vegetables. She could easily use her wand but didn’t want to flaunt the fact that she had one. She glanced over at Scott who glared at her and turned away.

Hermione frowned, there was something about his eyes... they looked too familiar for Hermione’s liking. Maybe she should talk to Draco about them and see if he can remember them. The thought of Draco sent her blushing as Hermione turned away to begin chopping the vegetables. Beside her Sophie worked silently chopping the carrot the way Lucius liked it cut.

HD

Draco headed too dinner that night as Lucius and ‘Melanie’ headed down the hall. Lucius was holding Melanie close to him, his hand on her arse. Draco looked at the ground in disgust, although he knew Tonks was probably holding back the urge to throw up on the mats.

After finally accepting his feelings for Hermione, Draco soon realised she was most likely taken. He knew her and the youngest male Weasley had something going on when they were attending Hogwarts. No doubt that had finally come into play when the war was over. Plus why on earth would she feel the same way for him? He was horrible to her in school and during her first month at the manor and like he had figured, she was probably dating Weasley.

Draco sat down at the table as Sophie set out the dinner plates for them. A few seconds later, Hermione herself led the other servants out with the roast dinner platters. It smelt wonderful and the potato’s had been coated in mixed herbs, just the way Draco liked them.

“So son,” said Lucius looking at Draco as he placed meat onto his plate, “How has your day been?”

“Alright,” said Draco placing some beans on his plate, “Yours?”

Lucius wasn't listening. He was looking at his potatoes. Unlike Draco, he did not like mixed herbs on his potatoes. Draco lowered his fork a little as his father stood up.

“Father?” questioned Draco.

“In a moment Draco,” snapped Lucius walking out of the dining hall.

“What's he doing?” hissed Tonks worriedly.

“I don't know. But it doesn't look good,” replied Draco although he knew what may be happening.

HD

Hermione praised Bridget as the fragile girl placed the last cherry on the cake. The kitchen door banged open sending the six slaves too the ground cowering. Lucius walked in, towering over them all in a threatening manner.

“Who cooked the potatoes?” asked Lucius in a sneering tone.

“H-Hermione, sir,” stammered Scott gesturing to Hermione who looked at Scott shocked – he had cooked the potatoes.

Lucius instantly turned too Hermione glaring at her with malice, “Of course. Who else could ruin a wonderful meal?”

Hermione opened her mouth up to say something but Lucius yanked out his wand hitting her with Cruciatus Curse. The slaves, other then Scott cried out as Hermione screamed in pain, her body withering on her ground pain visible in her face.

Smirking Lucius ended the charm and Hermione remained on the ground panting. Bending, Lucius yanked Hermione up from the ground and dragged her along behind him. Hermione groaned as her entire body slid up the stairs. At the top, Lucius dropped her and turned too her.

"Get up and walk," he hissed.

Hermione grunted in pain as she pushed her self up. She stood swaying and turned walking up the hall with Lucius' prodding her back. Grabbing her by the hair, Lucius yanked her back and shoved her into the dining room. Hermione fell forward and fell too the ground. Lucius looked at his son and Melanie, both whom he didn't know were hiding faces of shock and anger.

"This witch put herbs on the potatoes," said Lucius, "I do not like my potatoes that way. As a consequence I am taking her too the cells to be punished and locked away until I see fit to let her out."

Draco merely nodded as Hermione looked at him with weak eyes, the shine from them gone. Lucius pulled her back up and dragged her away behind him.

When they were gone Draco looked at Tonks, who had tears in her eyes.

"We can't do anything," said Tonks running a hand through her hair, "All we can do is pray he won't kill her."

"He won't," said Draco truthfully, "He'll keep her alive just so she lives with the pain he inflicted upon her."

They both fell silent as the first of Hermione's screams echoed up from the cells. Each one hit Draco hard, tearing his heart into pieces.

HD

Lucius laughed coldly as he ripped through Hermione's toga with the leather, thick whip. The girl hanging from two chains tied around her wrists cried out, biting her lip until she felt blood trickle into her mouth. Lucius hit her once more, this time tearing through her skin on her back and side. Lucius dropped the whip and Hermione began breathing in painful breaths thinking the torment had ended. But luck was not on her side. Her eyes opened wide as she heard the tinkling of a chain.

Without warning the metal slammed into her back and Hermione let out an ear-piercing scream. The once strong Hermione Granger was now withering in pain, humiliated and bleeding badly. Once more the metal chain connected with her back, followed instantly by two more.

Satisfied with his work, Lucius let Hermione down from the chains, her body dropping to the ground. Without a care in the world, he dragged her into a cell and shut the door behind him on his way out.

Hermione laid on the ground, tears rolling down her face. She could feel the blood seeping from her wounds and reached into her ripped toga for her wand. Slowly she sat up, wincing and sobbing out loud in pain. She tried to reach her back to heal the wounds but pain shot through her blinding her to the point of passing out.

HD

Draco waited until it was almost two am until he ventured down to the cells. He looked around him checking for any sign of someone watching him before opening the door to the cell and heading in. He lit his wand and walked down the metal staircase making sure to be silent. At the bottom he saw the two chains hanging down from the ceiling and the blood covered ground.

"Oh Merlin," whispered Draco seeing the red stained chain and leather whip. He began looking in the cell doors until he finally found one with a still figure in it.

He opened the cell door with a key hanging on the wall beside it and ran in falling to the ground beside Hermione. He rolled her off her back and look at what his father had inflicted upon her. He held his wand above her back and took in the deep, bloody gashes, some with material embedded in them.

"Merlin," whispered Draco pointing his wand at fire brackets around the cell and lighting them up to create better light. He then created a bed and lifted Hermione onto it, laying her on her stomach. He needed medical supplies to do anything. He used a summoning charm to bring him Sirius kit from the hidden room. Hermione

groaned and turned her head a little, her breathing becoming short, shallow breaths.

“Hermione?” said Draco kneeling down beside her head.

Her eyes opened and she blinked a few times as though trying to get him into focus, “D-Draco?”

“It’s me. Don’t worry, I’m going to heal you.”

“B-but Lucius is will know... he’ll know if he comes and sees me.”

“He won’t if I offer to be in charge of you and your continuing punishment. Did you cook the potatoes?”

Hermione shook her head, “Scott did, but he blamed me and Lucius believed him. I had no chance of escaping punishment.”

A stony look came across Draco’s face and his fists clenched together as the medical supply kit arrived, landing beside him gracefully.

“Right... once I am done here that turd will pay,” said Draco firmly standing up.

Hermione didn’t argue. The pain was unbearable; her back ached and burned in places. When Draco’s warm hand touched her back softly she flinched. The gashes had a green tinge around them, mingling in with the purple of rising bruises. Footsteps echoing down the stairs alerted both of someone’s arrival. As Draco was preparing to put out the lights Tonks’ voice echoed.

“Hermione? Draco?”

“In here,” said Draco walking to the doorway.

Tonks looked down at the blood and her mouth fell open in horror, “Dear Merlin... how is she?”

“In pain – Scott caused this,” said Draco icily as they walked in.

Tonks rushed to Hermione's side kneeling down and taking hold of her hand, "Everything will be fine."

Hermione nodded, "I know. It's all part of bringing him down."

Draco was amazed at the hope still visible in Hermione's words. He pulled out a vial of healing medicine that would stop the blood upon contact. He grabbed a dropper and read the label on the back of the vial.

"Hermione," he said softly, "This will burn, but it will stop the blood."

Hermione nodded and Draco dropped the potion in each gash, pausing to remove material in some wounds before continuing. Hermione kept her lips pressed firmly together, breathing in deeply whenever the potion made contact with her wounds.

"How are you holding up?" asked Tonks looking at Hermione worriedly as Draco placed the vial back into the case.

"F-fine... they still hurt," replied Hermione closing her eyes.

The sight of her in pain angered Draco even more. Scott was going to pay severely for this. Draco would make sure of that.

"I am going to close them now," said Draco finding another vial of healing liquid that would close wounds within five minutes of contact with a non bleeding, deep wound.

He found a clean dropper and began applying the liquid. This time it caused a soothing feeling over Hermione, taking away her pain. Relief overcame her features as she relaxed her muscles as the healing began taking place. Draco watched as the wounds pulled the skin together making only red lines remain. Hopefully they would fade away over time. Bruises remained in some parts but Draco knew it had done the best he could.

"I've done all I can," said Draco as he helped Hermione sit up properly.

Hermione smiled at him and gave him a hug in thanks, but this time restrained from pecking him on the cheek. Draco smiled at her pulling away. He was disappointed she didn't kiss him, but the again, she probably was dating Weasley and Tonks was in the room.

"Thankyou," said Hermione, "Both of you... thanks."

Tonka shrugged, "It was nothing. Now I only have Lucius sleeping. I should get some sleep. Goodnight and Draco, remember to speak to your Father."

Draco nodded and Tonks left the two alone in silence. It was an awkward one, which lasted five minutes before Hermione broke it.

"Draco... about the kiss-" she started before he cut her off.

"It was nothing. Just a thankyou one," said Draco brushing the topic away.

Hermione nodded, slightly stunned, "Right... thankyou kiss."

Draco nodded and closed the kit up. He held it in his hands looking at Hermione, "Look, I wish I could stay longer but I have something important to deal with. I'll leave the bed here until morning. I want you to rest alright?"

Hermione nodded, "Yes Doctor Malfoy."

They both smiled warmly at each other before Draco left, shutting the cell door behind him.

HD

"She had it coming," snapped Scott as the other four slaves looked at him angrily, "She has been sneaking off with that Malfoy boy. They are most likely screwing each other."

"Malfoy is helping Hermione learn something to help with the war, Scott!" snarled Bridget, "He is on our side you loser!"

“So what?”

“So what? Because of you, that... that complete wanker used an unforgivable on her!” cried Sophie, “And who knows what else he has done to her!”

Tears filled Sophie’s eyes as Bridget placed an arm around her soothingly glaring at Scott with disgust and hatred.

“You betrayed us, Scott,” said Bailey angrily with a nod from Zack, “We are all meant to stick together and you go and get Hermione into trouble for something she didn’t even do.”

At that moment the kitchen door swing open with a bang. All the muggleborns looked at the doorway in terror as Draco walked in with clenched fists.

“Where is he?” he asked angrily lighting the room up with his wand finally spotting Scott.

Draco walked over too him and yanked him up by his shirt and dragged him out of the kitchen and up the stairs. At the top he slammed him into the wooden wall emitting a grunt from Scott.

“I have every right to inflict the pain on you, you caused Hermione,” hissed Draco, “You are a lying, two-faced git!”

Draco punched Scott in the gut and let him go watching the man slide too the ground at his feet. Scott laughed making Draco step back a little frowning.

“I wouldn’t even think of touching me Draco Malfoy,” said Scott his eyes twinkling with evil delight, “You have no idea who I am. Neither does your father but when he does, won’t he just love to know what I have discovered about his so called loyal son and girlfriend.”

“What are you on about?” snarled Draco yanking Scott’s head back by his hair.

“This...”

Draco was shoved backwards as Scott stood, his body rippling all over. He grew taller and less muscular and the dark brown hair became black... and greasy.

“Snape,” gasped Draco looking at his mentor.

The murderer looked at Draco smirking at his once favourite student.

“How you disappoint me, Draco. Falling for a mudblood, Potter’s bestfriend of all ones,” he said in his rolling tone, “Well I can’t have you running off to Hogwarts now, can I?”

Before Draco could react his world went black.

HD

Hermione was woken from her sleep and yanked from her comfortable bed. She looked up in terror, glad to have hidden her wand under a loose stone, as Lucius began feeling her body all over for it. He turned too the person standing in the shadows and Hermione gasped as he walked in.

“Snape,” she said her brown eyes wide.

“Well too you I am Scott,” he smirked.

“Scott? You mean you...” Hermione didn’t have to finish as Snape nodded with a smirk.

“You speak the truth, Severus. My son healed her. He is a master at the healing arts,” said Lucius gravely before turning back to Hermione glaring at her, “And you make him fall for your mudblood ways! You brainwashed my son into betraying me!”

Hermione finally connected everything that was happening. Snape being Scott knew everything, from Tonks being Melanie too Draco coming to the light side and them both working together. Everything they had worked fall had come crashing to the ground in one

tremendous heap. Taking a deep breath to keep herself calm she glared at Lucius.

"I did not brainwash your son!" she snarled, "He made every choice on his own!"

Lucius backhanded Hermione across the face and stormed out as she fell back hitting the ground and not the bed as Snape used his wand to make it disappear.

Hermione crawled over to the corner of the cell where her wand was hidden under the loose stone. She brought her legs up to her body, shaking in absolute fear. Lucius could easily kill Tonks and herself. If only Hermione had known, had stopped Draco from healing her back, then maybe they wouldn't be in this mess and Snape would be seen as a liar. But no, everything had fallen apart right before her. They had lost an even greater chance of winning the war.

A/N: And this is where I leave you. I am going on holidays tomorrow but luckily for you all I will be back next Tuesday. I can't update on the Wednesday due to having to go to a lecture for the course I am doing but hopefully on the Thursday I will update... so in a week. Anyway thanks for the reviews!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Fifteenth

"I'm getting worried," said Ginny running up alongside Harry on her way to class, "It has been two weeks since we have heard from Hermione, Tonks or even Malfoy for that matter. They promised to be in weekly contact with us Harry. Something is up."

Harry sighed, he too was beginning to worry about Hermione and Tonks, "I know. But Lupin says to wait another week."

"Another week?" cried Ginny halting in her walking, "Harry they could be in danger!"

"They aren't."

"We don't know that! They were the insiders!"

Harry sighed, "Calm down. Look... go to class and I'll go find Lupin. I will tell him your concerns and mine. I will have something done, I swear."

Ginny nodded and hugged Harry bye before heading too class. Harry kept to his word and headed for McGonagall's office. The adults spent most of their time in the office going over things constantly and keeping close to the fireplace in case a letter came. At the gargoyle he said the password and went up the spiral staircase. The office door was open, so Harry walked in, nodding at them all.

"Harry," said Lupin taking his gaze from the fire, "How can we help you?"

"It has been two weeks since we have heard from Hermione, Tonks or even Malfoy for that matter. You say we should wait one more week, but for all we know one more week would be that one week too late. For all we know something could have happened too the three of them," said Harry seriously, "Ginny is beginning to fret and most likely, so is Ron and the other Weasley's. We need to do something."

Narcissa nodded, as did Sirius. McGonagall sighed and nodded, while Arthur stared at the fire. Lupin sighed. Harry could see the worry in his wise eyes and knew he was worrying mostly about Tonks.

"A week would be worth waiting," said Lupin.

"They could be dead for all we know," said Arthur softly, "We should do something now."

"What?" snapped Lupin, "What can we possibly do? Barge in there? Make a scene."

"Send in a spy," suggested Narcissa.

"Who?" asked Harry.

"Pansy Parkinson."

"Pansy Parkinson?" cried Harry; "She is most likely a Death Eater."

"Her family have remained loyal to the light side the entire time. They keep quiet about it preferring to stay out of these wars," replied Narcissa icily, "Pansy wants to help in anyway possible and during my time at the manor she was my confident and person who I trusted in making Draco question his loyalties."

"Oh," said Harry nodding, "Lucius won't suspect her will he?"

"Pansy is a fine actress. She can play a role nicely. Lucius has always found her to be charming. Shall I send her a letter then?"

Harry looked at Lupin and McGonagall. Lupin nodded finally seeing it as their only chance of seeking the truth of Tonks and Hermione's conditions. McGonagall gave a sigh before agreeing to the plan. She handed Narcissa a bottle of ink, quill and parchment. Narcissa began writing silently as Harry looked at Lupin.

"We have waited long enough," said Harry firmly before he turned and left the older adults to think or talk more about the plan.

HD

Ron walked into the library. He knew Hermione would come here for some peace from him and Harry and at that moment that is what Ron needed – peace from his brother's constant bothering ways. Ever since his drunken act at his mother's wake they constantly watched him and checked everything he drank for any sign of alcohol.

It was a one time. It didn't mean he was an alcoholic. Everyone gets drunk at one time or another. Ron just wanted to escape the reality of the situation and he found the answer by drinking some of Hagrid's fire whiskey. He walked to the back of the library and sat down at one of the tables enjoying the peace. He pulled over book lying on the table and found it to be Hogwarts, A History. Hermione ultimate favorite book. He opened it and scanned the table of contents. As he found something on Quidditch a shadow came over the book. Looking up Ron almost groaned when he saw it to be Luna Lovegood.

"Hi Luna," he said as pleasantly as possible, "Am I at your table?"

"Well yes, but it doesn't matter," she said sitting across from him, "We can share."

"Oh, well I was leaving anyway," said Ron standing.

"You are avoiding me Ronald. I saw you come in. Everybody avoids me. Loopy Looney Lovegood."

Ron looked at Luna stunned before shaking his head, "No, no. I just didn't want to bother you."

"But my company bothers you," said Luna in her blunt manner. The dreamy tone was gone and tears were in her eyes, "I have done nothing to make people hate me. They just do because of my beliefs."

Ron closed the book and looked at Luna frowning, "I don't hate you."

"But you don't enjoy being around me either, do you?"

"I never said that," said Ron defensively.

"You don't have too. I can see it. Everyone makes some excuse to get away from me except Harry, Ginny and Neville. They think I am weird because my beliefs are spiritual and on faith. Not what the textbook says. Your friend Hermione is always trying to make me believe what she thinks. She may be smart but so am I in my own way."

"We just don't know you, th-" Ron was cut off by an angry look from Luna.

"Have you even bothered to try and get to know me?" she snapped.

Ron was stumped. Luna was right; he never did try to get to know her. Luna opened her textbook and Ron moved to the seat in front of her.

"Then why don't you tell me about yourself. I'm free with nothing to do."

Luna looked at Ron with her silver-grey eyes before closing her book and smiling, "Well... my mother died when I was young. She was a remarkable witch. Very smart from what my father always tells me. My dad used to be in Ravenclaw and loves his paper. He says it is different and that is why people read it so much."

Ron nodded. He knew the Quibbler was different and some of the stories are rather outrageous and unbelievable but it helped Harry expose the Death Eaters in his fifth year, so for the trio it held a soft spot with them.

Luna continued chatting about her life and Ron was surprised to find that she had a quirky sense of humor similar to his, plus he was enjoying what she had to say. The hours passed with the two of them chatting, laughing, having serious conversations and a few disagreements. Ron's mind stayed away from straying to the fact that his mother was dead and had been for two weeks and three days.

"Ron, there you are," said Ginny walking around the corner and spotting her brother. But when she saw him and Luna smiling she came to a halt, "Oh sorry... did I interrupt something?"

“Did you know Luna’s favorite colour is sunshine yellow?” replied Ron smiling up at his sister.

Ginny smiled slightly seeing the twinkle in Ron’s blue eyes, “No I didn’t... I’ll come back. I just came to say we have a new insider going in to see how Hermione and Tonks are.”

“A new insider?” frowned Ron turning to Ginny, “Who?”

“I can’t tell you here, but ask Harry when you go to dinner. Oh and all of our brothers are looking for you. They are worried you have gone off to go on a drinking spree.”

Ron’s face came over with a look of annoyance, “Yeah well you can tell them I’m not. I and hiding from them whilst having a conversation with my friend Luna here.”

“Calm down, Ron,” snapped Ginny, “I knew you were hiding. If I were you, I’d be doing the same. I’ll talk to you later.”

Ginny turned and left scowling as she walked away. Ron turned back to Luna shaking his head.

“I would love to have a family like yours,” said Luna, “I know you must be thinking she is crazy, wanting a family like mine. But my father works constantly, even when I am home. I am alone basically. Hogwarts is more my home and the fact I leave it next year... it scares me.”

“You will be fine. I haven’t even experienced life yet. With this war it has stopped everyone from living their dreams. So you won’t be alone in leaving a way of life behind. We will all be doing it together.”

Luna smiled and glanced at her watch, “Oh look! It’s dinnertime. We should get going.”

Ron nodded, feeling a little disappointed at having to end this time together. He walked alongside her out of the library. They continued talking the entire way until they reached the Great Hall. Saying

goodbye, Ron turned and headed over to his table taking the spare seat beside Harry. His brothers gave him a curious look, but Ron ignored them.

“Who is the new insider?” whispered Ron scooping mashed potato, roast pork, beans, carrot and then smothering it all in gravy.

“Pansy Parkinson,” said Harry and watching Ron nearly drop the gravy jug, “Her family are loyal to the light side but stay out of the wars and when you think about it there has been no proof of a Parkinson being a Death Eater. Narcissa has sent her a letter asking her to go visit the Manor. Lucius won’t suspect a thing.”

Ron nodded, “Well if it’s the only way I am all for it.”

Harry nodded, “It is.”

HD

She stood outside the school gates, clutching her only protection tightly in her hand. The gate creaked open as she touched it gently. She walked in and it snapped shut behind her, making her jump. Limping, she walked down the path towards the well-lit school. She was safe, this she knew now, but still she wanted to be inside, in safe arms. She gave a groan as she stumbled forward, her leg giving way underneath her. Her body hit the ground hard, her hands scraping along the ground. She pushed herself up and continued stumbling towards the school, falling once more as she walked down a hill.

But finally, ten agonizing minutes later she leaned against the school door, pushing it open and walking in, falling to the stone ground.

A student screamed and ran into the Great Hall calling for Professor McGonagall to come quick. The Order members ran out first, seeing the limp body on the ground.

“Oh Merlin... Tonks!” cried Lupin running to her side and kneeling on the ground. He gently rolled her onto her back revealing her bruised face. Her normally bubble gum pink hair was a dull brown. Her hands

were bloody, her robes torn. Lupin picked her up in his arms and stood, racing for the Hospital Wing.

“Lucius,” said Sirius too Narcissa, “He knows.”

Narcissa bit her lower lip and nodded looking at the other Order members, “What do we do now?”

“We wait,” said McGonagall firmly, “Let Pansy go in and find out what she can. We need more information before we even consider attacking. The other order groups will be notified tonight. Everyone is to stay calm.”

Ginny gripped Harry’s hand looking at McGonagall, “But Hermione could be injured.”

“Or dead,” added Fred.

“She isn’t dead,” said Harry, “We know this because we have a list... the old DA list and the coin will know if their owner is dead or alive.”

“This is good then,” said Moody, “Good thinking Potter.”

“You mean Hermione. It was her idea and work.”

“We should get some rest. It had been a long day,” said McGonagall, “We will speak tomorrow morning. It is Saturday. There is no excuse to not attend the meeting.”

McGonagall turned and headed in the direction of the Hospital Wing. Everyone else headed up the Entrance Hall stairs finding going to bed to be the best option for that time.

HD

Pomphrey leaned away from Tonks and turned to Lupin looking grave. McGonagall walked in and over to the bed giving Lupin a sympathetic touch on the arm.

“How is she?” asked Lupin softly looking from Tonks to Pomphrey.

"She has been hit with the Crucio curse. More than once as well," sighed Pomfrey, "Plus she was physically injured, but some of her wounds look to be at least two weeks old. She was lucky to make it here from the Manor."

McGonagall took a deep breath, "Lucius found out the truth."

"How will she heal but? Will she suffer permanent damage?" asked Lupin brushing McGonagall's comment aside.

"It is too soon to tell. I will know more by morning. For now she needs to rest and heal internally. You may stay Remus but do not touch her. Let her mind and body focus on healing."

Lupin nodded and sat down in a chair staring at the woman who had taken his heart willingly after he let her. McGonagall stood where she was.

"We have a meeting tomorrow morning," she said, "It is time we began planning our attack. We cannot hold back any longer."

Lupin nodded and McGonagall left to let him deal with his emotions.

HD

Everyone sat in the Great Hall silently waiting for Lupin to arrive. The night before after visiting Lupin, McGonagall sent out twelve owls to the other Order groups. That morning before sunrise she'd received six replies. The groups would be arriving later that afternoon. Each Order group had roughly ten to twenty members and the total of the Order members arriving that night were seventy-five. In complete total, the Order had a good one hundred and seventy-seven members.

"Is he even coming?" asked Ginny looking at McGonagall, "Maybe he just wants to be with Tonks."

"He will be here," said Sirius, "I went to see him before I came here."

Everyone fell silent once more. Harry looked around the hall at nothing in particular. As he was about to ask Ron something Lupin walked in looking furious. Everyone watched him in silence, not game to say anything. He sat down the furious look on his face remaining.

“Remus?” said Sirius, “What’s going on?”

“Lucius attacked Tonks with ten Crucio spells along with numerous. Tonks is lucky to even be sane,” said Lupin angrily, “I don’t care what it takes but I want that man dead.”

Narcissa moved a little in her chair feeling uncomfortable. Sirius gave her a sympathetic look but Narcissa was looking down at the table.

“When Pansy gives us information we use it. The attack must be soon. Tonks said, when she woke, that Hermione and Draco are locked together in the cell. Lucius found out about them and who Tonks really was... from someone we never suspected.”

“Who?” asked Arthur frowning.

“Severus Snape. He disguised himself as a slave and got close to Hermione... Hermione trusting him told him a lot of things.”

“Bloody hell,” cursed Harry punching the table, “She told him things... I can’t believe her!”

“She thought he was a slave Harry!” snapped Ron, “Anyone in her situation would be looking for someone to trust. You would!”

“She shouldn’t have told him anything at all!”

“DRACO,” shouted Lupin silencing Ron and Harry, “Gave her enough warning to keep quiet on things. He didn’t trust ‘Scott’ and Hermione trusted his advice.”

Harry stared angrily at the table with Ron glaring at him.

"Now all we can do is wait for Pansy to tell us more," said Narcissa quietly; "We can't plan anything until then. If you will excuse me, I need to be alone."

Narcissa stood and left the Great Hall. Everyone sat in silence waiting for someone to be the first to speak.

"Does Tonks know what condition Hermione is in?" asked Ginny looking at Lupin.

"Lucius gave her a whipping with a whip and chain. But Draco healed her fairly well. All she was left with was bruises. Draco... when Lucius found out from Snape about his son he had his son beat and whipped also. Tonks has no idea how he is; only he is in a cell with Hermione. Hermione does still have her wand though, thankfully. She hid it from Snape and Lucius in the cell."

"Things have gone far enough," said Charlie shaking his head, "We cannot sit back any longer and wait for one of them to be murdered. We know what is going."

"We do not know the numbers of the Death Eaters," pointed out Bill, "We need to know that before we consider war."

"Pansy will send us a letter tonight when she gets home," said Sirius, "Narcissa was told that in the letter Pansy replied to her with."

"That is all for today. We meet back here tomorrow morning, same time," said Lupin standing and leaving the Great Hall quickly.

Ron shot Harry an angry look and walked out of the Great Hall. Harry looked at Ginny who just shook her head and followed her brother. Harry sighed and walked out after them, wanting to sort the mess out. He found Ginny with Ron around the corner from the Great Hall sitting on the ground beside each other.

"It wasn't her fault," said Ron, "She was alone. We all would have fallen for Snape's disguise. But of course Harry thinks he's above that."

“Harry wants to win the war and he is as worried as you are, as we all are, Ron,” replied Ginny.

“I know, but he basically called Hermione a traitor!”

“I didn’t mean too,” said Harry finally revealing himself.

Ron glared at him angrily and Ginny just looked at him, willing to hear him out.

“I... I guess I was shocked that it was Hermione who fell for something like that. But you are right. In her situation anyone who is willing to be your friend is worth giving your trust too. I’m sorry,” said Harry honestly.

Ron said nothing but nodded. Ginny stood and hugged Harry and pecked in on the cheek. She walked away to let Harry and Ron sought out their little tiff.

“So... are you talking to me?” asked Harry with an awkward shrug.

“Suppose,” shrugged Ron, “But you act like that again and I’ll... think of something evil to do to you.”

Harry smiled, “I won’t. I swear.”

Ron stood up smiling as well, “Probably the shortest fight we’ve ever had.”

Harry laughed, “True. Come on. We may as well have some fun and go flying with Ginny... maybe you can bring Luna along with you.”

“Luna? Why?”

“Well Ginny told me about you and her being friends.”

“Point being?”

Harry sighed, “She is a nice girl Ron. Give her a chance.”

Ron frowned, confused, but followed Harry.

HD

"Narcissa?" said Sirius walking into the room he now shared with his cousin, instead of sharing with Harry and Ron, "Are you okay?"

Narcissa turned to look at Sirius showing her tear stained face, "Oh I am just worried about Draco and Hermione. Lucius could kill them any day. He's already beaten them... I over heard Remus speaking about it after I left. I should have stayed. I should be there protecting them!"

"Narcissa, if you go back he will kill you," said Sirius sitting beside his cousin and holding her hand, "You know that."

Narcissa nodded, "He is my son, Sirius..."

"He will be fine. Him and Hermione are strong and will take care of each other."

Narcissa nodded, "I hope so... I really do."

A/N: There you all go! Another chapter. Please review!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Sixteen

She sat in the cold darkness beside her hidden weapon. Suddenly the sound of a door banging made her jump too her feet. Listening closely she heard the distinct sound of someone falling down a flight of stairs before landing on the stone ground outside her cell. Quick, heavy footsteps came down soon after with the sound of cold laughter.

"Snape," she whispered brushing a lock of hair behind her ear.

"Time to join your mudblood lover," he said coldly opening the cell door and tossing in a limp blood covered body, "Enjoy... what's left of him."

The cell banged shut loudly echoing around the room.

Suddenly with a jerk Hermione woke up jumping. She sat up and looked around her frowning. Leaning against the cell door stood Draco. Hermione stood up and walked over to him, gently touching him on the shoulder.

"Draco," she said before he jerked away from her touch, "Draco, what's going on?"

"Nothing," he muttered walking away and sitting in a dark corner.

Hermione sighed, "Did you have another dream?" He didn't answer her, giving Hermione her answer. She walked over to him and sat down beside him, the image of his bruised and battered body filling her mind. Even now he still had fading bruises and a few healing cuts on him, "Draco I have dreams of that day too. I thought you were going to die."

"You have nightmares about me?" said Draco looking at her, "Hermione... you were whipped... you were tortured."

"So were you! By your own father!" cried Hermione grabbing his hands, "That is worse then any beating anyone could possibly give me!"

Draco didn't say anything but looked down at her hands holding his. Her thumb brushed gently across his knuckles sending a shiver down his spine. For two weeks they had been locked away down here. Once a day one of the slaves would bring them a new bucket of water and half a loaf of stale bread. They said no word to either of them, but their eyes said it all; how worried they were, tired, everything.

Hermione sat in silence beside Draco pulling her hands from his, "The Order must be doing something. I mean surely they know something is up. Unless Tonks has found a way to make contact."

"I don't know. I haven't heard her screams in two days... have you?"

Hermione shook her head, her brown eyes full of worry, "He could have killed her."

Draco wrapped an arm around her shoulder's holding her close, "Everything will be fine. You keep telling me to have faith. You need to do the same."

Hermione nodded and closed her eyes, sleepiness taking over her from the rhythm of Draco's rising and falling chest. Absently his hand ran up and down her arm as he too was taken over by exhaustion.

HD

"Hello? Anybody home? Hello! It's me, Pansy!" she cried walking into the manor and closing the door behind her, "Draco? Mr Malfoy?"

"Miss Parkinson," came an oily voice, "Such a pleasure it is to see you again."

Pansy looked at the man before her stunned. Her mouth fell open and her hands fell limp beside her, "P-Professor Snape? But I thought you were in... Tokyo or America, whatever the latest rumor was."

Snape mustered a half smile, "I am here in England. Lucius is in his office. I am sure he would like to see you."

Pansy nodded and followed Snape up the stairs, "Where is Draco? I hadn't seen him in a while and was hoping too."

"Ah, I dare say that will be impossible for... well, I shall allow Lucius to explain it all too you," said Snape glancing at Pansy who nodded, feigning a look of confusion.

Snape stopped outside a large black painted door. He pushed it open and gestured for Pansy to walk in. She walked in and Lucius stood up from his desk smiling warmly at the houseguest.

"Pansy!" he said embracing her as she reached him, "How are you? And your parents?"

"We are all going great. And you, Mr Malfoy?" she said sitting down at the chair by the fireplace.

"I am going through a hard time. Narcissa died quiet suddenly. Heart attack the doctor said and my own son has betrayed me."

"I heard about Narcissa dying. My parents send you their sympathy and you have mine... but Draco, betraying you?" said Pansy looking stunned, "I would never suspect him to do such a thing!"

"I didn't, but thankfully I had an unknown spy in the house. Severus here disguised himself as a slave using polyjuice potion. He killed a young muggleborn wizard and used his DNA. He over heard everything after gaining that mudblood Granger's trust. But my son was brainwashed into joining the light side after falling for that mudblood."

"He fell for Granger?" said Pansy truly shocked and confused, "As in love with her?"

Lucius nodded, a look of disgust on his face as he began to tell Pansy of his discovery.

Snape shut the cell entry door behind him as he followed his new master to the hall outside the kitchens. Lying on the ground knocked

out was Draco. Lucius bent down and slapped him across the face, waking the young man.

"Father," he said groggily standing up, "Father-"

"Does Snape speak the truth?" asked Lucius angrily, "Are you working for the light side? Is that where your Mother has gone? Too Hogwarts? I saw her dead!"

"He obviously used a spell to make her appear dead to yourself," said Snape glaring at Draco.

Lucius snarled at Draco before backhanding him across the face in anger, "YOU TRAITOR!"

Draco stumbled backwards but gained his footing glaring at his father, "You ruined this world. I'm helping make it better. A world of equality."

"Mudbloods don't deserve equal rights as purebloods, neither do muggle's!" snarled Lucius before hitting his son with the Crucio curse.

Draco fell to the ground, his body withering in pain. Lucius lifted the curse and rammed his foot in his son's gut. Draco grunted and had no chance to prepare to defend himself as Lucius grabbed him by the front of his robes, lifting him forward to punch him over and over.

"Mudblood lover, fool, no son of mine!" he shouted hitting his son continuously.

He stood up right and hit him with the curse once more, smirking at the sound of his son's agonizing screams.

"Take him too her cell," snapped Lucius looking at Snape, "Don't be gentle though. But let him live enough for her to try and save her lover."

Snape smirked with joy and grabbed the young, unconscious Malfoy by his hair and dragged him away, leaving a trail of blood on the ground.

Pansy stared at the fire. She gathered her composure and looked at Lucius. She thought she saw a look of sadness in his eyes but as soon as she saw it, it vanished with a blink of his eyes.

"I have more loyal followers and if my son cannot be one, than he can rot in the cell with his lover," snapped Lucius before smiling at Pansy.

Pansy smiled and nodded, "I am sure we will wipe out those Order members. Your army must be twice the size of theirs."

"My army is extending each day. I have two hundred and ten so far," he said proudly, "That, my dear, is including yourself."

"I'm privileged to be included, Mr Malfoy."

"Sorry to be rude, my dear," said Lucius standing, "But I have a meeting to attend. There is a final battle to prepare for."

Pansy stood also and hugged Lucius goodbye before showing herself out, brimming with knowledge and worry aimed at the two so-called lovers.

HD

Hermione woke shivering from the cold. She removed herself from Draco's hold and crawled over to the stone where her wand was hidden. She lifted the rock and reached in to grab her wand.

"Don't," said Draco having woken up at her pulling away, "Lucius has probably put a spell in this cell to signal any use of magic."

"It's freezing," replied Hermione, "Body heat just isn't enough."

"I know... but you sitting over there isn't helping keep either of us warm," pointed out Draco.

"Oh, yeah."

Hermione stood and walked back over to Draco and sat beside him. She sighed and looked at the ground. For the past fortnight simple lines kept running through her mind in a nagging manner.

“Time to join your mudblood lover.”

That was one of them spoken by Snape himself.

“And you making him fall for your mudblood ways!”

That was the final one. Both implied Draco having feelings for her, which had to be false. During the time spent in the cell together he hadn't shown any romantic interest towards her. Surely that had to be enough proof that Snape and Lucius were seeing something that didn't exist... but she couldn't let the matter rest until she knew for sure. But then what if he did have feelings for her, like she did for him?

‘Then what?’ she thought silently with yet another sigh.

“Everything okay?” asked Draco leaning forward to look at her face, “You sighed twice.”

Hermione took a deep breath and turned her body to face Draco so she could pay her full attention too him and have no chance of avoiding him, “I need to... well ask you something.”

“Okay. You sound serious,” replied Draco a little worried looking.

Hermione half smiled, “It is serious... in a way.”

“Well... ask me.”

“Okay,” said Hermione taking another breath, “I don't know if they are seeing something that isn't there but basically Snape and Lucius seem too think you have feelings for me. I want to know if what they are seeing is true, or maybe they aren't and I'm making a fool out of myself in asking you this.”

Hermione looked down at her lap as Draco sat in silence looking at Hermione stunned. He slowly reached out and took hold of her hand and held it in his own. Hermione's gaze shifted to their hands not daring to look him in the eyes.

"They weren't seeing something. What they saw is real," admitted Draco making Hermione look at him in surprise, "I really do like you... a lot. These past two weeks... as terrible as they have been, they have given me the chance to get to know you even better. I hid the way I felt because... because you are in a relationship."

"In a relationship?" frowned Hermione, "Draco... I'm not in a relationship. I haven't been in one for over six months."

"What? But I thought you and Weasley-"

"We did. It was a short fling but it was too awkward. He is like a brother really."

"Oh."

They fell silent.

"What about you?" asked Draco, "Do you feel anything?"

Hermione nodded, "The same as you," she smiled a little, "I kept it too myself. Well Bridget knows of course. But I kept it from you because I never thought you would go for a girl like me."

"Why wouldn't I? You are... amazing in every possible way."

Hermione blushed and looked away not knowing how to react. Draco cupped her chin in his hand and turned her face to look at him.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said with a slight smile.

Hermione just nodded and leaned closer her lips brushing against Draco's gently before they connected again. Her hands slowly rose from her lap and wound their way around his neck pulling her self. This kiss was like something she had never experienced before. It

was full of passion from deep within both of them. Emotion poured into it dragging it out longer and both were eager for more.

Draco pulled back panting, his eyes shining with their own light. Hermione looked at him and smiled as his trailed a finger down the side of her face.

“I think I just fell in love with you,” he said softly.

Hermione smiled and nodded, “I did exactly the same... I probably have been for a while. I just never saw it.”

Draco nodded and kissed Hermione on the cheek, trailing his kisses down the side of her face. His hands slid down her back feeling her body through the clothing and pulling her closer. Hermione did the same with her hands, discovering the feel of his body. It was one thing to see him in a towel and another to feel what her eyes had seen.

Things began getting more touchy feely between the two, until Draco lowered Hermione against the cold ground. He searched her eyes, knowing it was a big step to take but could be their last night together as neither knew what tomorrow held or the days ahead. Hermione smiled telling him she would hold no regrets for what was too happen. With a smile Draco leant down towards her kissing her gently before removing the thin toga...

HD

Hermione stretched out and jumped. Her back had connected with the cold ground. She looked at the young man sleeping beside her and smiled. She held no regrets. Draco wasn't her first either, but she knew she had found her perfect match, despite their differences. Ron had been her first. He seemed the perfect guy to give something so meaningful too.

She sat up and pulled her clothing back on, the chill in the air getting to her. She moved to the side of the cell looking up at the high, small window. It was daytime. Hermione only knew this from the visible mist floating outside the window. She gave a small sigh and closed her eyes. Any day now the war would begin. She didn't need to be told

that it was happening, she could just tell. Logic in her mind said it would be happening. The Order wouldn't stand back forever and Lucius would want to crush them soon.

"Good morning," murmured a sleepy voice.

Hermione opened her eyes and smiled at Draco, "Morning. Sleep well?"

Draco gave a smirk, "Well after last night, I slept like a baby."

Hermione chuckled and looked out the window, "It would be nice to see sunshine again."

Draco pulled on his shirt, then pants nodding at Hermione, "It would and we will. When the war is won."

"If it is won," said Hermione, "We don't know for sure if we will win. Anything is possible."

Draco walked over to Hermione and sat beside her. She slid closer to him and he wrapped an arm around her, "What did I tell you last night?"

"Have faith."

Draco nodded, "You need to believe your own words."

"Yeah I know. But then all these doubts creep into my mind and images of my friends being murdered trying to get down here to us."

Draco kissed Hermione on the forehead, "It'll be fine."

"You keep saying-"

"Don't say a word," said Draco softly, "Just don't think about it. The more you do the worse it will be."

Hermione nodded and rested her head on Draco's shoulder trying to push the thought of war from her mind.

As they settled into a comfortable silence cold laughter rippled around them, making both look up in surprise.

“Oh isn’t this just adorable,” came a cold voice, “A son of a Death Eater and the mudblood best friend of Harry Potter in love. What would the world say to that? Star crossed lovers? Another romance heading for disaster?”

Draco stood up with Hermione doing the same. Draco stepped forward keeping Hermione behind him to protect her.

“Show your self Snape,” snarled Draco angrily, his fist clenched.

The cell door swung open and a cloak fell to the ground showing a smirking Snape. Hermione’s eyes narrowed at him as he smiled evilly at them both.

“I was asked to come check on you both, little did I know I would witness you both having a romantic moment,” smirked Snape.

“I’m surprised you know what romance even is,” replied Hermione coldly, “I thought Death Eaters were to be void of all emotion.”

Snape glared at Hermione but looked at Draco, “You disappoint me. I expected great things from you. Not this, falling for trash, abandoning your father.”

“My father can offer me nothing. Hermione gives me more then I can dream of. So does my mother. What is Lucius giving you? Life?” snapped Draco.

Neither noticed Hermione back away to a corner and kneel to the ground. Snape glared at Draco, his hand slowly inching towards his robe pocket.

“Your father is the best thing since Lord Voldemort. He will accomplish the dead Lord’s dreams!”

“And then what? What is the plan if that is achieved? Lucius hasn't planned the future! Even he know's his fight will never be won! There is no finishing line. Only death.”

Snape shook his head and reached into his cloak pocket quickly. He pulled his wand out and pointed it at Draco opening his mouth to speak.

“STUPEFY!” screamed Hermione a red bolt of light shooting from her wand and slamming the former Head of Slytherin house in the chest.

He fell too the ground as Draco turned to Hermione, his mouth open.

“Let's go now,” said Hermione running forward and grabbing Draco by the hand and pulling him out the door.

“Hermione,” said Draco running up the stairs behind her, “What's going on?”

“We need to get to Hogwarts. The war is coming, I know it. Let's go to the kitchens and get the others.”

Draco said nothing but followed Hermione, running for the kitchens. Both knew time was short. Hermione ran down the kitchen stairs, with Draco keeping watch at the top in the shadows. When Hermione opened the kitchen doors, the other looked at her stunned.

“Come on!” cried Hermione beckoning for them to follow her, “We are leaving this place.”

Sophie ran forward first, followed by Zack and Bailey. Bridget came a little slower slightly stunned.

“It's okay Bridget. We are going to Hogwarts,” smiled Hermione taking her friend by the hand.

The two ran up the stairs, meeting a waiting Draco, Zack, Bailey and Sophie.

“Let's go,” said Draco running at the head of the group.

Though they were running, they kept their footsteps light. They didn't want to attract any attention. Lucius would soon realize Snape was missing and would check the cell too see if it was him who set the spell casting alarm off.

Draco opened Narcissa's reading room door and they ran in. Hermione reached the fireplace and threw enough floo powder in to last them all. She said the address quietly but clearly and jumped in, disappearing at the blink of an eye. Draco put the others through before him before jumping in himself. The last thing he saw was the reading room door opening revealing a staggering Snape.

HD

Hermione rolled out of the fireplace coughing, alarming McGonagall greatly. The old witch stood and ran forward crying out Hermione's name in surprise and relief.

"Oh dear," she said as the slaves came in seconds later along with Draco, who stumbled out.

Hermione stood and hugged him glad he made it with the others.

"Just as I left Snape came into the room," said Draco looking at Hermione, "He know's we've escaped."

"Escaped?" said McGonagall looking at the six people in her office, "You have left?"

Hermione nodded, "I know the war will begin soon. Snape was going to kill Draco. I stunned him and we escaped. I couldn't leave anyone behind. That's why I have been refusing to come back even though I could. How can I leave them behind? It wouldn't be fair or right."

McGonagall nodded and gestured to the range of seats in the room, "Sit, sit. I'll go and get Remus."

But before she left, McGonagall casted a protection charm over her fireplace to stop any intruders coming in. If they tried the fireplace would shoot them back to where they were flooing from.

Bridget looked around the office a soft smile on her face; "I can finish school now. I mean I know it's far into the year but I can catch up."

"What year are you in?" asked Draco standing close beside Hermione.

"Sixth year."

"The best years," said Hermione, "Well they were for me if you ignore the war happening then."

At that moment the office door burst open with Sirius, Narcissa, Harry, Ron and Ginny running in followed closely by McGonagall and Lupin.

"Hermione!" cried Harry embracing his friend tightly before letting Ron hug her then Ginny.

Hermione hugged them and stepped back only to be hugged by Sirius and then Narcissa.

"You escaped," said Ron.

"Thanks for noticing the obvious," teased Hermione smiling, "We were lucky. Draco got away just before Snape could stop us. I think if he had of caught us, neither of us would be alive."

"Leave the questions," said Lupin, "Pansy will be here in an hour."

"Pansy?" frowned Draco looking at his mother confused.

"I'll explain later. For now I am sure you all would like a decent shower," said Narcissa looking at the six dirty people.

A/N: That's all for now. More soon, I swear! Please review!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Seventeen

Hermione smiled with happiness as she looked at her reflection. Clean and tidy. Her hair was brushed and pulled into a ponytail and instead of wearing a thin toga she wore her favourite jeans and a red $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeve exited the bathroom and sat on the lounge beside Ginny.

"Aren't you glad I packed some of your clothing?" said Ginny handing Hermione her red and white sneakers.

"I am," nodded Hermione, "Is Harry okay about sharing some clothes with Draco?"

"He's fine with it. And like me, he seems to think something is going on with you two."

Hermione blushed and looked down at her feet as she did her laces up.

"So there is then," said Ginny pushing for information.

"Yes," admitted Hermione sitting up right and looking at Ginny, her eyes shining with happiness, "I... I love him. He loves me. We are complete opposites in every possible way, but he can make me feel... like nothing else matters to him but me."

Ginny smiled and nodded, "That's love. Harry makes me feel the same."

"Are you okay with it?"

"What I think doesn't matter. It's your life, your heart. I can't change the way you feel. All that matter's to me is that you are happy."

Hermione hugged Ginny thanking her. Both stood up and left Harry and Ron's room. When the door shut Hermione wrote her name on it declaring it her room as well. The two females headed for the Great Hall catching up with Bridget and Sophie on the way.

“Bridget, Sophie, this is my bestfriend, Ginny Weasley. Ginny this is Bridget Dew and Sophie Sopchak. Bridget is in her sixth year and Sophie is in her... what year?”

Sophie smiled, “Third. Nice to meet you Ginny. I’m in Ravenclaw.”

“Same,” said Bridget shaking Ginny’s hand, “We were told to go to the Great Hall.”

Hermione nodded and the four of them continued on their way, entering the Great Hall ten minutes later. Hermione smiled at Draco sitting beside his mother. He smiled back and Ginny nudged Hermione to go sit beside him.

“You sure? I can sit with you,” said Hermione worriedly.

“Hermione, I can sit with Harry and Ron,” sighed Ginny smiling, “We can talk tonight.”

Hermione nodded and headed around the table sitting down next too Draco. He too had showered and was dressed in Harry’s jeans and a blue shirt.

“All refreshed?” asked Draco linking hands with her under the table.

“Yes, you?”

Draco nodded and both him and Hermione looked up at Narcissa who was looking at them confused.

“Since when did you two both talk civilly and hold hands?” she asked leaning in close so those around her couldn’t hear.

“You didn’t tell her?” said Hermione to Draco, “I’ve told Ginny... well her and Harry picked up on it in no time.”

“That would explain Potter’s comment of ‘You hurt her and I will kill you’ then,” sighed Draco, “Mother, Hermione and I are... we are a couple.”

Narcissa nodded a smile creeping onto her face, "I never once suspected that ever happening. Perhaps a friendship but nothing further then that."

Draco was about to reply when Lupin walked in wheeling in Tonks in a wheelchair, followed by Pansy and McGonagall.

"Tonks!" cried Hermione standing and running around to her as Pansy spotted Draco.

Draco stood and walked around to his bestfriend hugging her, smiling.

"Hermione," smiled Tonks weakly, "You're alright then?"

Hermione nodded smiling, "But you... I was so worried. How did you get away?"

"I waited until they went to bed and I left. I'm an Aurour; I've been trained to escape situations of danger... I would have come for you and Draco but I had no idea where the cells were."

Hermione smiled and hugged Tonks gently, "We're all okay now."

Tonks nodded and greeted Draco, who also hugged her. Hermione smiled at Pansy and went and sat back down. Draco followed and sat beside Hermione, wrapping his arm around her waist.

"Alright," said Lupin silencing everyone, especially Ron who was whispering furiously to Harry and Ginny, "Pansy has come to give us valuable information about Lucius' plans."

Everyone looked at Pansy who stood beside Lupin at the head of the table. There were well over half of the Order in attendance causing all to sit at the Gryffindor table.

"Well... Lucius' army is expanding everyday. He has two hundred and nine members. He is planning his war against the Order everyday. I'm sorry but that is all I could get out of him really," said Pansy before taking her seat beside McGonagall.

"That's more than enough. Our army is smaller but no doubt Lucius has young witches and wizards who lack in the defence department. We will strike on his home soil."

"No," said Narcissa firmly, "The Manor is mine. My grandmother gave it to me. Anywhere but there."

"I agree," said Hermione, "We will then be playing by his rules. We need an even battlefield. A place where everybody has an even chance."

The Order member's murmured in agreement as another group of members arrived. McGonagall quickly stood and gestured for them to sit at the Slytherin table beside the Gryffindor one.

"Where then?"

"Hogsmeade," spoke up Harry, "No muggles will be there. We can send word to Rosemerta for her to evacuate the town. Then make Lucius think only a small group of us will be there."

"How?" asked Ginny frowning.

"Me," said Pansy, "I could say I was asked by Draco to meet him in Hogsmeade. Lucius will see it as a perfect opportunity to kill his son and wife for once and for all."

"He'll never suspect you," said Draco with a nod.

"Alright. Harry, compose a letter to Rosemerta now. Tomorrow we begin this war," said Lupin firmly, "In the morning we will plan the battle."

"Wait!" cried McGonagall, "What about the students?"

"The seventh year students want to fight," said Harry quietly, "All of them have been taking my defence lessons. The sixth year students will look after the younger years. I know where to hide them throughout the battle."

“Where?” asked Hermione looking at Harry curiously.

“The Chamber of Secrets. Its underground and you can only go in if you speak parselmouth. I will take the students down there and we can have the house elves make them enough food to last them a week.”

McGonagall nodded in agreement and left the hall to inform the elves of what they must do. It was all happening so fast. Hermione looked at Draco worriedly but he just smiled, as though telling her everything would be fine.

The meeting was dismissed. Pansy left after speaking to Lupin a bit to tell Lucius her ‘news’. Hermione stood, holding Draco’s hand. He would be staying with his mother and Sirius. As they headed out of the Great Hall Ron stormed over to them.

“What’s this?” he demanded gesturing to their hands.

“Ron!” cried Ginny running over to her brother, “Calm down.”

“They are holding hands... all night they have been all over each other!”

“Ron, Draco is my boyfriend,” said Hermione, “Please don’t hate me... we haven’t been together for six months and I love him.”

“You love him?” said Ron frowning before looking at Draco, “Do you love her?”

Draco nodded pulling Hermione a little closer, “Is that a problem?”

Ron remained silent with Hermione, Draco and Ginny looking at him. Ron sighed and shifted his weight on his feet.

“Right... you hurt her and I will kill you,” said Ron warningly, not knowing he’d echoed Harry’s words, “Hermes... just as long as you are happy... I’ll be fine with it.”

Hermione grinned and hugged Ron before turning to Draco smiling, "See? Not everyone hates you."

Draco smiled and him and Hermione headed for the rooms talking quietly to each other.

"Are you sure you are fine with it?" asked Ginny standing beside Ron as they watched the two walk away.

"Yeah," said Ron truthfully, "Besides... I've told Luna I'll take her out to dinner when this war is over."

Ginny smiled, "I told you she was nice."

Ron nudged Ginny in the side smiling, "So did Harry."

HD

"Severus says you come to bring me news," said Lucius handing Pansy a glass of fire whiskey.

"I do. I got a letter from your son," said Pansy, "He wishes to meet me alone in Hogsmeade tomorrow afternoon."

"Is that so?"

Pansy nodded seriously, "I thought you would like to know this. I figured after reading the letter he must have escaped from here somehow."

"Yes he did," snarled Lucius, "He escaped with that mudblood Granger. Together they got away taking the salves with them!"

He angrily slammed his glass on the table causing a crack to run up the side.

"I will meet my son tomorrow. But I will not come alone," he said turning to Snape, "Send the letters out. Tomorrow the war begins."

HD

The students looked at the mass of people standing around the hall talking amongst them selves. Word had spread through the school that the war was to begin anyway. Many students were standing with some of the people, as they were family members or family friends. Finally McGonagall stood and tapped her glass. Students fell silent or rushed to their house table. They all looked up at their Head Mistress in awe. She was dressed in dark blue robes instead of her emerald green ones.

“As many of you are aware of the battle will begin today. But my concern lies with you all. I worry of your safety. Thankfully Mr Harry Potter has an answer to keeping you all-safe. Students in sixth year downwards will be going to stay in the Chamber of Secrets. Mr Potter assures me only people who speak parselmouth can enter. It is deep underneath the school so I can assure you all you will be safe. The monster no longer exists as Mr Potter himself defeated it in his second year. As for food the house elves will bring it too you during mealtime. The sixth year students whom are prefects are in charge. All of you stand and line up at the Great Hall doors. Mr Potter and his assistants will take you to your new home until this battle ends.”

Standing at the doors was Harry, Ginny, Ron, Hermione, Sirius, Charlie and Bill.

The students lined up talking quietly. All were nervous. The seventh year students remained seated looking at their fellow students anxiously. Colin gave his brother Dennis a hug before sitting down at the Gryffindor table.

Harry stood at the head of the line while the other Order members coming with him spread themselves along the long line. With a look at the line, Harry turned and led them out of the Great Hall. He made his way through the castle taking two shortcuts to Moaning Myrtles bathroom. He pushed the door open when a boy yelled out.

“We can’t go in here!” he cried.

Harry turned as Ron found the boy.

"This toilet has the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets inside it," explained Ron annoyed, "If you know where to go then by all means take over and show Harry where to go."

The boy fell silent. All were on edge about the battle and the fact that they could die. Harry turned and walked in over to the non-working tap. He looked at the snake scratched onto the side of the tap. He tilted his head to the side till it looked real to him.

Clearing his throat he hissed out, startling the students, "Open up."

They all gasped as the sink sank into the ground revealing a pipe. Harry turned around to the students.

"I will go down first. Hermione, when I shoot up red sparks I want you to send down one student at a time... keep a five seconds gap between each one," said Harry, "Oh and Sirius don't forget the rope."

Hermione stepped forward nodding. Harry jumped down the pipe. Just like the first time all those years ago it was terrifying yet at the same time exciting. He hit the ground with a soft thud. He stood up and shot up red sparks.

Within ten seconds the first student came down followed by another. The Gryffindor's came down first with Ginny coming after them, next came the Slytherin's followed by Charlie, then the Ravenclaw with Bill. Finally after twenty minutes the Hufflepuff came down last with Ron and then Hermione. Sirius slid down afterwards unravelling a rope he had tied around a toilet.

"Alright," said Harry him plus everyone else lighting their wands, some first years struggling to make the spell last, "This way."

They headed through a dark tunnel. Everyone tried to avoid touching the slime covered walls but it was difficult with their being so many. Finally Hermione forced Harry to stop and get the students into two lines. After that it was easier.

"What is that?" asked Hermione walking beside Harry and seeing something large ahead of them.

“Basilisk skin,” replied Harry, “I’m surprised it’s still here.”

“Are you sure its not a new one?” asked Hermione worriedly, “Maybe that thing laid eggs.”

“Look. I will go in there first and check it out,” said Harry too Hermione. If it isn’t safe we will get the students out of here and somewhere else. Okay?”

Hermione nodded feeling a little anxious still. Harry swore softly as he saw the rock fall. Hermione stepped forward and pointed her wand at it, shifting the rocks to make a safe archway through the middle.

Harry walked through it first, thanking Hermione. Students behind them were beginning to panic thinking they were now lost underneath Hogwarts. Hermione glanced at Harry worriedly but he remembered where he was. So did Ginny who was walking beside Ron, gripping her brother’s arm. The place brought back memories she didn’t want. Finally they came to another door with the eerily real looking snakes.

“Keep them all here,” said Harry firmly to Hermione before speaking in parsletongue, “Open up.”

The door opened and Harry crept through. The dead basilisk from second year remained giving off a rotten smell. Harry almost gagged as he cleared it away with a spell. He walked in seeing McGonagall had arranged sleeping bags, pillows, book and other things to keep the students occupied.

“Come out, now,” hissed Harry walked around the Chamber spotting the dried ink from Riddle’s diary. He cleared that away as well, not trusting it to remain in the Chamber full of students. The statue of Salazar Slytherin remained motionless, “Children of the dead Basilisk come out now!”

Still nothing happened. Satisfied, Harry turned and walked over to the door opening it.

"It's safe," he said, "I cleared away the dead Basilisk and Riddle's ink from his diary."

Hermione nodded looking satisfied, "Everybody follow me in, slowly. We have to step down a small ladder."

Harry stepped down it and stood back as the students and Order member's came in. All looked at it awe, while Ginny looked pale and scared to death at the sight.

"Will we be safe here?" asked Bridget looking from Hermione to Harry.

"You will," assured Harry, "Its deep underground. Under the school lake even. No one will find you here. Only we know this place is real."

Bridget nodded and went off with the other students. Prefects were gaining order, having beds set out so that was out of the road. Satisfied that all would be fine, the Order turned and left to go face their own battle.

HD

The seventh years and Order remained in the Great Hall talking as they ate morning tea. Everyone kept glancing at the door for the return of the Order members who went to take the students to safety. They had left at 8:30am and it was now 11:30am. Draco was growing impatient, his worry about Hermione increasing with every hour that passed.

"Calm down," said Narcissa patting Draco on the shoulder.

"Mum," said Draco seriously, "Father used to always joke about not really being at the battle when it would happen. Is that even possible?"

Lupin who had overheard the comment turned to Draco frowning, "That is possible. When did you hear this?"

"At the last meeting before he found out I wasn't really on his side."

Lupin frowned, "He could create a holographic vision of himself, but that alone takes great power. We could think we have killed him... when really we haven't."

"Do you think he could do it?" asked Narcissa.

"It takes weeks to prepare. I doubt he would be able to do it."

Draco frowned. He knew Lucius was capable of anything and if he wanted to do something he would. Turning away to hide his face he saw the group of Order members walk in looking tired and dirty.

"Hermione!" cried Draco alerting everyone of their return. He stood and ran over to her, hugging her tightly, "Is everything alright?"

Hermione smiled and nodded before kissing him gently, "It took an hour for us all to climb up that rope. My arms feel like they are going to fall off."

Draco laughed and kissed Hermione again.

"I think I'll go get changed... these clothes stink," said Hermione pulling a face.

Draco nodded and watched her leave with Ginny to get changed. The other guys were having a butterbeer before getting changed themselves. With a sigh Draco decided to go for a walk and mull over his thoughts. It was odd walking through such a quiet school. The normally noise filled corridors were full of silence. Even the paintings were looking around them lost without the normal noise.

Draco turned the corner and almost collided with a mess of shawls. Stepping back he saw the shawls were actually Professor Trelawney.

"Sorry Professor," said Draco preparing to step past her, instead she reached out and grabbed him tightly by the shoulder.

Her head was rolled back and her eyes staring blankly in front of her.

"The one they seek will escape. Through death a heart will break. Death though, will deceive them all. The battle will end with tears. For years peace will live. Until the past becomes unravelled," she croaked before shaking her head, "Oh sorry Mr Malfoy."

"Yeah," said Draco watching the witch walk away, "The one they seek will escape?"

He knew he had witnessed a prophecy having had an Aunt who used to do them once a year or so. But who would escape? They all sought him...

"Lucius," said Draco before cursing. Lucius would be the one to escape.

Draco cursed again. How was he to stop that? He wouldn't be allowed to go to the manor, that much he knew. Forgetting the rest of the prophecy Draco formulated the plan in his head as to how he would get to Lucius and end the battle once and for all.

HD

"We will have five people standing in the centre of town," said Lupin as Draco walked into the Great Hall.

Hermione gave him a questioning look as to where he had been. Draco ignored it and sat beside Hermione silently.

"Draco has to be one of them," said Harry looking down the table at the young silent Malfoy, "I'll go with him."

"So will I," said Hermione ignoring Draco's look of disagreement.

"Me too," said Ron.

"And me," added Ginny, "That's five. Where will everybody else be?"

"In the forest heading to the Shrieking Shack. It will be dark enough to hide us all," said Lupin, "We do not attack until they give the first strike, "Has everyone got a wand?"

"No," said Draco.

"Yes you do," said Tonks reaching into her robes and extracting his black wand, "I found it on the mantelpiece and I knew it was yours thanks to the engraved initials DM."

Draco smiled in thanks as he took it.

"Now, not all seventh year students will go to Hogsmeade. We will need a group to remain here for injuries. I have chosen the students with best-known healing skills. They are the following twenty students," said McGonagall unrolling a list, "From Gryffindor: Colin Creevy, Merle Donaldson, Richard Cunningham, Melissa Hunter and Destiny Samson, from Ravenclaw: Jenny Lawson, Luna Lovegood, Lisa Purnell, Benjamin Cheney and Cody Wilcox, from Hufflepuff: Brooke Hampshire, Kate Johnson, Emmanuel Donaldson, Becky George and Hayden George and from Slytherin: Melinda Harper, Jessica Codsworth, Kelly Lesley, Harold Wilcox and Ivan Richards. Will those students please head to the Hospital Wing now with Madam Pomfrey and Miss Tonks."

Tonks wheeled herself out in her wheelchair after kissing Lupin goodbye. She was still too weak to walk and Pomfrey was even beginning to question if she ever would walk again.

Everyone fell silent as Lupin stood, "Draco, Harry, Hermione, Ron and Ginny. It is time for you to go to Hogsmeade. We will follow but will go a different way. Remember do not attack unless Lucius or one of his followers attacks you first."

Draco remained silent knowing Lucius would not be at the battle at all. Only a solid hologram version of himself. Basically a carbon copy who could attack and be attacked.

Hermione slipped her hand into his as they walked out of the Great Hall a team of five.

"Here we go," said Ron taking a deep breath as he spoke, "It's all built up to this one big battle."

"It sure has," said Hermione remembering the punishment she went through for the world.

Draco squeezed her hand again as they climbed into the carriage that would take them to the edges of Hogsmeade.

A/N: Well here is where I leave you and here is where I will pick up from with the next chapter. But if you want that chapter you all have to review for that chapter. LOL. Anyway... please do review.

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!

Chapter Eighteen

"Draco," said Hermione as Ginny got in before her after Harry and Ron, "Draco I want to say-"

"Don't say a word," said Draco placing his fingertips to her lips.

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to say goodbye."

Hermione looked at him in silence with her mouth partly opened. She closed it and nodded silently before climbing into the carriage and sitting beside Ginny. Draco climbed in shutting the door behind him. As he sat beside Hermione the carriage lurched forward moving away from the safety of the castle.

"Least Luna will be safe," said Ron trying to find some form of comfort in this coming battle, "No one can get into the castle... can they?"

Ron was looking at Draco who frowned.

"Why are you asking me?" he asked angrily, "I regret what I did back then and I don't think there is any other possible way to get in unless the school itself lets you."

"The fireplaces."

"McGonagall went around putting guarding charms on them today. They'll last for up to five weeks," replied Hermione quietly as the carriage left the school gates.

They all fell silent. The afternoon sun left them at the school gates and soon the carriage was swirling in mist.

"Well this is just wonderful," said Ron dramatically, "We go into battle and there are Dementors all around us."

"Yeah and they fight for Lucius Malfoy," added Harry.

“No they don’t,” said Draco, “Lucius never got their trust. They fight for themselves.”

“If you need to take one down have someone with you,” reminded Hermione, “One to use the patronus the other to remove their cloak completely.”

They all nodded and fell back into silence. Finally the carriage came to a halt around the bend from Hogsmeade. Draco opened the door and climbed out followed by Hermione, Ginny, Ron and Harry. Walking in a line they walked down the dark road, wands at the ready. There was enough daylight left for them to see the road ahead. The mist was thick and heavy with sadness but the five managed to keep their thoughts away from sad times and focused on what they had come to do. The town of Hogsmeade came into view slowly and grew bigger the closer it came.

Hermione’s heart was pounding as she saw the spot where her parents had been murdered. Their car was still in view. It was Harry who recognized it. He walked beside Hermione his arm around her comfortingly.

“You okay?” he asked softly.

Hermione nodded, “Yeah. When this is over I’ll be able to deal with it once and for all.”

Draco’s heart thudded at Hermione’s comment and understood what it meant – saying goodbye to a loved one.

Finally they stepped into Hogsmeade. Harry let go of Hermione and was once fully on guard. His expression was one of complete determination. They all looked around them for any sign of Lucius and his followers. The group came to a stand still in the town centre. Draco stepped forward a little.

“Alright... show yourself. It’s obvious you are here,” said Draco smirking.

A cold cackle of laughter rippled all around them. The five stood tall and calm. They would not be scared so easily by a pathetic laugh. All were adults and had faced far worse things in their life.

Torches lit up around them brightly. The five spun around following the path of the light before being back the way they were at the beginning. Standing before them was Lucius with Snape, Senior Crabbe, Senior Goyle and another Death Eater behind him. Draco had no idea who he was, only that he didn't like him. But it was only Draco who did know that the Lucius who stood before him was a fraud. The question was did Snape know this little secret?

"So my betraying son faces me today with his pathetic little friends and mudblood lover?" smirked Lucius.

"Why are you here, Lucius?" asked Harry coldly, "Didn't you know Pansy was meant to be meeting Draco?"

"It appears," spoke Snape quite slowly and coldly, "That Miss Parkinson has betrayed you lot and told us of your meeting."

Ginny laughed in disbelief, "You mean she lied to you about the non-existent meeting. Pansy is working with the Order. She lied to you just so you would foolishly come out here."

Lucius and Snape looked puzzled realizing they had been tricked. Without warning Lucius snapped his fingers and around him over two hundred Death Eaters appeared varying in ages. A mixture of men and women looked at the five in disgust.

"I am assuming you five a terrified," said Lucius smirking.

"Oh no," said Hermione before she gestured towards the woods, "You don't know what we have in there."

A thundering noise shook the ground and Harry smiled looking at Hermione. Grawp was coming to have some fun. Naturally Hagrid wouldn't let him miss out on his chance of fighting for his friends.

"That is called a giant," said Ron slowly for all to hear.

A loud cry followed by smoke and fire shooting up from the forest caused a few Death Eaters to whimper. The two Weasley's laughed.

"See the two days between Tonks returning and Hermione and Draco here escaping we have been planning on how to destroy you all," said Ginny, "That was just one of the five dragons we have... oh and you hear that," Ginny paused so they could hear a strange shrieking sound, "Veela's mingling around the hippogriff's."

"You think they scare us?" roared Lucius his face red with anger, "I am more powerful then you all think I am!"

Beside Hermione, Draco staggered a little feeling a strong surge flow through him. Hermione looked at him worriedly but Draco regained his composure quickly before saying in anger.

"It's your power that will kill you!"

Letting out an angry cry Lucius fired a spell at Draco, which he dodged. The Death Eater's charged forward but nearly fell back as from the forest ran the Order and in the sky flew dragons, hippogriffs and angry Veela's. Hagrid and Grawp ran out lastly with Grawp swiping down at the ground carefully knocking over twenty Death Eaters at a one time.

Hermione was quickly in a fierce battle against a female Death Eater. She was of Hermione's age roughly but she lacked in defense spells greatly. Hermione ducked and hit her with a strong body bind. She jumped over the body and moved onto another battle. Around her the seventh year students battled as furiously as any around her. A sudden scream in the air caused Hermione to whirl around to see where it came from. The Death Eater grabbed Hermione around the neck chocking her.

"Let her go!" roared Ron knocking out the Death Eater who had hold of her, "What's going on?"

"I don't know. I heard a scream and I think it was Ginny!" shouted Hermione over the noise.

Her and Ron ran through the battles, knocking out whom they could before seeing a smashed shop door. They ran in, stunning two Death Eaters in unison. Hermione blasted a door open and ran up the staircase with Ron hot on her heels. From a room at the end of the hall they could hear an angry, yet screaming voice. Hermione ran down the hall but kept silent and held up a hand for Ron to do the same.

“What you gonna do, witch?” snarled a voice, “I have your wand... your powerless.”

The sound of a smashing vase hitting the door startled Hermione.

“Come near me and I will physically kick your arse,” came Ginny’s threatening, yet shaking voice.

Ron blasted the door open and hit the Death Eater with a curse. Hermione ran over to Ginny hugging her.

“Are you alright?” she asked worried.

Ginny nodded as Ron handed her wand to her, “Let’s go,” said Ginny turning and running down the hall and stairs.

Ron gave Hermione a worried look. Hermione just shrugged and ran after Ginny. They came down to the veranda of the store and saw the battle was coming to a close. The dragons were shooting fire at any moving Death Eaters. The living Order members were finishing off every other remaining Death Eater. But standing in the middle stood Lucius and Snape against Draco and Harry.

Hermione ran forward but Sirius grabbed her and pulled her back.

“No. It’s their fight,” said Sirius, “Harry has unfinished business with Snape and Draco wants to end the nightmare of his father.”

Hermione slumped in Sirius’ arms but he kept a hold of her. She watched as Harry spun and ducked throwing constant spells at the man responsible for Dumbledore’s death. Draco was doing the exact

same actions a look of pure hate on his normally pale, calm features. Hermione tried not to blink as the battle became faster and more furious.

Then it happened. A spell hit Draco and he fell to the ground with a thud. As Harry fired a spell at Snape him and Lucius disappeared like a screen going blank on a muggle television.

Hermione screamed out in terror as she forced Sirius to let her go. She stumbled through the bodies on the ground and destroyed bits of buildings.

Tears were falling down her cheeks as she made her way to Draco and fell beside his body. His face was pale and his lips no longer pink.

"No, no, no!" cried Hermione hitting his chest, "This is not happening."

Harry looked at where Snape was a second ago frowning, "What happened?"

"Holograms," sighed Lupin shaking his head, "Merlin dammit!"

Sirius ran forward and knelt beside Draco and felt his pulse, "F-find Narcissa."

"She's unconscious," said Moody, "Is he dead?"

Sirius nodded sadly, "He's gone."

"NO!" screamed Hermione falling back onto her backside from her knees, "He's knocked out."

"Ron, Ginny take Hermione back to Hogwarts. Actually all of you, back to Hogwarts," said Lupin pulling Sirius up, "We will come back later."

Hermione screamed against being taken away from Draco. She fought against Ron and Ginny's hold as they lead her away. Ron pulled his wand out and tapped it on Hermione's head making her fall into an instant sleep.

HD

He waited another twenty minutes to be sure they were gone. Slowly he pulled his wand out and muttered the counter spell on himself taking away his death appearance. He stood up and took in the scene around him. Then Hermione's heart broken face came back to him. He almost began running for the school, back to her. But he couldn't. Not yet anyway. He had to kill his father once and for all... along with his sick sidekick Snape.

With a deep breath he left with a crack and opened his eyes to be standing in his father's office. Lucius had his back turned to him. He was being sick into the wastebasket.

"Hello father," snarled Draco pulling his wand out, "Power a little too big to handle?"

"Draco," he said spinning around and grabbing his wand, "I saw you die."

"No you saw me cast myself to look dead, you fool."

Lucius glared at his son and stepped around the table, "So you worked out my little trick?"

Draco smirked, "I did. But did you see the sky? Dragons were killing the Dementors, burning their cloaks. Soon the skies will be free of them... and all of your Death Eaters are either dead or going to be killed. All you have worked for has come to a crashing end, so why not take you out with it?"

Suddenly Draco was struck from the back. His knees buckled and he fell to the ground, his wand rolling away from him as his body seized up.

"Well done Severus," smirked Lucius as Draco could do nothing but look up at Lucius and Snape powerless, "We have our prisoner back once again."

Severus smirked, "So we do."

"You see Draco. This is a minor set back. In no time flat I will soon have my power back and the world will be well on its way to becoming a pureblood dominated world."

Draco wanted to scream out to his father but that it was pointless; he would only be crushed again.

"Take him away," said Lucius in disgust, "Whip him while you're down there. And be as harsh as you like but keep him alive."

Snape grabbed Draco by the cuff of Harry's blue shirt and dragged him away to be punished once more for being right in everyone else's eyes but wrong in his own father's.

HD

Hermione woke up screaming. Sweat covered her body in a thin layer. Her dirty clothes clung to her body as did her messy hair. Sitting in a chair beside her bed was Harry. He was sleeping with a soft snore escaping his lips.

"Harry, Harry," said Hermione shaking him after she stood, "We have to find Draco."

Harry jerked awake and blinked a few times before pushing his glasses back up. He shook his head to clear his mind and answer Hermione's request making her look at him confused, "Hermione... Draco is dead. He died fighting Lucius... or who I thought was Lucius."

"No, that was a dream," said Hermione determinedly gripping onto Harry's shirt tightly, "It was a dream!"

Harry stood up and released Hermione's grip on his shirt gently. He set Hermione down on the bed and looked at her with the calmest look she had ever seen from him, "I'm sorry Hermione, but it was real. Draco died in battle."

Hermione looked at Harry her eyes welling up with tears that slowly fell down her cheeks. She laid back down on the bed, drawing her legs up until she was in a fetal position, "Go away, Harry. I want to be alone."

Harry slowly stood and walked out only to have Lupin beckon him away from the hospital wing completely. Once in the entrance hall corridor Lupin spoke to him gravely.

"Draco's body has gone missing. Sirius, Hagrid and Arthur have searched all over the battlefield for it. I think Lucius and Snape came back and took it," said Lupin with deep sadness in his tone.

"Merlin," said Harry shaking his head and running a hand through his already messy hair, "How did Narcissa take it?"

"Sirius is with her comforting her. How is Hermione?"

"She thought it was a nightmare. She wants to be alone at the moment."

Lupin nodded, "All we can do is be supportive and help them all through this terrible time."

Harry nodded. Lupin patted Harry on the shoulder as Ginny walked out of the Greta Hall. Her brown eyes were red from exhaustion and crying.

"Kingsley's niece was in the battle. She died," said Ginny sadly, "Her wounds were too great for Pomfrey to heal. Poor girl bled to death."

Harry pulled Ginny towards him and hugged her tightly, "I'm glad you survived. Hermione is awake."

"How is she coping?"

"Not good, which is to be expected."

Ginny sighed, "Come on. She needs us to matter what she says. Mum would never leave her alone."

With a nod, Ginny and Harry turned and headed to the Hospital Wing
to be with Hermione through her darkest days, yet.
To Be Continued

A/N: I know it is short... but before I finish my authors note here are
the lyrics that inspired me to write this fic.

Hush, hush, don't say a word,

Don't say a word,

Each day passes by in a blurry haze,

Like a tape that's being played at the wrong speed,

Can't breath, gotta run, gotta hide,

From what we need.

Like a fire that burns in my heart,

Like a siren screaming in the dark,

Like the blood that's pounding inside of me,

Can't let them see,

Bridge

All the stars, bow their heads in shame,

Coz they know, you cannot speak my name, you cannot speak my
name,

Chorus

Hush, hush, don't say a word,

Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,

Hush, hush, don't say a word,
Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,
Wrong place, wrong times, still we cannot erase
All the pain that we have to face,
Each and every time you know we can't stop,
Gotta walk (across that line),
Relive this life that's such a waste,
Living in denial, it's too fast, too slow
We finally know, right place, right time,
We have to hide,

Bridge

I refuse,
To hide my head in shame,
Coz for now, you cannot speak my name,
You cannot speak my name,

Chorus

Hush, hush, don't say a word,
Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,
Hush, hush, don't say a word,
Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,

Don't say a word, don't say a word, don't say a word,

No, no, no

Hush, hush, don't say a word,

Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,

Hush, hush, don't say a word,

Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,

Hush, hush, don't say a word,

Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,

Hush, hush, don't say a word,

Sound carries in the night, carries in the night,

Hush, hush don't say a word,

Don't say a word.

This song is by Emmanuel Carella. He is an Australian singer. Anyway the song is called Don's Say A Word... download it or buy it. It's a great song. Keep an eye out for the sequel. It will be called Afterglow. Please review!

Until next time...

Love yas!

Love Coz!